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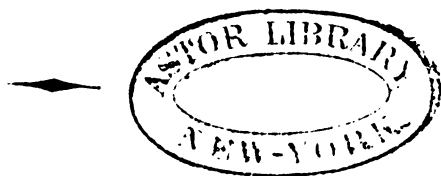
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THE
BRITISH REVIEW,
AND
LONDON CRITICAL JOURNAL.

“—FIAT JUSTITIA.—”

VOL. XI.



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CONTENTS

OF

No. XXI.

ART.	Page
I. THE LATE PRINCESS CHARLOTTE.	
1. A Cypress Wreath, for the Tomb of her late Royal Highness the Princess Charlotte of Wales : containing original Tributes to her Memory, by J. Gwilliam, and others ; with a Selection of the best Pieces that have appeared on the Subject : to which is prefixed, a Biographical Memoir of her Royal Highness, by J. Coote.	
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3. A Sermon delivered in the Tron Church, Glasgow, on Wednesday, Nov. 19, 1817, the Day of the Funeral of her Royal Highness the Princess Charlotte of Wales. By Thomas Chalmers, D.D.	
4. A Poem on the Death of her Royal Highness the Princess Charlotte of Wales and Saxe-Cobourg. By the Rev. R. Kennedy, A.M.	1
II. Harrington and Ormond, Tales. By Maria Edgeworth.	37
III. The History of Java. By Thomas Stamford Raffles, Esq.	61
IV. Select Pieces in Verse and Prose. By the late John Bowdler, Esq. Junior.	87
V. Mandeville : a Tale of the Seventeenth Century in England. By William Godwin.	108
VI. Illustrations (chiefly Geographical) of the Expedition of Cyrus, from Sardis to Babylonia ; and the Retreat of the Ten Thousand Greeks from thence to Trebizonde and Lydia. With an Appendix, containing an Inquiry into the best Method of improving the Geography of the Anabasis, &c, explained by Maps. By James Rennel, F. R. S. L. & E.	120
VII. EMBASSY TO CHINA.	
1. Journal of the Proceedings of the late Embassy to China ; comprising a correct Narrative of the Public Transactions of the Embassy, of the Voyage to and from China, of the Journey from the Mouth of the Pei-ho to the Return to Canton ; interspersed with Observations on the Face of the Country, the Polity, Moral Character, and Manners of the Chinese Nation.	

CONTENTS.

Art.	Page
The whole illustrated with Maps and Drawings. By Henry Ellis, Third Commissioner of the Embassy.	
2. Narrative of a Voyage in his Majesty's late Ship <i>Alceste</i> to the Yellow Sea, along the Coast of Corea, and through its numerous hitherto undiscovered Islands, to the Island of Lewchew; with an Account of her Shipwreck in the Straits of Gaspar. By John M'Leod, Surgeon of the <i>Alceste</i> .	140
VIII. <i>Histoire de l'Astronomie Ancienne</i> . Par M. Delambre, Chevalier de Saint Michel.	176
IX. <i>Rob Roy</i> . By the Author of " <i>Waverley</i> ," &c.	192
X. Narrative of my Captivity in Japan, during the Years 1811, 12, and 13; with Observations on the Country and the People. By Captain Golownin, R. N. To which is added, an Account of Voyages to Japan, to procure the Release of the Author and his Companions. By Captain Rikord.	225
XI. <i>The Secret and True History of the Church of Scotland, from the Restoration to the Year 1678</i> . By the Rev. James Kirkton. To which is added, an Account of the Murder of Archbishop Sharp. By James Russell, an Actor therein. Edited from the MSS. by Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe, Esq.	249
LIST OF BOOKS.	277

ROYAL
LIBRARY
OF THE
VICTORIA
AND
ALBERT MUSEUM

CONTENTS

OF

No. XXII.

ART.	Page
I. ON PARLIAMENTARY REFORM.	
1. The Representative History of Great Britain and Ireland, being a History of the House of Commons, and of the Counties, Cities, and Boroughs of the United Kingdom, from the earliest Period. By T. H. B. Oldfield.	
2. Plan of Parliamentary Reform, in the Form of a Catechism, with Reasons for each Article, with an Introduction, showing the Necessity of radical, and the Inadequacy of moderate Reform. By Jeremy Bentham, Esq.	- 285
II. Beppo, a Venetian Story.	- 327
III. CAMBRIDGE PREACHERS.	
1. A Course of Sermons, preached at Great St. Mary's Church, before the University of Cambridge, during the Month of April, 1816. By the Rev. W. Sharpe, A. M. The Second Edition, with an Appendix.	
2. A Theological Inquiry into the Sacrament of Baptism, and the Nature of Baptismal Regeneration, in Five Discourses, preached before the University of Cambridge, in April, 1817. By the Rev. C. Benson, M. A.	
3. The True Test of Religion in the Soul : or Practical Christianity Delineated. A Sermon preached before the University of Cambridge, March 9, 1817. By the Rev. Charles Simeon.	333
IV. Narrative of a Voyage to New Zealand, performed in the Years 1814 and 1815, in Company with the Rev. Samuel Marsden. By John Liddiard Nicholas, Esq.	- 352
V. DR. FRANKLIN'S LIFE AND CORRESPONDENCE.	
1. Memoirs of the Life and Writings of Benjamin Franklin, LL.D. F.R.S. &c. Written by himself to a late Period, and continued to the Time of his Death. By his Grandson, William Temple Franklin.	
2. The Private Correspondence of Benjamin Franklin, LL.D. F.R.S. &c. comprising a Series of Letters on Miscellaneous, Literary, and Political Subjects : written between the Years 1753 and 1790 ; illustrating the Memoirs of his Public and Private Life, and developing the Secret History of his Political Transactions and Negotiations. By his Grandson, William Temple Franklin.	- 381
VOL. XI. NO. XXII.	

VI. DISCOVERIES IN AFRICA.

1. Narrative of an Expedition to explore the River Zaire, usually called the Congo, in South Africa, in 1816, under the Direction of Captain J. K. Tuckey, R. N. In which is added the Journal of Professor Smith ; some general Observations on the Country and its Inhabitants : and an Appendix, containing the Natural History of that Part of the Kingdom of Congo through which the Zaire flows.
2. Loss of the American Brig Commerce, wrecked on the Western Coast of Africa, in the Month of August, 1815 ; with an Account of Tombuctoo, and of the hitherto undiscovered great City of Wassannah. By James Riley.
3. The Narrative of Robert Adams, a Sailor, who was wrecked on the Western Coast of Africa, in the Year 1810, was detained Three Years in Slavery by the Arabs of the Great Desert, and resided several Months in the City of Tombuctoo. With a Map, Notes, and an Appendix.
4. Narrative of a Journey in Egypt, and the Country beyond the Cataracts. By Thomas Legh, Esq. M. P.
5. Historical Account of Discoveries and Travels in Africa ; by the late John Leyden, M. D. Enlarged and completed to the present Time, with Illustrations of its Geography and Natural History, &c. By Hugh Murray, Esq. F. R. S. E. - - 416

VII. CHURCH MISSIONARY CONTROVERSY.

1. An Address to a Meeting holden at Bath, under the Presidency of the Hon. and Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of Gloucester, on Dec. 1, 1817, for the Purpose of forming a Church Missionary Society in that City. By the Rev. Josiah Thomas, A. M. Archdeacon of Bath.
2. A Defence of the Church Missionary Society against the Objections of the Rev. Josiah Thomas, M. A. By D. Wilson, M. A.
3. A Letter to the Rev. Daniel Wilson, A. M. in Reply to his Defence of the Church Missionary Society, and in Vindication of the Rev. the Archdeacon of Bath, against the Censures contained in that Publication. By the Rev. William Baily Whitehead, A. M.
4. A Reply to Mr. Wilson's Defence of the Church Missionary Society.
5. A Letter to the Rev. W. B. Whitehead, M. A. on the Question of Ecclesiastical Jurisdiction over Voluntary Charitable Associations, particularly with Reference to the "Protest" of the Rev. Archdeacon of Bath. By W. A. Garrat, Esq. M. A.
6. A Second Protest against the Church Missionary Society ; addressed to Lord James O'Brien.
7. A Letter to the Rev. Josiah Thomas, A. M. By a Member of the Church of England.
8. Free Thoughts on the Bath Missionary Society, and on the Address to that Assembly, by the Rev. Josiah Thomas, A. M. By a Friend to Consistency.
9. Counter Protest of a Layman, in Reply to the Protest of Archdeacon Thomas, By George Pryme, Esq. M. A.
10. A brief Defence of the Archdeacon of Bath. By the Author of Free Thoughts.
11. A Defence of the Protest of the Rev. Archdeacon Thomas, in Reply to the Rev. Daniel Wilson ; with Strictures on the Rev. T. T. Biddulph's Letter to the Rev. F. Elwin. By a Member of the Church of England. - - - 456

CONTENTS.

Art.	Page
VIII. Prospectus and Specimen of an intended National Work. By William and Robert Whistlecraft, of Stow Market, in Suffolk, Harness and Collar-makers. Intended to comprise the most interesting Particulars relating to King Arthur and his Round Table. - - - - -	500
IX. STATE OF MORALS AND CRIMINAL JURISPRUDENCE IN FRANCE.	
1. Memoirs of Madame Manson, explanatory of her Conduct on the Trial for the Assassination of M. Fualdès: written by herself, and addressed to Madame Enjelran, her Mother. Translated from the French, and accompanied by an Abstract of the Trial, and a concise Account of the Persons and Events alluded to in the Memoirs.	
2. Procédure de l'Assassignat de M. Fualdès, devant la Cour d'Assises de Rhodéz. - - - - -	
LIST OF BOOKS. - - - - -	547
INDEX - - - - -	559

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FEBRUARY, 1818.

ART. I.—THE LATE PRINCESS CHARLOTTE.

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THERE are three descriptions of writers to whose pens the melancholy loss which the nation has lately sustained has princi-

pally given employment—the biographer, the preacher, and the poet. We have looked, in general, with no great success among the published specimens in each of these departments for something to satisfy our own minds. Some, indeed, of the sermons which have met our eye have made a beneficial and spiritual use of the event; and some which have met our ears have, we trust, left an useful impression upon our hearts. But the most edifying effect of the sad catastrophe is the testimony it has produced, and with which it will be coupled in history, of the national and universal tribute paid to domestic worth in princes, and the moral supremacy of virtuous example. Those who are alive to the immense importance of what in a large and political sense may be called “opinion” in the actual state of this country, considered with reference to the inquiring activity of the public mind, and the gigantic ascendancy of the press, will do justice to the importance of those great conjunctures which spread the sympathy of right religious feeling through the land, and dispose the people as one man to recognise and reverence the claims of goodness as distinct from greatness in great and illustrious persons. The only thing left us to wish in this general homage done to virtue is, that the claims of consistency may not entirely be forgotten;—that the absurdity may be felt by the elevated part of the nation of continuing their preference in practice of their own silly career of dissipation, whilst the tear is yet falling for the loss of a princess whose excellence is admitted by all to have been comprised in this short statement—that she was happy at home, and made home happy;—that the absurdity may be felt of praising as they deserved a young and royal couple for keeping the sabbath holy, and then, with an alacrity triumphant over conviction and example, recurring to the systematic violation of the decencies of the day. If a moral amendment shall be manifest in the country from the date of this afflicting event, then indeed it may be truly said that our sorrow is turned into joy; and that, of all the princes which the world has seen, to no one has so precious and superb a monument been raised by the reverence and regrets of posterity.

We are not among those, if there be any such, who look for so decided a consequence of the calamity which has befallen us: but we consider it as an event which, however melancholy in itself, has not been without some collateral benefit: it has brought into public view, and exhibited in a sensible and active form, a great deal of virtuous sentiment, of the existence of which, while in a quiescent state, we seem scarcely to have been aware. It attracts the application of the just observation of Tacitus, “*Virtutes iisdem temporibus optime estimantur quibus facillime gignuntur;*” it has shown man to man in a light calculated to

improve philanthropy, and to increase happiness by inspiring mutual esteem: besides which, sorrow for departed excellence is always a wholesome exercise of the mind; it prepares the soil for the seed of virtue; and those who by function and appointment are the cultivators of this spiritual farm have found this a favourable season for the success of their labours. A happy being, attended by youth and beauty, health and loveliness, in her progress to the consummation of all temporal bliss and grandeur, involving in the completion of her own hopes the hopes and happiness of the greatest of nations, just as the threshold of an earthly paradise had felt the pressure of her bounding footstep, snatched away from human converse and human love, to be as a clod of the valley, afforded a lesson awfully impressive, fraught with practical humiliation, and the testimonies of our abject dependence upon God's inscrutable providence. It was an event well calculated to try how far we were a reflecting and religious people. Earthquakes and inundations will throw a nation upon its knees, but the religious fit is as short as the danger.

“ Revelry and dance and show
Suffer a syncope and solemn pause.”

But folly returns with a double impetus when the dread is over, and the passions recover their lost ground with a tumultuous recoil. The character, and, we trust, the consequence of the late visitation upon this country, has been altogether of another cast: and viewed in the light of a correction (and this is not only the most reverential, but the most consolatory view, to take of it), it was better calculated to discipline the public mind, to excite virtuous emotions, to produce wholesome shame, and manly and moral reformation, than any form of parental chastisement which our depravity has deserved. Had the Princess lived to become sovereign queen of this great country, we are assured by the oracular wisdom of many of the pamphlets which her death has given birth to, that the reign of Elizabeth would have been renewed. How far such a development or consummation was to have been expected or desired, we shall not now inquire; but of this we are pretty certain, that whatever excellence of conduct might have distinguished her reign, it would not have saved her from the lying lips of democratic slander, the malignant abuse of factious politicians out of power, the misrepresentations of the unprincipled portion of the press, or the hatred of those who now join with seeming cordiality in the general praise, not because they venerate domestic virtue, but because from her domestic virtue they deduce a contrast to that splendour, and energy, and vigilant exertion, which belong of necessity to wholesome and efficient rule. The rays of her pure beneficence would have come to us

through a thick and vapoury atmosphere, blunted, and bent, and distorted. Her removal from us at this period of her course, with nothing that is invidious in greatness, but with all its brilliancy surrounding her, when no fair anticipation had yet been crossed, and her diadem sparkled with the gems of innocence and love, before envy had discovered that her repose was indolent, her simplicity mean, and her vivacity vulgar; while her opening graces were under the shelter of retirement, and the dews of heaven rested upon her green and budding sceptre; has, however melancholy in other respects, been the means of giving to the world an unblemished pattern, and of procuring for virtues which adorn the lowest the homage attracted by the highest station. So far this affecting event has operated favourably for the best interests of humanity; and such was the privilege of this illustrious young lady, such the charter annexed to her quality and virtue, that death appeared to consecrate her value, and inscribe upon the hearts of the people the lesson which her short life had afforded them. Upon no occasion which the world has yet witnessed has so numerous a portion of mankind united in one spontaneous expression of homage to virtue—plain and christian virtue—humble, charitable, and dutiful. It is quite new in the moral world to see a great and mighty nation erect itself in an attitude of religious sorrow, under an infliction not touching their own doors, or alarming their personal or selfish fears; interesting indeed the finest sympathies of our nature, and perplexing the future with some apprehensions of possible danger, but accompanied by none of those circumstances of terror which have often produced among the godless and heartless the fever of temporary devotion: it is new, and interesting, and edifying, and august, to behold a luxurious, prosperous, victorious people, brought to self-recollection and prayer, and a humble recognition of the divine wisdom of Providence, by a loss which, to feel it in all its bearings, requires both sensibility, and loyalty, and a spirit of sober reflection. It is very consoling and gratifying to have been the spectators and participators of this devotional sorrow at a period of increasing crime in spite of increasing instruction, and of a general intermixture with continental depravity.

But incomparably the finest view to take of this, may we be permitted to call it, picturesque attitude of the country, is the penetrating lecture it conveys to the ears of princes and great men. They are taught to feel "how awful goodness is," and how deeply implanted in the frame and constitution of things are its titles to veneration. Is there one of our princes who can have been a cold observer of the feelings of the country upon this late occasion? Is there one that can avoid perceiving, taught by this

lesson, that while, in the vulgar display of ephemeral splendour, every great capitalist in the land may be his equal or superior, in that "unbought grace of life" which consists in the discharge of its simple duties, he has by birth and station a power of excelling others, if not in substance, at least in effect. It is scarcely too strong an aphorism to say—let him take care of the man, and what is princely will take care of itself. Popularity is perhaps too easy a purchase in a prince: to be "honoured in their generations" they need scarcely do much more than "live peaceably in their habitations; and to be "the glory of their times," they need neither be rich, nor eminently "furnished with ability;" so long as they uphold by their example the dignity of the national character, and the discipline of a virtuous life.

To live above the insipidity and vulgarity of what is called fashionable life, and which can only mix them with their inferiors; to consult nature, and Scripture, and consistency in their conduct; to be strict in their observance, not of chivalrous, but of social honour; to be hearty in their intercourse, and honest in their dealings; and, to come plainly to the point, to live the life which alone conducts to happiness; is the cheap price which our princes have to pay for the affectionate attachment of a people the greatest upon the earth. Such has been the lesson bequeathed by the Princess Charlotte as a legacy to her royal House. Her death has developed the genuine sentiments of the British people towards their princes, who, in the sacred grief which marked the day of her interment, may see wherein lies the security of thrones, and the moral secret of preserving empire.

The little book the title of which we have placed at the head of this article has been chosen by us, not for any distinction that belongs to it, but because it has collected together a great deal of the nonsense which has been written on the subject. The volume is pretty equally divided between prose and poetry, and the prose, of which alone we shall stop to take any notice, consists of the rubbish of newspaper anecdotes and party fables; a specimen of which occurs in p. 27, which, being rather curious for the stupidity of its fabrication, and the factious turpitude which is at the bottom of it, we will present it to our readers:

"Unfortunately for the Princess, after her royal father had formed the resolution to detach himself from his former connexions with the friends of Mr. Fox, with whose constitutional principles he had gloried in embuing the mind of the beloved Princess, it is related that before she was perfectly acquainted with this sudden change, she was invited to an entertainment at Carlton House, under the idea of being introduced to the friends of her royal father, those elevated and enlightened characters to whose principles she had been taught to look up almost with a degree of reverence. Instead of these, to her the faces and

the situations they then held were all new! One only of those who were present formed an exception. In vain she looked for the nobler names, and some of the descendants of our ancient nobility. Some explanation became necessary. Her father inquiring the cause, she replied to this effect: "Your Highness has frequently enjoined me that if any thing should happen to you, and I should ascend the throne of these kingdoms, to place my whole dependence upon the counsels of Lords Grenville, Grey, Erskine, Lauderdale, &c.; but I see only one of these at your table. Something strange must have taken place in your sentiments since you caused me to be educated in the school of Mr. Fox, and gave me the injunction I have mentioned." The Princess retired in great distress, and the report as circulated by the newspapers was, that she was taken suddenly ill, until Lord Lauderdale gave the statement here related, and Lord Byron wrote the following remarkable lines upon this memorable transaction:

"Weep, daughter of a royal line,
A sire's disgrace, a realm's decay,
Oh, happy! if each tear of thine
Could wash a father's fault away.

"Weep, for thy tears are virtuous tears,
Auspicious to these suffering isles,
And be each drop, in future years,
Repaid thee by thy people's smiles." (P. 26, 27.)

We need hardly make any comment upon this passage after what in various other places of our Review we have said of the spirit of Mr. Fox's party and of Lord Byron's poetry. It will be enough to say that, to be educated in the school of Mr. Fox, could have no sense but this—to be taught to oppose indiscriminately all the measures of any Government of which Mr. Fox made not a part; and if this could be the right education for the future Prince of this country, we should still have to learn in what manner the school of Mr. Fox was to prepare the disciple for a dependance upon the counsels of Lord Grenville. Nor will it be just to Lord Lauderdale not to presume that, if the statement, as this writer supposes, were really made by him, his Lordship's name, instead of appearing among the number of those on whose counsels the Princess was instructed to depend, would rather have been committed in silence to the &c. at the end of the sentence. If any thing relating to the object of our present regret could induce a smile, we should be really amused by the statement which we have just quoted, especially with the pathos with which it is asserted that the Princess retired in great distress, and that sudden illness was assigned as the cause of this abrupt departure, until Lord Lauderdale in prose, and Lord Byron in poetry, revealed the solemn secret to the world.

But the writer of this informing little work presents us in the

succeeding page with an anecdote still more amiably pathetic : after telling us of the meeting between the Princess and her Royal Mother at Connaught House, he thus proceeds :

“ Previous to this, but after the Prince Regent had issued his commands that these natural branches should not meet together, another interview had actually taken place, under the appearance of accident. The Princess Charlotte was returning from an airing in Hyde Park in her carriage, and in Piccadilly had nearly passed that of her mother, when both the vehicles stopped as it were by mutual instinct, and the salutations and endearments that took place between the affectionate child and her discarded parent, being witnessed by a number of spectators, was truly affecting.” (P. 28.)

In reading this wonderful account we cannot but regret that, the fact being notorious and undoubted, no pains were taken at the time to ascertain whether the instinct was in the carriages, or in the horses, and whether an intimacy contracted by the vehicles while under repair at the same coachmakers, or by the horses at some fair, or in some common pasture, might not render the incident somewhat less miraculous ; or whether, after all, these cattle might not be of the breed so commended by Gulliver for their sociable and friendly dispositions. The insinuations thrown out in this, and in many other similar publications, of inattention throughout the whole Royal Family to the situation of the Princess, appear to us to deserve the most indignant reprobation : nor can we doubt but that the manly heart of the unhappy husband would feel such imputations, on those to whose liberal and affectionate behaviour he is so much indebted, a considerable aggravation of his sufferings. No one acquainted with the vast importance of keeping the mind in a composed, and even confident and cheerful state, on the approach of childbirth, can doubt the propriety of consulting the feelings and wishes of the patient, as far as might be consistent with due caution and management, or that, in the healthy and satisfactory state of the young Princess, it could be imprudent to permit to her the choice of the place of her delivery, and an exemption from that surrounding scene of bustle and agitation, which it was her anxious wish to be spared. There are necessarily many circumstances accompanying the situation to which we have been alluding, when it happens to one who is about to give birth to the lineal probable successor to the crown of these realms, which may agitate the spirits of a young lady as the untried and awful crisis approaches. The embarrassment of state and ceremony, beyond what decorum, and precedent, and policy, might demand, to a person so situated, and of so natural and feeling a character, would only have tended to produce inquietude, and perhaps

alarm: nor was it possible, except for malicious ingenuity, to find any thing to discommend in an arrangement which left the Princess in the undisturbed enjoyment of domestic retirement and conjugal assiduities.

That to be thus circumstanced was her own ardent wish, and that this wish was yielded to with the reluctance which the anxiety of relations, and the magnitude of the occasion, would naturally suggest, and after pressing offers of more splendid, and what to some might seem more suitable accommodation, is now sufficiently known; and it is no less known that in the appointment of medical assistance the predilections of the person requiring it, and the skill and ability of the persons to administer it, were objects judiciously and feelingly consulted. Had the result been correspondent to the wishes of the nation, in the moment of exultation the privacy indulged to the Princess, and the liberation allowed her from unnecessary pomp and courtly incumbrance, would not have been without its praise; nor would it have been discovered that the want of an attendance which could only have multiplied suffering, without conducing to safety, was an omission deserving the disrespectful and ungenerous animadversions which this book has picked up from amidst the common rubbish of seditious invective. It requires but little sagacity to see that from those who now mix with their mourning for the Princess censures, equally illiberal and disloyal, upon the members of the illustrious House to which she belonged, the Princess herself, had she lived longer, might have lived to experience a treatment no less base than unmerited; she might have lived to experience the forfeiture of a fugitive affection for the simple offence of becoming our queen; she might have lived to know and to feel that factious or party panegyric imposes upon its objects conditions delusive and degrading, and suffers nothing ingenuous to thrive under its contaminating influence.

The Sirocco blasts whatever it breathes upon, and the tropical heat smites with disease and corruption the florid, the fresh, and the fair. To an influence not less injurious to the moral health this fair flower would have been exposed. "With her flatterers" would have been "busy mockers," whose object it would have been, by dividing the Royal House, to prejudice the Royal cause, who would have done their utmost, by insidious praise, and surmises of ill treatment, and calumnies against which exalted personages have no remedy but in death, or contempt, or conscious innocence, to destroy the common bonds of family union, and to make the successor to the throne, before the throne should become hers, the unsuspecting instrument of its degradation. This is the use which no small number of her hypocritical eulogists would have endeavoured to make of our

young Princess had she lived a little longer; this is the use which was endeavoured to be made of her Royal Father while his own virtuous Father was yet the father of his people; and the probability is, that the most prostitute of her flatterers would have become her most malicious defamers as soon as the active career of her duty was begun.

From every topic of public joy or sorrow it is the unholy purpose of some among us to extract discontent: victories under their cold and transforming touch wither into misfortunes; misfortunes furnish sources either of malevolent insinuation or vindictive delight. No food comes amiss to the Jacobin patriot; every thing supports the growth of the animal, and nourishes his noxious strength, whether it is found by the side of the laurel or the cypress, whether he crops the narcissus or the nightshade, all is assimilated by his digestive organs into the same system of vivacious enmity. So subtle are his disguises that his presence is not always discernible. Under the semblance of sorrow and sensibility he fabricates his mischiefs; and the best feelings of the public are made the engines of his secret power, or the vehicle of his destructive poisons.

But in general we are persuaded that the grief of the public has been founded on feelings of a character and principle very estimable and sound; and that the mode in which it has been manifested to the eyes of the world at large has raised very high the moral credit of the country. Our loss, indeed, has all the character of a personal misfortune. Something emphatically British distinguished the deportment of this amiable personage. Every man and woman of the land has lost a relation: the tie was a domestic one. She loved the country of her ancestors, and refused the marriage which would have made her half a foreigner. There was something in the style of her sentiments and habits that partook strongly of a period anterior to the new principles which had their origin in the revolutionary epoch of France. The old and faded English mind, with its indigenous properties and national enthusiasm, seemed to be restored in her to its original freshness and primitive lustre. Local affections, home delights, unstudied care, decorous familiarity, hospitable intercourse with neighbours, and charity that came in contact with its object, however humble, or old, or poor, were the pledges of her future greatness, the earnest of a magnanimous reign and beneficent sway, secure in its natural titles to the homage of gratitude, and of the free subjection of the heart. Something so warm and womanly, something so natively noble, so much soul, so much reality, so much natural relish, and such heartiness of sentiment, have rarely been coupled with so many artificial accomplishments, or survived a culture so studious and elaborate. Her part, indeed,

was difficult to sustain with all eyes upon her conduct: from this fiery ordeal, nevertheless, she came out blameless, not by management, or artifice, or study, but a conduct above display, and even superior to her great station,—by making the Bible her monitor, and living in the cheerful discharge of the duties of an elevated christian. The crown of all this felicity was her husband's love; a foreigner, but more like an English gentleman than English gentlemen themselves; a mild, virtuous, and intelligent Prince; fully sensible of the friendship and distinction with which this country has received him, and giving back a full equivalent; aye, and how much more! by the noble pattern he has displayed before the eyes of the nation, of a rational, domestic, and useful life. Such was the happiness which this Princess had procured for herself by her own free and well-directed choice, and such the hopes of the nation dependant upon the continuance of this happy union.

Such has been the *personal loss*: and in this personal loss the nation participates with the highly respectable husband, and the illustrious family of the deceased. The nation loved her for her *own sake*. But greater still has been the *moral loss*. Would China open to us all the benefits of her commerce, would the southern America give us the exclusive possession of her mines, were all the powerful states of the universe to meet in congress, and settle upon us in mortmain the entire dominion of the ocean, or to agree to liquidate for us as much of our national debt as we might deem expedient, either, or any, or all of these events, would be little in comparison of the happiness of having the throne filled by a sovereign of moral and religious habits, ruling in the fear of God, and training up children to uphold the succession, and to become the bright and christian ornaments of the empire, the pledges of perpetuity and internal peace. The source of all substantial security in this country, the vital spring of government itself, is the moral principle which pervades the public, and determines the preponderancy of feeling and opinion as to laws, and measures, and men; and the primary paramount source of this moral principle is to be found in the Prince upon the throne, and his Family. He is the fountain of morality as much as he is the fountain of honour; and in a qualified sense the maker of good as well as of great men. The law by a metaphor supposes him to put new and noble blood into the veins; and in this moral sense and spirit of the phrase he may be said to put new life into the hearts of his people. The whole system rests upon a moral fulcrum. Every man in the country now holds an opinion of some sort or other, and is ready to act upon it as opportunity occurs. It is the natural effect of all the numerous institutions now actively on foot throughout the land, to stimulate

into exercise and efficiency these reasoning, intermeddling, and deciding habits of the people. There is no undoing, no unravelling all this. It is become a part of the order of things holding as determined a course as any of the physical appointments by which the natural destinies of the world are evolved. The thing has been set a-going, and even if it could be proved to be subversive in its tendencies, still no constitutional efforts of man can arrest its progression. The truth, however, is simply this—that all this fermentation of mind is only dangerous if neglected. If princes, and rulers, and honourable and rich men, will but consider that while they promote universal instruction they are setting up critics upon their own conduct, and giving an irresistible moral momentum to the multitude; if they will but consider that they virtually undertake to live according to that standard whose authority the institutions which they patronise profess to inculcate; if they will but determine upon affording room for Christian worship to those on whom they bestow so much Christian education; if they will act like sincere men, by adopting what they recommend, and illustrating by example what they enforce by precept; there is no danger in all this stir given to the public mind. All then will be proportioned, natural, and beneficial. But it is awful to think of the consequences, if all this change in society is treated as bringing with it no new duties or relations. All must be new, or it will be like putting “new wine into old bottles.” No new theories, but a new practice is requisite. And that the mental effervescence of the people may not find its vent, and vent it will have, in sedition or infidelity, or revolutionary madness, all men of light and leading that love their country or themselves, are called upon to live soberly, and circumspectly, and consistently.

If this be a just view of things, as we think will hardly be denied, it is scarcely possible to rate too highly the importance of the religious and moral character of our rulers. It is every thing. Neither monarchy nor magistracy can afford to be for one day without it. There is no repose upon the couch of preferment, no dignity in the staff of office, no terror in the sword of Justice, no sanctity in the crosier, and no majesty in the diadem, unless opinion, moral and religious opinion, administer to them respectively its unseen and gratuitous support. Without this alliance,

———“ The strong statutes
Stand, like the forfeits in a barber's shop,
As much in mock as mark.”

Recent occurrences in our Courts of Justice may serve to convince us how dangerous it is for men of rank and station to tamper with those great truths and solemn sanctions on which the

security of the nation must ultimately rest. Their example is sure to be quoted against them: and however illogical and fallacious such a ground of defence or resistance must be admitted to be, human infirmity and human prejudice will never patiently endure punishment from the hands of those whose example has partly led to the commission of the crime. Let those, then, who look for obedience take care how they relax the moral springs of government. *Quis non faciet quod princeps?* It is in vain that resort is had to our tribunals for the chastisement of abuses of the sacred Scriptures, or blasphemies against Heaven. Neither religion nor morals can be effectually served in this way. The evil must be met higher up, and nearer its source. None can successfully enforce what they do not appear to believe, or efficaciously preach what they do not practise, or cause to be revered that which they do not appear to respect. And whether they that enforce, or preach, or maintain, do really feel, and practise, and revere, what they so enforce, or preach, or maintain, the people of this land are very competent to judge. In all the cases where this is not done, ordinary men will continue to go from churches and from tribunals as they do from theatres or auction rooms, saying with the usurer in *Le Sage's* novel, after hearing the preacher inveigh against the crime of avarice, *il a fort bien fait son metier, allons nous en faire le nôtre.* There can no longer be any dalliance with these great objects: to have the credit of being serious, we must be consistent. Every day, and all the day long, a mighty court of moral inquest upon all high and distinguished characters may be said to be sitting on the great floor of the nation, and the record of the prosecution and pleadings is the free press of the land. By the new system of universal education, by the publicity given to every movement of the great amongst us, by the quick circulation of family occurrences, by those arts of discovery to which no privacy is inaccessible, all public men are brought before this forum of the multitude; and virtually and morally put upon their country. This is now the ordinary state of things; but it is eminently so whenever offences committed among the people against the decencies or truths of religion or morals are brought to the bar of supplicatory justice. Then it is that the free spirit of inquiry, the cheap diffusion of intelligence, the urgency of self-defence, and perhaps a more malignant principle, produce a re-action upon those in authority which renders the discharge of public duty an invidious and a difficult task. When upon a late trial it was said by the accused to the Judge that he (the defendant), and not his Lordship, was upon his trial, in a large sense the observation was untrue. His Lordship, and all the Peerage of the land, the Bench of Bishops, and the Bench of Judges, and all

the high functionaries, civil and ecclesiastical, were upon their trial before the people. Every levity in the use or application of that holy book, which book was never intended to serve any secondary and collateral purposes, or to be made the medium of personal or political invective, from Luther down to the Anti-jacobin Reviewers, afforded some shelter or countenance to the man upon his trial. Every state trial for libel, or misdemeanour, or even for treason itself, has furnished a lesson of the same sort. Then is developed the permanent mischief which is created by those effusions by which decency, or truth, or sanctity is violated for temporary or party purposes: then is perceived the whole latitude of the injury which a momentary abuse by great authority may produce in the shape of precedent. The best of all causes is found to suffer more from the levity of her friends than even from the violence of her enemies. To conclude this strain of observation we will hazard the general remark, that until a genuine sensibility to the interests and honour of religion shall pervade the upper ranks of society, until statesmen and lawyers shall cease to unhallow the Sabbath before their families and dependants; until, in the higher clergy, punctilious duty, and stated service shall rise to the temperature of active zeal; until the Bible shall become a book of practice to the professional Christian in conspicuous station; until the legislature shall, in good earnest, set about providing church accommodation for the people, it will be to little purpose to prosecute for prophaneness or blasphemy; and when these things shall be done, such prosecutions will scarcely be necessary. It is by thus directing our attention to the inestimable value, in the present circumstances of the country, of moral and religious example in elevated life, that we feel the whole extent of our *moral loss* in the death of the Princess Charlotte.

For these five and twenty years past our country has been exposed to far greater danger than at any former period. Partial changes of the constitution, the transitions of power, the struggles for empire, the agitations of faction, or even the convulsions of intestine war, are events involving more or less of evil, but they have their measure and their boundary, and sometimes their compensations. But the deposition of God from his throne in the heart is an evil of which no thought of man can calculate the amount, or measure the extent. To the verge of this evil we were brought, together with the rest of Europe, by the moral contagion of French principles, especially in the first years of the revolutionary æra. The source of Britain's safety through that menacing period was THE MORAL AND RELIGIOUS EXAMPLE OF THE KING. He was, more than his own great minister, the pilot that weathered the storm. While all around was vacillating, and Europe was sinking fast into the vortex,—while a vain and vision-

ary philosophy was divorcing man from his Maker, and writing her decrees with the blood of her votaries, Great Britain's King, armed with intrepid moderation and steady purpose, pursued his right honest course, through good and evil report; rose early, visited first the house of God, and, after the regular dispatch of business, divided the day between manly amusements, frugal repasts, and peaceable, pure, and home delights. Old, and infirm, and bereaved of sight, he yet preserved a heart unchanged—a moral courage unsubdued. Still at the sun-rise, though it rose not to him, he was at his orisons. Still his duty to his people came next to that which belonged to his Maker and his Saviour. Still his family felt his tender care, and yielded him his usual solace. The ornament of his domestic circle, his gentle and pious daughter, was taken from him, and his reason lasted only to receive her last farewell, and mingle his blessings with her dying accents. Half in heaven, and separated from the taint of all earthly communion, he lives in the deep retirement of his palace solitary, sequestered, silent,—but not forgotten. The remembrance of him still rules, his example is still profitable, the nation still hears, and is edified by hearing, that his grey hairs do not descend in sorrow to the grave, that his very aberrations are holy, and high, and happy; and that God, who has taken from him reason, has, in exchange, given him peace. There is not a thinking being among his subjects that does not feel it a consolatory reflection that the royal grandfather is incapable of feeling the pang of this last privation.

It was out of these moral materials that Mr. Pitt erected that invisable barrier to the revolutionary principles of France which formed a protection to this sea-girt land superior to the ocean itself—superior to all the towers and fortifications which covered its coasts; and in this view we think that his Majesty has been, during all this stormy period in which Europe has been shaken to its basis, the real and radical defender of his people. But let us also do justice to the people. Is there a monarch in Christendom whose popularity stands upon a basis so wide as that of George the Third? Is there a political, or even factious feeling by which his reign has been disturbed, that it has not survived? Where is now the memory of that bad man who, soon after this Prince had ascended the throne of his ancestors, in the vernant strength of his youth and passions, full of his duty to his God, and his oath to his people, full of the principles and intentions of a virtuous Englishman, and of a fixed regard to whatever best became a gentleman and a husband, acquired his infamous and momentary popularity by his libels upon decency, upon religion, and upon his King. There is not a silver hair of the Monarch's head that is not of greater price than all his wit, all his buffoonery,

aye, and all his patriotism. Where is now the interest of those once celebrated letters that coupled the name of Junius with patriotism, falsely so called? All that paradox which was once mistaken for depth of thought, all that assertion which once passed for proof, all that insolence which once assumed the credit of integrity, are fading fast into oblivion. The public have now scarcely any interest in the discovery of the lying and cowardly author. The pompous secret is secure, because no one cares about it. We believe that neither Wilkes nor Junius, to revert to the execrable wish of the latter, was ever "a thorn in his Majesty's side." If it was so, not a scar now remains to mark where the injury was inflicted; but the thorn, perchance, is buried, with this unholy secret, to rise together with it in judgment against him who boasted to be its "sole depository." Where is now the fame of those once celebrated characters that formed the phalanx of opposition through thirty years of his Majesty's virtuous reign? The great leader is no more: weak and weary, and half stunned by the democratic uproar which he had himself excited, he sunk into his grave, soon to be followed by the last breathing remnant of his party. His memory is that of a man, recorded on his own confession, the idol and the slave of party. He lived to see how fugitive is the trumpery title of "man of the people," and to do homage to his departed rival by involuntarily pursuing his steps. The second and the third in estimation, among this memorable junta, are gone; alas! how gone! the confederation itself is broken, and, exhausted of its stamina, drops mouldering into the tomb of all the Capulets. But the King has lived out all that heretofore has troubled his public or private thoughts. An anticipation of felicity, no longer to be disturbed, is said to hold him in a quiet and heavenly abstraction. An exemption from pain or sorrow rewards the temperance of his early years. The storms are past, and his character, like a Pharos, through the melancholy space that divides him from his people, illumines that distant shore where the tempest-driven may hope, at the last, to be anchored in peace.

In reflecting upon the value of religious and moral conduct in great personages, as operating by way of example to the nation, our thoughts were naturally raised towards the reigning Monarch; who is the more entitled to this respect on account of the interest he appears to have taken in the education and opening faculties of the Princess Charlotte. There is something peculiarly touching in this softness of the royal grandsire towards the females of his family. Nor is it easy to find a happier composition of general delicacy towards the sex, and manly taste for their society, than that by which the Sovereign

has been distinguished. But all is over. And what can now be done, but, as these personal losses are past recovery, to redeem somewhat of the moral loss by reflecting in the national manners the spirit of the model which has been withdrawn, and to retain among us that *forma mentis eterna quam tenere et exprimere non per alienam materiam et artem sed tuis ipse moribus possis.*

Independently of these affecting considerations, there is also a political loss in this untimely grave. A goodly and bearing branch has been cut off close to the regal stem ;—the genealogical tree is mutilated and defaced. The graft, too, of Saxon blood is lost and fallen. A loyal people, sensible of what they owe to the mild and constitutional sway of the house of Brunswick, and looking to their posterity with that large and ample feeling that carries in its bosom the happiness of after-born Britons, feels this disturbance of the succession with natural inquietude ; but perhaps with an inquietude too wakeful to possibilities remote and contingent, and which ought to be committed in humble trust to Providence by a christian community. Our attachment to the present reigning house, will not allow us to place the national loss by the death of Queen Anne's only surviving son, in competition with the recent national disaster. But at the time of that loss, its consequences, in a mere political view, seemed much more pregnant with alarm. Yet it is not a harsh observation, at this distance, to make, that the removal of that young Prince was probably a blessing to the nation :—it made way for a family which put the seal to the Protestant succession ; and from which has sprung that venerable Prince upon the throne, whose protestant oath has been too strong to give way to the liberal indifference, or vacillating policy of the times. What may be in reserve for us it is impossible to foresee ; but thus much is clear, that the best way of securing the future is to improve the present.

Of the two books purporting to be memoirs of this amiable Princess, the second is certainly most tolerable ; but between them the race of insignificance is sharply contested. It is curious to observe the spirit in which this little mischief-making book, called the Cypress Wreath, is written ; and would be amusing but that we recognise in it that bad political spirit which these latter times have called into existence and into action. It is thus that this ephemeral volume, after describing the various modes in which the day of the funeral of the Princess was solemnized, points the moral of its tale, and magisterially disposes of all questions, high, doubtful, difficult, or delicate, by a few charitable and cheap assumptions.

“ What, we may now ask, produced this combined act of generous commiseration, unprecedented in our annals ? Nothing but that sympathy, mixed with some indignation, that every Briton naturally feels

for a character whom he supposes injured. The mother of this unfortunate Princess, though daughter to the sister of our venerable monarch, had been long a proscribed exile. Her august daughter, after being exposed to the most disagreeable vicissitudes, had only found happiness and a resting place, in comparative obscurity, with the Prince whom she preferred to any political choice or unprincipled splendour. But yet even this abode of virtue and purity proved no refuge for her from the storms of fate. At that period when all resentment of the past is generally consigned to oblivion; when the common charities of our nature, invariably kindled into the most lively and generous feelings, rush spontaneously towards their object, because the existence of the loveliest parts of the creation depends as it were upon the chance of a dye; this Princess also seemed proscribed, or at least deserted, and death followed." (P. 62.)

Our readers will mark the logical inference with which the above extracted passage concludes. If there was any thing in the appointments of this young and royal lady which entitles those to whom those appointments belonged to esteem and approbation, it was the retired, unembarrassed, and domestic life, which was permitted to her during the first year of her happy marriage. If her royal rank had excluded her from this privilege, it could have made her no compensation. It would have lessened our moral loss. The spirit of real greatness is not to be caught from the colours, or the figures, or the shadows of painted life. Drawing rooms and saloons, and the precincts of a court, offer neither the scenes, nor subjects, from which that knowledge of nature and reality is to be deduced, on which all rule and government, to be accommodated to freemen, must be framed and established. It is quite an essential part of the education of a person destined to the throne of these dominions, that it should be natural rather than artificial; that it should be indigenous; that it should receive into itself many homebred and household ingredients; that it should be mixed and multifarious; that it should be large and capacious; that it should partake of the court and the country; that it should lead by actual intercourse to an acquaintance with poor as well as with rich; with daily and ordinary things and men; and, above all, that it should leave behind, or at least confine to a secondary place, the arts of exterior decoration and unprincely pomp. No sovereign has ever governed well without a familiar knowledge of the character of his people; and this knowledge is to be acquired neither in camps nor universities. It is, therefore, a very wise wish, indulged by the British people, that a home-educated and British-born Prince should sit upon this throne. The wish goes probably further with many, as it does with us,—that the heart of every future king may be kept at home, with as little adulteration as may be from foreign travel, and his principles reared among

the hearths, and altars, and tombs of his ancestors. There is something, therefore, to us indescribably silly in the blame endeavoured to be thrown by the querulous little volume at the head of our article, on the government of the country, for what it calls "the arrangement prescribed to her for avoiding the splendid intercourse to which her rank entitled her." For which cruelty the author is consoled by reflecting, (we really should be ashamed of quoting such passages, but that we are afraid there is too much of the same spirit in the country) that "Such was the result of her submission, that the very means used to prevent comparison led to it, and her party became that of the whole people of Great Britain." (P. 78.)

The biographical memoir which stands second at the head of this article, is not altogether without its entertainment, and really aims here and there at edification. One literary benefit we hope also to have to thank it for. It will probably bring into contempt the offensively absurd practice, which, in our review of Dr. Watkins's Life of Mr. Sheridan, in our last number, as well as in a former article on the Memoir of Mr. Fox, by Mr. Trotter, we have exposed. Affecting as the subject of this book is felt to be, it is impossible not to proceed through it with a sense of ridicule upon our minds, when we find at the top of these gloomy pages such combinations as the following:—Dancing anecdote, acquirement of taste, anecdotes of art, opposition anecdote, unhappy event, drawing-room fracas, intended tour notified, musical talents, scholastic precision, naval anecdote, matrimonial prospects, nuptial costume, Drury-lane theatre, rural retirement, reflections, declaration of pregnancy, parturient illness, calm preparations, approaching symptoms, connubial resignation, hopes destroyed, she expires!!! fatal news, metropolitan proceedings, exquisite feelings of Leopold. Notwithstanding, however, the imbecility of all this, the volume does comprise some anecdotes which cannot fail to interest every reader of sensibility. We are happy to record two or three of them.

"The Princess received him with the greatest sweetness and affability, and entered into familiar conversation with him; in the course of which she asked him his idea of a death-bed, and how to make it easy. The Clergyman expressed some surprise that her Royal Highness, who could have the benefit of much superior advice, should consult him; to which she replied, that she had put the same questions to several persons, that she wished to collect different opinions, and that she had made it often the subject of conversation with her Grandfather. She added, that she must ever feel greatly indebted to Lady Elgin for her pious instruction, that lady having been the first who had ever put the Hymns of Dr. Watts into her hand—most of which she could repeat from memory." (P. 35, 36.)

* It may be recorded here, that her manner to her several preceptors was always easy, attentive, and even endearing; whilst her strict exactitude in conforming to the hours of study set an example which, we believe, was not without its effect in the world of fashion. Yet with her masters she was very precise in her arrangements, expecting the same exactitude from them as she herself was always accustomed to manifest. One of her instructors being half an hour too late, she reproved him for it: he, with a look and accent of great contrition, pleaded in excuse that he had been deceived by the error of his watch, which was a very indifferent one. "Well, then," said her Royal Highness, putting her hand to a table drawer, and pulling out a handsome one, "see if this will prevent a similar accident!" (P. 87.)

"During her residence on the coast, the Princess took occasion to display one of those energetic traits which have so distinguished her conduct. Just before her departure from Weymouth, her Royal Highness being at sea in her yacht, the *Leviathan*, of 74 guns, sailing near, brought to, and fired a salute to the royal standard flying; and soon after Captain Nixon, who commanded her, rowed on board the yacht, to pay his respects to the Princess. She received him on deck, and, after the usual ceremonies, said, 'Captain Nixon, yours seems a very fine ship of war, I should like much to go on board her.' The Bishop, her aged preceptor, standing by, asked whether she thought her Illustrious Father might not disapprove of her passing in an open boat through a rough sea. The immediate answer to this was, 'Queen Elizabeth took great delight in her navy, and was not afraid to go on board a man of war in an open boat; then why should I? Pray, Captain Nixon, have the goodness to receive me into your barge, and let me be rowed on board the *Leviathan*; for I am not only desirous but determined to inspect her.' The necessary preparations were made, and her Royal Highness passed down into Captain Nixon's barge, followed by her two ladies in attendance, with the Bishop; and coming alongside the *Leviathan*, the yards were instantly manned, and a chair of state let down. The Princess desired it to be re-hoisted, saying, 'I prefer going up in the manner that a seaman does; you, Captain Nixon, will kindly follow me, taking care of my clothes; and, when I am on deck, the chair may be let down for the other ladies, and the Bishop.' No sooner said than done; and her Royal Highness ascended with a facility that astonished the whole delighted crew. The royal suite being upon deck, the ship's officers were severally introduced. Her Royal Highness expressed great surprise at the space and strength of the ship, and remarked, 'Well might such noble structures be called the Wooden Walls of Old England!' She now told Captain Nixon that she should not be satisfied with an introduction to his state cabin, as she was very anxious to see every part of his ship between decks, and even below: accordingly he accompanied her Royal Highness down, when she inspected every birth, cockpit, powder magazine, store-holds, &c.; and, on her return upon deck, gave her thanks to Captain Nixon and attendant officers in the most gracious terms, assuring them that they had afforded an exhibition of more in-

terest to her mind than any she had hitherto beheld. The Princess having presented a purse to Captain Nixon, desiring him to apply it for the crew, as a token of her respect for them, descended down the ship's side as she went up, under a royal salute, and the more gratifying cheers of the loyal and hearty crew of a British man of war." (P. 96—98.)

We will only add two other short incidents which seem to be well authenticated, and which, by their agreeable contrast, place the character of this Princess in a very interesting point of view, and convey, perhaps, a more decided testimony than any which have been presented to the public.

"Some years ago a foreigner (whom it is unnecessary to name) gave lessons to the Princess in singing and music. On one occasion her Royal Highness performed to a large party at Warwick House, and was of course highly applauded; but she was conscious she did not then deserve it. Turning round to her teacher, she asked his opinion: he said that she sung delightfully, and played charmingly. Her Royal Highness took no further notice of the matter then; but when signior called next, one of the household was desired to pay him, and at the same time to say, 'that her Royal Highness could not expect to profit by the instructions of a person who was mean enough to flatter her against his reason, and who had not candour to tell her when she was wrong, but suffer her to expose herself!'" (P. 135, 136.)

"Sitting one day at the piano-forte, when the Bishop of Salisbury was present, the Princess requested his attention whilst she performed a difficult sonata. This she, perhaps intentionally, ran over in haste, alurring the finest passages, and disregarding the time; then turning to the Bishop, asked if he were not pleased with her execution. The worthy Prelate told her very candidly that he was not; upon which she started up from the instrument, ran to him, and, seizing his hand, exclaimed, 'Now I know you are my friend; for I have convinced myself that you do not flatter me when you are pleased to approve!'" (P. 55.)

Among the sermons preached upon the occasion of this national loss, that of Dr. Chalmers has attracted our more particular attention; and why it has so done the reader will see, if we have not already exhausted his patience, in the observations which follow.

It appears by the advertisement to the second edition of this sermon, that the motive to the publication was the correction of a perverse misconception which had gone abroad respecting one passage contained in it, and which it was rightly judged would be best answered by "bringing it forward as nearly as possible in the literal terms of the delivery." What passage in particular is alluded to we do not know, but we can readily conceive that the sermon contains many passages, which, if selected from the rest, and exhibited without the context, might afford matter of censure and suspicion to the loyal reader. But where a writer is

drawing the line of discrimination between opposite extremes, and properly discommending each in its turn, it is manifest injustice towards him to present only what he says on the one side or the other, independently of the contrast, or the final issue of the argument.

The whole performance bears the marks of that precipitance with which Dr. Chalmers appears generally to compose, and has all that mannerism to which we should have been glad to have found him less enslaved by his habits. All his periods have nearly the same construction. His sentences are so many steps up a ladder, carrying the reader with a breathless hurry through the series, to the verge of downright weariness and exhaustion. His Oh's and his aye's and his yes's are but feeble helps to us in this panting course; they serve rather to identify the manner of the writer, and to produce an effect of monotony and satiety. There is also in the style of expression an untasteful mixture of solemn and colloquial, fine and coarse, sublime and creeping diction; a very striking specimen of which occurs in the 22d and 23d pages of this discourse.

“I am merely teaching them a lesson, of which they seem to be ignorant, that if you loosen the hold of Christianity over the hearts of the population, you pull down from their ascendancy all the virtues of Christianity, of which loyalty is one. Yes, and I will come yet a little closer, and take a look of that loyalty which exists in the shape of an isolated principle in their own bosoms. I should like to gauge the dimensions of this loyalty of theirs, in its state of disjunction from the general principle of Christianity. I wish to know the kind of loyalty which characterizes the pretenders to whom I am alluding—the men who have no value for preaching, but as it stands associated with the pageantry of state—the men who would reckon it the most grievous of all heresies, to be away from church on some yearly day of the king's appointment, but are seldom within its walls on the weekly day of God's appointment—the men who, if ministers were away from their post of loyalty, on an occasion like the present, would, without mercy, and without investigation, denounce them as suspicious characters; but who, when we are at the post of piety, dispensing the more solemn ordinances of Christianity, openly lead the way in that crowded and eager emigration, which carries half the rank and opulence of the town away from us. What, oh! what is the length, and the breadth, and the height, and the depth of this vapouring, swaggering, high-sounding, loyalty?—It is nothing better than the loyalty of political subalterns, in the low game of partizanship, or of whippers-in to an existing administration—it is not the loyalty which will avail us in the day of danger—it is not to them that we need to look, in the evil hour of a country's visitation;—but to those right-hearted, sound-thinking Christian men, who, without one interest to serve, or one hope to forward, honour their king, because they fear their God.” (P. 22—23.)

But we should be sorry were our readers to think that we repent of what we have said in a former number of the general excellence of this author. The performance which we are now considering, as well as the volume of sermons which was the subject of our former criticism, is full of just reasoning, fine reflection, and splendid diction: and if a better taste in the mechanism of the sentences, and a stricter use of idiomatic and authorized language, had distinguished this production from the former, we should have rejoiced in the prospect of Dr. Chalmers becoming one of the most elegant and impressive, as he already is one of the most vigorous and instructive, writers of his time.

Before this sermon fell into our hands a rumour had reached us of something disloyal and even seditious in its tendency; and accordingly we sent to our bookseller for it with a resolution to treat it as we trust we shall always be found to treat books of that character. It is now before us, and we find it very undeserving of such a charge. The reflections upon the death of the Princess are what we should have looked for at the hand of Dr. Chalmers;—original, manly, and admonitory. His remarks are natural and just, upon the tendency of the mere distance of princes from their people to nourish political jealousy; and his inferences are as undeniable as they are improving and consolatory. By contracting the distance between the lofty and the humble in station, by bringing an inaccessible grandeur within the reach of the sympathies which belong to our common nature, and by showing us to ourselves assimilated by one general destiny, one comprehensive allotment of misery and mortality, we are taught not the less to respect artificial distinctions, but more deeply to feel that fraternal bond which unites us in a partnership of pain, that affiliating cord which draws us together under one dispensation of sin and sorrow, of hope and forgiveness. For human beings of the widest disparity in rank to be occasionally placed within each other's near view and embrace upon the plane of their essential equality and common dependence upon one God and Saviour, is a part of the divine economy full of grace and correction. It is among the prime duties of our instructors in religious knowledge and practice, frequently to remind us of this equality in our relation to Him who has no equal or second, but is alpha and omega, all in all; and we feel the value of the efforts of the pious preacher in bringing home to our bosoms this pathetic instruction as arising out of the loss we have experienced. We trust that Dr. Chalmers is not visionary in supposing that such an exercise of a common feeling, such an expansion of cordiality, such a bosom-consent in sorrow between prince and subject, may have a tendency to make them know each other better as fellow men, and to feel themselves substantially the same, notwithstanding the wide extent of their circumstantial difference.

The affecting event of the Princess's death, the sentiments it has inspired, and the demonstrations which it has called forth, has led the writer into a detailed examination of the characteristics of true and false loyalty; and we believe that this part of the sermon may have laid him open to some censure, but a censure, as it appears to us, by no means merited, and proceeding upon a misconception, wilful or inadvertent, of his real meaning. To do justice to the pure nature of genuine loyalty, he has felt it important well to distinguish it from a counterfeit resemblance of it, which consists in a blind adherence to power in whatever hands, and an endeavour to keep the people quiet and amused at whatever cost to virtue and religion. His indignation sharply addresses itself to those minions of a court who forget, or choose not to see, that loyalty to a sovereign is a Christian virtue, and must be treated and cherished as such to become a living principle in the hearts of the people. The "grass growing upon the house-top" has as much nutritive juice in its composition as that loyalty which has no root in religious motives. The statesman that manifests indifference to his God is not to be trusted when he professes devotion to his prince. We feel Dr. Chalmers to be emphatically right in maintaining that "this single attribute of righteousness will never obtain a steady footing, except on the ground of a *general principle* of righteousness," and "that if you loosen the hold of Christianity upon the hearts of the population, you pull down from their ascendancy all the virtues of Christianity, of which loyalty is one." We most unreservedly agree with this writer that those men merit no higher name than that of pretenders, either to true loyalty, or genuine religious feeling, "who, have no value for preaching but as it stands associated with the pageantry of state,—who would reckon it the most grievous of all heresies to be away from church on some yearly day of the king's appointment, but are seldom within its walls on any of the weekly days of God's appointment,—who, if ministers were away from their post of loyalty, on an occasion like the present, would, without mercy, and without investigation, denounce them as suspicious characters; but who, when we are at the post of piety, dispensing the more solemn ordinances of Christianity, openly lead the way in that crowded and eager emigration which carries half the rank and opulence of the land from us." Dr. Chalmers seems to us to be right in holding that "this is not the loyalty which will avail us in the day of danger," nor is it to such "that we are to look in the evil hour of a country's visitation."

If to maintain these opinions be disloyal, we are eager to be ranked among the most disloyal of his Majesty's subjects; for they have our entire and hearty acquiescence. To fear God, and to honour the king, are commandments standing upon the same autho-

rity: if a man have not the fear of God in his soul, his king can have no permanent place in his affections. So long as the bounty of his prince, or the appointments of the state, produce him a personal benefit, the mercenary attachment of the most godless man to the establishments of his country may be secured; he may feel for the structure of government as the smiths and masons felt for the temple of Diana, with the ruin of which their craft would be destroyed; but detach him from his prince by separating this sordid ligament, and you will look for him in vain in the ranks of loyal men. Look for him rather at the tavern dinner, among the brawlers for reform, and the despicable deities of a deluded mob. It is by holding fast this masculine, well-principled, and, if we may for this special exigence borrow a sort of consecrated term, this vital loyalty, that Dr. Chalmers may get into disrepute with some persons, perhaps with some reviewers, as a troublesome intermeddler. He is certainly not among the maintainers of the lethargic maxim that nothing is so good as to keep all things just *as they are*, but seems rather to think that, as many things cannot remain *as they are*, and a vast moral revolution is evidently in progress, as a new craving of the soul after knowledge has been excited throughout the country by a system of education without limit, as the press now stands like Briareus with its hundred arms erected against heaven, a widely-extended exertion has become necessary to save the religion of the land, and all that the sincerely loyal most love and cherish, from destruction. We confess ourselves to be quite of this mind, but to be also of opinion that it is not an indolent and stagnant religious establishment that can do this—and yet that it is only the work of a religious establishment. A strolling priesthood, an ambulatory church, a flimsy display of spectacular worship, or pulpit oratory, all the vanities which the creature can obtrude upon the Creator, are of no avail in the present necessity; it is in the simple discharge of the pastoral office that the whole secret of our preservation lies. To a real, efficient, and stationary clergy, the guardians and instructors of the poor, the bold expostulators with the rich, the firm promulgators of evangelical truth, the rural patterns of decency and sanctity, the great work of instrumental grace and Christian defence belongs. The mind of the country is theirs. In this field they are now called to make a simultaneous effort, and to buckle on their spiritual armour: the church of Christ is in danger! a cry is gone forth through the land of religion in distress! It is no longer the time for the friends of establishments to walk about our Sion, to mark well her bulwarks, and to tell all her towers, but to hear the horn which sounds from her battlements, proclaiming the advancement of her besiegers, and the stress of her tribulation!

It is quite appalling to behold the multitude of British subjects

who are without church-room, or proper spiritual guides;—no longer a vacant or neutral multitude, sunk in swinish repose, the mere organs of manual labour, or the raw materials of our army and navy, but a talking, disputing, complaining, hungry, half-educated multitude, well prepared to the hand of the libeller, the parodist, and the preacher of infidelity. It is the proper business of the legislature and the heads of the national church, to prevent this mighty mass from being absolutely demoralized. Those who guide the vessel of the state must no longer consider it as ballast, but as merchandize; productive of power for good or for bad, according as it is used and appropriated. Whatever proportion of this mass the Church of England shall consent to lose, is no longer a negative loss; it will soon become so much positive weight in the scale of dissent (well, indeed, if that were all!), or partial infidelity, or desperate unbelief. Yet, in the midst of all this common danger the Church, like Constantinople with Mahomet the Second before its walls, is agitated and convulsed by its green and blue factions. The slightest shades and colours of speculative opinion provoke enmity and paper war between its members. At this moment, the newspapers are made the vehicles of an humiliating and indecorous contest. And the thrusts and parries of reverend gladiators are among the daily sports of the lay community. Wherever a wholesome activity presents itself, the jealousy of slumbering dignity soon visits it with its morbid reproof; and every effort to meet the difficulty and avert the dangers to which sound religion is exposed, is classed at least among works of supererogation, if not among the irregularities of enthusiasm. Would that Archdeacons, with less fretfulness about Church Missionary and Bible Societies, were more spiritually alive to the shamefully neglected duties of their official visitations! Would that Bishops, leaving out of their charges all compliments calculated to lay the consciences of their clergy asleep, would unfold, in its awful extent, the duties of the parish-priest, and enter in right good earnest, and before it is too late, upon a busy supervision of their dioceses! Would that the sacred commission of spiritual instructor were granted with more circumspection, and preceded by more substantial inquiry after things of supreme importance; not whether the candidate has Mant and D'Oyley's Bible in his study, but whether he has scripture learning in his head and heart. Would that the cathedral, as it towers above other churches, in dignity of exterior, stood also conspicuous for the sanctity of its ministrations,—the awful impressiveness of the duty performed in it,—the affecting grandeur of its worship; and that the Bishop, and those holy men that live within its precincts, were oftener found with their families within its walls to relieve the oscitancy of the service, and support at

least an external character of decorum. Admirals are with their fleets, generals are with their armies, judges are in their courts, but where, oh where! are our bishops and archbishops in times of danger, and actual service? Would they could all answer like the Bishops of Gloucester and St. David's! In general the inquiry would be met by calling the inquirer a *Methodist*. And what evidence more conclusive of a man's being a Methodist can be desired than his zeal for the honour and efficiency of the established church? To support that loyalty, which Dr. Chalmers thus identifies, and we think most truly and philosophically, with a sound religious spirit, the course to be pursued by our rulers is clear: let God's honour and the salvation of souls direct the choice of those to whom the primary trusts of the church are committed. A salient vigour must reside at the spring-head of the sacred waters, or half the land must lie in spiritual barrenness. Over this sterile expanse the gloomy march of infidelity is unimpeded, with all its train of destructive engines, forged by perverted reason or profligate wit; and on this field the success of the parodist has been lately signalized. We will not say he has *won* his laurels, for the ground which he has gained has become his by cession rather than by conquest. It is in this way that the church loses the largest portion of her rightful territory. The source of her danger is her own supineness. She has seen in the result of a late trial, how little she can rely upon foreign aid: how precarious a resource is the civil arm. Penal and protecting statutes are now no more: her fidelity to herself is her all in all.

How far the publications to which we have alluded are legally criminal; how far the ulterior purpose, beyond the ridicule of the service and worship of God, judicially absolved the incidental blasphemy; how far examples justify the repetition of an act, or alter its legal quality; how far the manifestation of one intention which the law permits, precludes the imputation of another which the law condemns; how far it is safe or sound in jurisprudence, where the consequences of an act are obviously plain, to permit the inference of intention arising out of the act itself to be contradicted by averment, we have no room to discuss, for we have already digressed even upon Dr. Chalmers's digressions; but we will stop to observe that what has been lately done in this way has been frightfully profane, and mischievous; and this no thinking man alive can doubt or dispute. It is obvious that these parodies have had a most injurious spread through the country, and it is not to be imagined that those knights of unholy industry who have lately so chivalrously taken up the cause of virtuous blasphemy under oppression, will let the mischief die or sleep. Whatever change of mind or purpose the object of the late trial

may experience himself, and far better constituted in heart and head we think him than those miserable men who have made his case the excuse for a tavern triumph over all that has hitherto saved our land from ruin, the effect of his publications will be felt long after his lips shall be closed for ever, and God shall have taken the cause of his insulted majesty into his own hands.

These considerations prepare us to enter with the stronger feeling into the observations which were suggested to Dr. Chalmers, by the want of church room to give opportunity, on the day of the Princess's interment, for the whole of the British people to pour out their hearts before their Maker in humiliation and Godly sorrow. It was then seen how very scanty a provision has been made for a religious population, should the population, in consequence of the teaching afforded them, be seized with the desire of coming to church. To think that any one man whom curiosity had drawn upon that occasion for the first time perhaps into the temple of God, under circumstances particularly calculated to impress the truths of Scripture upon his heart, should find no admittance, is a circumstance truly distressing. It was surely not an occasion to be lost: it afforded the most favourable opportunity that for many years has happened to the sacred ministry of giving a sudden extension to religious impressions; and perhaps the best that could have offered itself of repelling the effect of profane ridicule, and the sacrilegious perversion of prayer to ludicrous satire. That this unavoidable narrowness of room should have been more contracted by the doors of any church being closed against the people—that they should have been disappointed in any of their religious expectations on that extraordinary day—that a mercenary advantage should have been taken of the public feeling by the exaction of money for seats in the churches, are three facts which have excited in us sentiments very similar to those which we find in the little book which stands first at the head of this article:—the first was constitutionally wrong, the second both unkind and impolitic, and the third disgusting. We will only add with respect to the second of the above mentioned circumstances, that in this extreme dread of works of supererogation, there is great danger of falling below the complement of regular duty: for, in reality, how much less is the danger of too much than the danger of not enough; and how much safer for a clergyman to strive to answer the call of Heaven, than to keep within the limits of exertion prescribed by man.

To justify Dr. Chalmers's digressions it is to be observed that the whole strain of his discourse is to show that the only firm pillar of loyalty to the prince, as well as of obedience to the laws, is the righteousness of the people; and that no government can rest

secure but on this support: and to all this we cordially assent. We hear much of an alliance of church and state, but we much question whether in the present condition of the country, if we look to that alliance in a political view only, there is so much in it as is supposed; and we feel that we have Dr. Chalmers with us in maintaining that the true centre of union between the civil and the ecclesiastical polity is lodged with vital Christianity deep in the heart. It is a living, not a mechanical principle; spiritual rather than conventional; a coalition of the duties towards God and towards man, rather than a contract of reciprocal convenience. It is a permanent alliance, similar in its spirit and character to that mingled sentiment of loyal tenderness and religious humility, which we trust has lately run through the Christian part of this great people. It is on these grounds that from our very souls we bitterly lament the absolute exclusion of so large a proportion of the population of most of our great towns, but more especially of the metropolis, from the national church, from want of room; and shall quote Dr. Chalmers upon the subject with as much approbation of his reflections, as sorrow for the facts on which they are grounded.

“My next remark, then, on this subject, will be taken from a sentiment, of which I think you must all on the present occasion feel the force and the propriety. Would it not have been most desirable could the whole population of the city have been admitted to join in the solemn services of the day? Do you not think that they are precisely such services as would have spread a loyal and patriotic influence amongst them? Is it not experimentally the case, that, over the untimely grave of our fair princess, the meaneast of the people would have shed as warm and plentiful a tribute of honest sensibility as the most refined and delicate amongst us? And, I ask, is it not unfortunate, that on the day of such an affecting, and, if I may so style it, such a national exercise, there should not have been twenty more churches with twenty more ministers, to have contained the whole crowd of eager and interested listeners? A man of mere loyalty, without one other accomplishment, will, I am sure, participate in a regret so natural; but couple this regret with the principle, that the only way in which the loyalty of the people can effectually be maintained, is on the basis of their Christianity, and then the regret in question embraces an object still more general; and well were it for us, if, amid the insecurity of families, and the various fluctuations of fortune and of arrangement that are taking place in the highest walks of society, the country were led, by the judgment with which it has now been visited, to deepen the foundation of all its order and of all its interests, in the moral education of its people. Then indeed the text would have its literal fulfilment. When the judgments of God are in the earth, the rulers of the world would lead the inhabitants thereof to learn righteousness.

“In our own city, much in this respect remains to be accomplished; and I speak of the great mass of our city and suburb population, when

I say, that through the week they lie open to every rude and random exposure; and when Sabbath comes, no solemn appeal to the conscience, no stirring recollections of the past, no urgent calls to resolve against the temptations of the future, come along with it. It is undeniable, that within the compass of a few square miles, the daily walk of the vast majority of our people is beset with a thousand contaminations; and whether it be on the way to the market, or on the way to the workshop, or on the way to the crowded manufactory, or on the way to any one resort of industry that you choose to condescend upon, or on the way to the evening home, where the labours of a virtuous day should be closed by the holy thankfulness of a pious and affectionate family; be it in passing from one place to another, or be it amid all the throng of sedentary occupations; there is not one day of the six, and not one hour of one of these days, when frail and unsheltered man is not plied by the many allurements of a world lying in wickedness—when evil communications are not assailing him with their corruptions—when the full tide of example does not bear down upon his purposes, and threaten to sweep all his purity and all his principle away from him. And when the seventh day comes, where, I would ask, are the efficient securities that ought to be provided against all those inundations of profligacy which rage without controul through the week, and spread such a desolating influence among the morals of the existing generation? Oh! tell it not in Gath, publish it not in the streets of Askelon—this seventh day, on which it would require a whole army of labourers to give every energy which belongs to them, to the plenteous harvest of so mighty a population, witnesses more than one half of the people precluded from attending the house of God, and wandering every man after the counsel of his own heart, and in the sight of his own eyes—on this day, the ear of heaven is assailed with a more audacious cry of rebellion than on any other, and the open door of invitation plies with its welcome, the hundreds and the thousands who have found their habitual way to the haunts of depravity. And is there no room, then, to wish for twenty more churches and twenty more ministers—for men of zeal and of strength, who might go forth among these wanderers, and compel them to come in—for men of holy fervour, who might set the terrors of hell and the free offer of salvation before them—for men of affection, who might visit the sick, and the dying, and the afflicted, and cause the irresistible influence of kindness to circulate at large among their families—for men who, while they fastened their most intense aim on the great object of preparing sinners for eternity, would scatter along the path of their exertions all the blessings of order, and contentment, and sobriety, and at length make it manifest as day, that the righteousness of the people is the only effectual antidote to a country's ruin—the only path to a country's glory?

“My next remark shall be founded on a principle to which I have already alluded—the desirableness of a more frequent intercourse between the higher and the lower orders of society; and what more likely to accomplish this, than a larger ecclesiastical accommodation?—not the scanty provision of the present day, by which the poor are

excluded from the church altogether, but such a wide and generous system of accommodation, as that the rich and the poor might sit in company together in the house of God. It is this Christian fellowship which, more than any other tie, links so intimately together the high and the low in country parishes. There is, however, another particular to which I would advert, and though I cannot do so without magnifying my office, yet I know not a single circumstance which so upholds the golden line of life amongst our agricultural population, as the manner in which the gap between the pinnacle of the community and its base is filled up by the week-day duties of the clergyman—by that man, of whom it has been well said, that he belongs to no rank, because he associates with all ranks—by that man, whose presence may dignify the palace, but whose peculiar glory it is to carry the influences of friendship and piety into cottages.

"This is the age of moral experiment, and much has been devised in our day for promoting the virtue, and the improvement, and the economical habits of the lower orders of society. But in all these attempts to raise a barrier against the growing profligacy of our towns, one important element seems to have passed unheeded, and to have been altogether omitted in the calculation. In all the comparative estimates of the character of a town and the character of a country population, it has been little attended to, that the former are distinguished from the latter by the dreary, hopeless, and almost impassable distance at which they stand from their parish minister. Now, though it be at the hazard of again magnifying my office, I must avow, in the hearing of you all, that there is a moral charm in his personal attentions and his affectionate civilities, and the ever-recurring influence of his visits and his prayers, which, if restored to the people, would impart a new moral aspect, and eradicate much of the licentiousness and the dishonesty that abound in our cities. On this day of national calamity, if ever the subject should be adverted to from the pulpit, we may be allowed to express our rivetted convictions on the close alliance that obtains between the political interests and the religious character of a country. And I am surely not out of place, when, on looking at the mighty mass of a city population, I state my apprehension, that if something be not done to bring this enormous physical strength under the controul of Christian and humanized principle, the day may yet come, when it may lift against the authorities of the land its brawny vigour, and discharge upon them all the turbulence of its rude and volcanic energy." (P. 26—31.)

This picture of Glasgow it is very painful to contemplate, But alas! it is the picture of almost all our populous districts and towns. The great bulk of our Christian poor lies under a virtual sentence of excommunication. Really, when one thinks of this as a religious man should think of it, one cannot be astonished that the soil of Great Britain smokes with the blood of daily murders; that whole families are swept off by the hand of the assassin; that the earnings of frugality in humble life are almost sure to pass into the pockets of the nightly thief; that there is not

a solitary house in the land which can be considered as a safe abode; that a new kind of curfew warns every elderly and inactive person of decent appearance to keep to the house after sun-set, all the streets of the capital having passed under the dominion of prostitutes and pick-pockets. And all this exists, and will exist, and will probably increase, in spite of the present state of public education.

We are far from meaning to doubt the general good effects of the exertions of the National Society. It is its most commendable distinction that it educates the poor in the principles of the established church. We learn from Mr. Walmsley, the reverend secretary of that institution, with great satisfaction, that "he is able to state, not only from his own observation, but from the communications he has received from various parts of the kingdom, that the happy effects of this extended diffusion of religious and moral instruction are already strongly exemplified, not only in the conduct of the children, but also in that of their parents, who from scarcely knowing the difference between Sunday and the other days of the week, except as a short intermission of their daily toil, *now assemble with their children to participate in the duties and satisfactions of Divine worship.*" Alas! Mr. Walmsley, where are those parents to assemble in the established church? In the parish church of Allhallows, where the sermon from which the above extract is made was preached, and in some other churches in the city, they may so assemble, although we cannot but make large allowance for the official partialities of Mr. Walmsley; but in the great parishes in the western and northern divisions of the metropolis, how are poor parents with their children to become participators of Divine worship according to the established form of it in our national churches. In the parish of St. Mary-le-bone after many years of contest and agitation, one new and handsome additional church has appeared, and what proportion of the poor of the vast population of that parish (70,000) does the Secretary of the National Society think can be there accommodated with the comfort they are entitled to, and which it is our interest to give them? In the parish of Pancras a population of 50,000 *souls* have still only their little national church in Gray's Inn road, capable at the most of containing 300 persons, whose piety is strong enough to endure the squeeze. It is true they have an act of parliament, and we believe they have had it these two years, and not a stone or a brick is laid; the church is yet only a paper edifice: while at the southern extremity of Doughty-Street a bold and hostile structure of brick and mortar, of most capacious dimensions, for the reception of certain seceders from our church, is run up with the celerity of a new theatre. But we are consoled by the project of a new National

School to be built in this parish, where, if the young people cannot go to church, they may at least be taught to hold themselves in readiness to go, on some future day, possibly before the end of the century, and in the mean time their piety according to *the principles of the established church* must be put, as the lawyers say, in *abeyance*. All this is but tampering with this imperious duty; the whole is a vain mockery, full of insult to common sense, mere prating about the thing, without a particle of straight-forward practical intelligence or honest intention. The Church of England must sink under all this foul play, and fraud upon its rights. It is not the national church, for it is not the church of the nation; an immense numerical majority is shut out of it, and when this numerical majority comes to be, which it will, the moral majority, the fainting church will in vain plead the blood of its martyrs, and display its pure and holy ritual; it will encounter everywhere a chilling apathy and an alienated mind; as little spiritual reverence for its service and sacraments as seems now to exist within the closes of her cathedrals. If this is really a Christian government it must without delay prove its title to that appellation, by setting about the due provision for this great and transcendent exigency. It must not "suffer its eyes to sleep nor its eyelids to slumber, neither the temples of its head to take any rest, until it finds out places for the temples of the Lord: and habitations for the mighty God of Jacob."

On this great subject of its care, the legislature cannot commit a more fatal and senseless mistake than by waiting for the parishes themselves to make the application. Wherever the want of church room has long existed, it has produced its natural consequences, an enormous secession from the pale of the establishment, so as to create an over-ruling majority against its interests. The very circumstance of there being no application for the assistance of parliament is, in many cases, the strongest argument to show the real necessity for it. If the legislature is really of opinion that no religious establishment is necessary, (and in the progress of the evil, if not checked in time, this will come to be its avowed sentiment,) it will act very consistently in adopting the maxim of Dr. Adam Smith, who, dealing with the religion of Christ as with a commodity of the market, rather than as the treasure of the soul, maintains that the *article* of religious instruction should be left to the pure operation of demand and supply, like any article of ordinary merchandise; to which Dr. Chalmers well answers:

"He seems to have overlooked one most material circumstance of distinction. The native and untaught propensities of the human constitution will always of themselves secure a demand for the commodities of trade, sufficiently effective to bring forward a supply equal to the real needs of the population, and to their power of purchasing.

But the appetite for religious instruction is neither so strong nor so universal as to secure such an effective demand for it. Had the people been left in this matter to themselves, there would, in point of fact, have been large tracts of country without a place of worship, and without a minister."—"The experiment, indeed, has been tried with variations on a large scale, and with results which are very instructive. In the southern, and, we believe, in the middle States of America, there is no general provision for the clergy. The population are left to find their own way to the supply of their own wants in this particular; and we have been credibly informed that there are, at this moment, from four to five millions of the people of the United States who are growing up without any regular administration of the word, or of its ordinances, amongst them. In the northern States there is a legislative provision; and the difference in point of moral habit and character between their population and that of the other States is all in favour of religious establishments." (App. p. 37, 38.)

But it is impossible to take leave of Dr. Chalmers without extracting from his excellent Appendix a train of observation admirable for its character of affectionate piety and practical good sense.

"But a still more direct and homeward argument, on the same side, may be drawn from the ecclesiastical state of our larger cities. It is quite notorious that the population of these cities has greatly outstripped the provision of churches that has been made for them by the establishment; or, in other words, the establishment takes up a very small proportion of the ground, and leaves a mighty remainder to that very operation to which Dr. Smith seems inclined to leave the whole extent of the country. It were, therefore, an interesting point to ascertain, in how far this remainder is taken up by dissenters, or by those who exemplify the effect of that great principle of demand and supply, which is supposed by some to supersede the necessity of a religious establishment. I beg leave to recommend the prosecution of this important survey, to those who perceive its bearings on a great practical question most intimately connected with the interior policy of the state, and with the best interests of the population.

"It was partly with this object in view, that the writer of this lately made a survey of his own parish, consisting of a certain district in the city of Glasgow. Those who reside in the place will recognize it, when he tells them that it comprises all that portion of the city which lies to the east of the Saltmarket, and to the south of the Gallowgate, within the limits of the royalty, and containing a population of eleven thousand and one hundred and twenty souls. He now regrets exceedingly that he did not push his inquiries to that degree of particularity which would have enabled him to state with precision the number of individual sitters, both in the establishment and among dissenters. He merely ascertained the number of three descriptions of families—those who had seats in the establishment—those who had seats among the dissenters—and those who had seats no where. He found that in the great majority of families, there were sitters somewhere; but soon per-

ceived, that if, from the commencement of his survey, he had made it an object to ascertain the number of sitters in each family, he would have made out a fearful deficiency indeed of congregational attendance and congregational habits among the people. He at times accidentally got the information of one individual seat being all that was taken by a family of ten members; and, while he submits himself to the correction of more accurate surveys, he ventures the assertion, for the present, that, out of the above population, there are not three thousand five hundred sitters of every description—of whom the sitters in dissenting-houses form at least two-thirds of the whole.*

"Now, in this district of town, there ought to be a church-going population of nearly seven thousand. The establishment does not furnish accommodation for one-sixth of this number, leaving a mighty remainder, over which Dr. Smith's favourite principle is free to expatiate. And it certainly has expatiated, and with an effect, too, which claims the gratitude and the acknowledgements of the Christian public. The dissenters have, at the very least, accomplished double the quantity of good in this part of the town, which the establishment has done. But with all their zeal, and all the worth and literature of their clergy, and the many accomplishments which they possess, and no where more than in Glasgow, for attracting a population, and for obtaining a wide and extensive influence among them, do we behold the one-half of the whole ground unreached and unreclaimed by them, and altogether left without the benefit of the fittest and most powerful instrument of moral cultivation among the people.

"I recur, therefore, to the difference in point of attendance and in point of actual ministration between that state of things where the population are left to themselves, and that state of things where they are met by a regular and a ready made provision, as the great practical argument for the necessity and the good of religious establishments. I assert that, if, with the growing population, there had been a growing ecclesiastical provision for their moral and religious wants; and that, if ministers had been permitted to cultivate a close and spiritual connexion with their parishes, by that connexion not being rendered impracticable; and that, if the mischievous system had not been adopted, of widening the breach still more between them and the people of their local and geographical vineyard, by exposing those seats, for which the parish ought, in all justice and in all expediency, to have the preference, to the general competition of the whole city; and that, if the clergy had been permitted to give their concentrated energies, each to a manageable district, where he stood endeared to the great mass of the families by his week-day attentions, and where the influence of these attentions was strengthened every week by the recurrence of his Sabbath ministrations; and that, if the government of our country had not fallen into the monstrous impolicy

* "It will be recollected that, according to legislative enactment, in country parishes, accommodation ought to be provided for as many sitters as make up one-half of the population; and in town parishes, for as many as make up between one-half and two-thirds of the population."

of withdrawing the mind and the talent of the clergy from their own peculiar objects, by the overwhelming accumulation of civil and of secular duties, which they have laid upon them; and that, if in this respect they had not been imitated by all the municipalities of the land, who, if not resisted to the uttermost, would do what in them lay to accelerate that precious transformation, by which the ministers of religion must at length, in our larger towns, sink down into officers of police, or drivelling subsidiaries to the mere arrangements of state and city regulation—Had some of these plain things been done, and some of them not been done, then I assert, that, at this moment, there would have been in full circulation throughout that peopled mass, which looks to the distant eye so awfully impenetrable, the kindly and pacific flow of such a sweetening, but powerful influence, as would have made the complexion of our larger cities to be as different from what it is now, as the softness of home and of friendship is different from the rude aspect of hostility, or as the music of church-bells differs from the wild and terrific notes of insurrectionary violence." (App. p. 39—42.)

Thus have we endeavoured to take as wide a view of the subject of our amiable Princess's death, in all its bearings, as our room has permitted; not refusing to follow Dr. Chalmers into that digressive field of observation into which he found himself insensibly conducted by the occasion. Indeed, we can scarcely, with propriety, call it a digression, since, if ever any great public event has put us upon reflecting upon our real religious predicament, upon the most probable means of averting the wrath of Heaven, upon the best security against the political dangers which may await us, it is that by which the nation has been recently smitten. Remarks made in such necessary haste as those above offered to the public may be entitled to some indulgence from the reader, even though Reviewers, that ruthless un pitying tribe, put in their claim to it. One distinction we proudly assume—the dignity of disinterestedness: for we do not know the party in the country that has given its complexion to our sentiments, or to which they can be specially acceptable.

The little poem, the title of which stands last at the head of our article, we have chosen as affording an opportunity of relieving the reader, after the long didactic lecture we have given, by an interesting extract or two. We have given it a preference because we are of opinion that it harmonises better than any we have seen with the general strain of our reflections, and that it is in itself a specimen of fine thinking, and a fine imagination, in the author. It is stated, in a short preface, to have been designed as a record in verse of the sentiments universally entertained respecting the character of her Royal Highness the Princess Charlotte of Wales, and of the profound grief expressed at her death by the whole British nation. We have at this hour

great need of some native genius to whom our national poetry may be indebted for the restoration of its moral character ;—of some man of thought and principle, as well as of taste and imagination, ambitious of giving a sort of Christian elevation to the British muse, and of rescuing her from the clutch of the melodious advocates of infidel debauchery, who seem to be fast running away with the taste of the nation. We can safely recommend the perusal of this little poem, and shall be glad if our praise of the author, of whom we have never before heard, should induce him to stretch this elegant use of his time as far as a feeling, honest, and pious clergyman dare do it, amidst the higher claims of the parish or congregation which surrounds him. Let the reader judge of the propriety of what we have said of this little production by the following lines.

“ Through each gradation, from the castled hall,
The city dome, the villa crown'd with shade,
But chief from modest mansions numberless,
In town or hamlet, shelt'ring middle life,
Down to the cottag'd vale, and straw-roof'd shed,
Our Western Isle hath long been fam'd for scenes
Where bliss domestic finds a dwelling place ;
Domestic Bliss, that, like a harmless dove,
(Honour and sweet endearment keeping guard)
Can centre in a little quiet nest
All that desire would fly for through the earth ;
That can, the world eluding, be itself
A world enjoy'd ; that wants no witnesses
But its own sharers, and approving Heaven ;
That, like a flower deep hid in rocky cleft,
Smiles, though 'tis looking only at the sky ;
Or, if it dwell where cultur'd grandeur shines,
And that which gives it being, high and bright,
Allures all eyes, yet its delight is drawn
From its own attributes and powers of growth,
Affections fair that blossom on its stem,
Kissing each other, and from cherish'd hope
Of lovely shoots, to multiply itself—

Such home-born blessedness, in its effect
And virtuous cause, that princely woman knew ;
Whom, as our British garden's blooming pride,
Death's frost hath nipp'd, destroying flower and stalk,
When not one living germ had met the day :
Yet by our love her memory, embalm'd
In its own spicy odours, ne'er shall die.

She liv'd for us by setting (where, most view'd,
It most attracted admiration's gaze)
Pattern of that which gives to social life
Its charm, and forms a kingdom's moral strength ;

She liv'd for us by piety to God,
Which taught her how to love her brother man,
Befriending wretchedness, as meant to be
A people's nursing mother. Privacy,
By virtuous action, train'd her for a sphere
Of boundless good. Thus, in some woodland scene,
A spring, with murmurs musical, imparts
Freshness and verdure to the banks around,
As though it spake of mightier coming joy
In wealth of waters roll'd throughout a land.
She liv'd for us, by learning in the wife
Things most befitting for a destin'd queen,
And how to feel for an espoused realm.
She liv'd for us by many a token shown
Of properties and habits, suited well
To the free genius of our British state;
A spirit quick to feel, and firm to guard
Her dignity and due; yet wisdom just,
In her own rights to mark and venerate ours
To keep in view the source and end of power,
Whose noblest use is blessing what it rules;
To know that majesty then greatest shows,
When, like the Sun, it smiles upon all eyes,
And sees all eyes reflecting it again;
To prize our liberty, (by form and law
Temper'd, yet thus more strong and sacred made)
As sov'reignty's best ornament and guard,
Giving most energy, most will inspiring,
To shine in arts, in science, and in arms,
To enrich a land, refine and sweeten life,
Unfold the mind, and still the nature raise
Of moral, social, intellectual man—
'Twas hers to view such freedom as the life
Of a grand complex whole, whose central bond
Is kingly rule; she felt that it could pay
A homage of the heart unknown to slaves." P. 18—23.

We trust that the above passage will assist the impression which, with a very rapid pen, and ardent zeal, we have in this article aspired to make upon the reflecting part of the public.

ART. II.—*Harrington and Ormond, Tales.* By Maria Edgeworth, Author of *Comic Dramas, Tales of Fashionable Life, &c.* 3 vols. 12mo. Second Edition. R. Hunter, and Baldwin, Cradock, and Joy. London, 1817.

To be told that a man has lived and died, achieved victories, or suffered defeats, excites but little interest; but to be told how he

lived and died, and how he acted under his various fortunes; to be introduced to those who have long since passed away; to be brought under their roof, to be placed at their tables, to partake of their sports and their toils, their sufferings and their pleasures; to mark how the ordinary train of life is diversified by the adventitious peculiarity of its modes in different ages; how those events that are common to all men are modified into inexhaustible variety by the particular habits and circumstances of individuals, is no less profitable than interesting. In the perusal of history we are not seldom tempted to sympathize with Voltaire, who, when one of the king of Prussia's generals corrected him in the date of a battle, replied, "Well, fool, it was fought, then, and what matter whether in summer or autumn?"—It is the detail we require; and in the detail history can seldom gratify us. Here biography, and even fictitious biography, if executed with intelligence, judgment, and a faithful adherence to the manners of the times, becomes an useful supplement to history: it supplies us with those shades of manners, without which historical painting becomes lifeless, undiversified, and uninteresting. That ancient romances represented the manners of the age more faithfully than modern, may be true; and it is not difficult to assign the reason: life was, in those early stages of society, very monotonous; the forms of human existence presented but one unvaried aspect; the hero was always in love or in war; individual peculiarities had no room for developement; there was no gradation, no shading; no touches of art, in the rude, but striking picture of the age. To these romances, however, we are indebted for a knowledge which we must otherwise have wanted—the knowledge of the manners of the times. The *Orianas* and *Polinardas*, the *Amadis* and *Galaors*, give us not only a faithful representation of the mixture of ferocity and courtesy, of hostility to man and submission to woman, of abject superstition, clinging to the forms of religion, while it renounced its spirit and its practice, which characterized the early periods of modern history; but they present us with a picture of domestic life very interesting to the eye of the contemplative reader. The heroine passed her time in unimproving, dignified solitude, till appearing at a tournament, or introduced by an adventure to some redoubted knight, whose life, from that moment, is dedicated to the arduous task of making all mankind confess the pre-eminence of her beauty. As neither of them are much encumbered with mental resources, or moral scruples, the progress of the narrative is conducted by auxiliary adventures; and the courage of the hero, and the constancy of the lady (the only virtues which they usually have to boast of) are magnified to their proper dimensions of gigantic heroism. Their domestic hours are sufficiently monotonous: the lady some-

times solaces the pangs of her absence by the tones of her lute, and the hero soothes the toils of warlike adventure by the softer fatigues of the galliard: but there is no intellectual communication, no varied charm of polished society; and, in *Amadis De Gaul*, when the company have eat and drank as much as, or more than, was convenient, they know no better way of passing the evening than by calling in "*the joculars, who make them all manner of sports,*" and spending their royal and knightly hours in observing pranks that would, probably, have disgraced our Christmas mummers. There is also, among these stately personages, a plentiful lack of matter for conversation, much of the martial insipidity, the garrison life, of Homer's heroes; and, for the consolation of us degenerate moderns, we find their moral sensibility as obtuse as their intellectual; it being a settled thing, apparently an etiquette of romance, that their heroines all become mothers before they are wives, and that their heroes are the offspring of unwedded love.

Coarse as were the contemporary drawings of these manners and practices, and humours, they were faithful; and as such they are valuable. Nor in the class of romances which succeeded them, after the interval of about two centuries, do we find a portraiture less exact. Calprenede, Scuderi, and their contemporaries, have transferred into their "*vast French romances*" the events, the characters, and the spirit of the court of Louis the Fourteenth; and it is not impossible that the names of ancient heroes, with which the tales are defaced, were intended as an oblique compliment to the ambition of the Grand Monarque. The brilliant court of Versailles, with its intrigues, its gallantries, its amorous and chivalric spirit, its false and affected wit, its mixture of much that exalts, and more that degrades, human nature, is spread before us in every page; nor would it be difficult, after the lapse of a century and a half, to discover the portrait of Madame La Valiere in the tender and devoted Cassandra, or of Madame Montespan in Roxana, her ambitious and intriguing rival. Not even the light and lively pencil of Madame De Sevigné (herself a witness or an actor in most of those gay scenes) can sketch them with more fidelity, or colour them with more effect; in spite of the absurd adaptation of names and æras to characters and events to which not even French ingenuity could torture them into a resemblance; in spite of the *étourderie* of classical lovers fighting duels, and Grecian, Roman, and Persian heroines holding levees with groupes of admirers at their bed-sides—spite of all this, our curiosity overpowers our sense of the ridiculous, and we are irresistibly wafted from the banks of Euphrates to those of the Seine. The French, whose curiosity and penetrating officiousness first suggested the idea of memoirs, and whose false taste disguised

those memoirs under the unassimilating characters and events of antiquity, appear to have been far beyond us in the progress of romance; and nearly our first essays in novel-writing were confined to the track of translation. The age of Charles the Second indeed furnished memoirs sufficiently diversified with fiction, but they were memoirs fit only for the age that produced them, and England had attained eminence in every department of imagination, before we could boast of a genuine English novel.

It is observable alike in the history of literature, and in the history of man, that a newly discovered territory is explored at once by a number of adventurers; the spirit of enterprize is excited and communicated almost in the same moment, and each from a confidence in his own powers, or in the exhaustless wealth of the new region, looks upon his competitors without malignity or fear.

Thus almost the same period produced those English novelists whose works are by courtesy called Classical—Fielding, Richardson, and Smollet. Of these writers the public opinion has long been formed; their fidelity to nature is unquestionable; but fidelity to nature is not always compatible with what is due to decency: yet from their writings we may at least draw one conclusion consoling to the alleged inferiority of this degenerate age,—that if present times are equally vicious, they are at least more ashamed of being so; and this is some advance towards virtue. Hypocrisy, says a French writer, is the homage that vice pays to virtue; it is a homage by which virtue cannot be exalted, but it is one at least by which she cannot be offended. Those writers might possibly have thought they were serving the interests of morality; but it is much more probable that they wrote from the mingled motives that influence most writers,—from the love of fame, the hope of profit, or the vacuity of idleness, to exhaust imagination, diversify leisure, or dissipate anxiety. They were, however, grievously mistaken indeed, if they imagined that virtue could be aided by their elaborate, minute, and curious display of vice; by luxuriant descriptions and inflammatory images. Virtue may be brought to gaze on her enemy till she forgets her danger; and by what unction of purity our great-grandmothers were preserved, when they studied Pamela without danger or disgust, we know not. It is *possible* that her temptations were forgotten in her innocence, and the mischievously faithful detail of the trials to which her virtue was exposed, were tolerated only for the sake of exalting its final triumph. This pleasure would be rather too costly for the purchase of modern readers. There are many parts of Richardson's writings more injurious, because less shocking, to virtue than the sonnets of Rochester. *Clarissa* is less objectionable, though many of the scenes at Mrs. Sinclair's are such as are wholly unfit for modern ears, however the consciousness of superior sanctity

might assist those of our ancestors in sustaining them. In his Sir Charles Grandison, the inherent vulgarity, egotism, and prolixity of Richardson's character break out with a latitude unexampled and uncontrolled. His personages, for ever listening to or repeating their own eulogy, for ever covering their selfishness with an arrogant humility, preaching for ever in a monotonous key of maudlin morality, bowing on hands, and asking the benison of aunts and grandmothers, are now as flat and faded as the figures in ancient tapestry; but, like them, compensate in some measure for the dulness of the design by the fidelity of the costume. Richardson, like many men who write to please themselves, and whose fluent mediocrity of style betrays him into endless amplification, brings before us a crowd distinguished only by their names, or by vague generic appellations that, implying no discrimination, excite no interest: these *personages muets* are announced as "very fine young ladies, or pretty-behaved young gentlemen"—Alcandrumque, Halium, Noemonaque, Prytanique. His mind seems to have been copiously furnished with an inventory of good qualities, which he deals out with unsparing and indiscriminating profusion, and with an absurd idolatry of human virtue.

In the works of Fielding, however, our credulity is not taxed for superfluous admiration by any of these faultless monsters. He has certainly represented men and women as they are, if he has not represented them even worse than they are; he appears jealous for his hero (but not with godly jealousy) lest we should suspect him of those perfections in which the heroes of romance are usually arrayed, and his jealousy certainly attains its object. Fielding's chief excellence appears to lie in the delineation of characters that combine simplicity, ignorance, and benevolence. His Parson Adams, and his Partridge, will still induce us to tolerate even Joseph Andrews and Tom Jones. His mind appeared incapable of concocting a character of real virtue. His Allworthy is a prosing, self-sufficient, moral pedant; in Joseph Andrews virtue is ridiculous; in Tom Jones vice is honourable. Nobody now reads either but the school-boy, and one of the earliest signs of an improved taste, and an advancement in Christian morality, is the rejection of both.

Smollet possessed more varied knowledge of the human character, and more extensive experience of human life; was more conversant with its characters and vicissitudes; he was himself an *αγὴς πολυτροπος*—he knew much, and has told all he knew. The great defect of his works is that his heroes, from Roderick Random down to Matthew Bramble, are all portraits of the same character in various costumes. The same Quixotic gallantry in love and courage, the same high sentiment of honour struggling with depravity of habit and virulence of temper, the same morbid

and morose sensibility, the same supercilious courtesy, and misanthropic benevolence. Smollet is said to have sat to himself for the portraits of his own heroes; if so, Smollet, with all the advantages of talent, experience, and spirit was as unhappy as he was unamiable.

These writers seem to have graduated the scale of impurity among them.—Richardson's writings are impure neither from wantonness or depravity; neither because his own imagination was polluted, nor because he sought wilfully to pollute the imagination of others; but merely from that self-sufficiency which filled his imagination with the importance of every detail that related to his fictitious personages, and probably made him believe those details to be of as much importance to his readers. Smollet is often indelicate; sometimes from the licentiousness of humour, which had not then been taught the restraints imposed by modern decorum; and sometimes from the very nature of his subjects, which led him to paint life in all the varieties he had himself experienced, and in the range of which the tavern and the brothel were probably often included. It may be said "impurity lay in his way, and he found it," but Fielding seems to have sought it with insatiable, fulsome, gloating avidity.

The path of novel-writing once laid open was imagined easy by all, and for about forty years the press was deluged with works to which we believe the literary history of no other country could produce a parallel. The milliner's prentices who had expended their furtive hours, and drenched their maudlin fancies with tales of kneeling lords and ranting baronets at the feet of fair semstresses, fair as they believed themselves to be, and in narrow back parlours dark as their own, soon found it easy to stain the well-thumbed pages of a circulating library book with flimsy sentiments, and loose descriptions of their own. A syllabus of these writings may be given in a few words; they do not deserve so many, had not every phenomenon or rather lusus in the literary world a claim on our curiosity, if not on our interest.

The heroine must be exquisitely, *unimaginably* beautiful, though two chapters are usually devoted to the description of her charms, or, as we should word it, "her transparent loveliness;" on the subject of her eyes being black or blue, we find nearly a division of authorities, and therefore do not dare to decide on a question of such delicate importance, but with the consent of all copies we venture to read for her figure "tall and slender." She must be an orphan (if a foundling, so much the better), left mysteriously in the care of some opulent and noble family, who most unaccountably (considering their character for prudence) suffer her to board and lodge with them, and water her geraniums till the decisive age of sixteen, though conscious that

the noble and enamoured heir of the family has been in love with her from their mutual cradles, which by a malicious contrivance of Cupid were placed next each other in the nursery. Now comes on the trying part of the business, the heroine is distracted by the ambition of the father, the pride of the mother, and the jealous insults of the sisters, not forgetting a snug misery of her own arising from the persecutions of some desperate baronet, who, every night leaps the garden wall for the cold consolation of seeing the farthing candle twinkle in his mistress's garret, where she weeps over the indignity of proposals urged by the steward's nephew in the house, or the grocer's heir in the village, to whom all the family, lineal or collateral, in full and frequent divan, are resolved on uniting her as a punishment for her presumption, and a security against their own disgrace. This supposititious lover, this interloper in Cupid's territories, must be as selfish as Solmes, as treacherous as Blifil, and as deformed as Richard; most copies agree in his having a squint, and red hair, but in any case his legs must be bandy. Persecuted by love and hatred, she flies, flies over mountains without a stain on her white satin slippers, and is rumbled two hundred miles in a stage coach without a rent in her gossamer drapery. She must be run away with five or six times before she reaches the end of her journey (a trifling interruption, as she happens not to know where she is flying to), and it is on such occasions that she displays that extraordinary contrast of physical debility and mental independence, of fragility and hardihood, that constitutes the very essence of a novel heroine. She is intoxicated with the smell of a lily, and faints: at the murmurs of an Eolian harp, she melts in elegy over a dying linnet, and sheds as many tears over a fallen leaf as would prepare its fibres for a place in a hortus siccus; she feeds for a fortnight together on bread and water lest Clarissa's soporifics should be mixed in her food; lies down in her clothes, which never require washing or mending, in spite of being made to do double duty; watches through nights, and weeps through the day, without any diminution of the lustre of the eye, or the slightest symptom of ophthalmia; and after all this, she has resolution enough, though she never drew a trigger, to hold a loaded pistol to the head of her profligate seducer; to burst, scramble, and tear her way through casement, thicket, forest, and fence, to secure her retreat; and then, with the strength of a horse and the courage of a lion, to seat herself, without a sous in her pocket, on the top of a stage-coach, her fear, famine, delicacy, and suspicious loveliness "in nowise notwithstanding." When the vehicle breaks down (for this it must do) she can tramp in her silk stocking feet, and her whole wardrobe in a cambric handkerchief (that has never been washed but in her tears) straight up Piccadilly, and

then new troubles begin : every gentleman she sees follows her, and, at last, sinking under the consciousness of beauty, misfortune, and wet feet, she trembles, totters, or glides into the back parlour of a shop in the Strand, to beg for a glass of water ; for heroines at the last gasp must never take any thing stronger ; finds a congenial soul in the interesting face of the shopkeeper, who, with incredible liberality, offers her a gratuitous asylum, (so like London shopkeepers) and, lovely and humble as Lavinia, she takes her station in a slip of a room, where half the peerage crowd the shop every day to peep at her through a canvass blind. Here she maintains herself by her marvellous talents in embroidering or painting fan-sticks, the sale exceeding not only possibility, but even her utmost expectations, which, it may be inferred, were never regulated by it in the slightest degree. At length, the interesting matron turns out a procuress in due form ; and, in spite of the industry and taste of the heroine (which by this time ought to have secured her a comfortable property in the three per cents.), arrests her for board and lodging, or charges her with theft, drags her before a magistrate, and just as she is about to be fully committed (in spite of two hysterical attacks, and a fainting fit very well got up, with the assistance of the clerk and two bailiffs, the magistrate ogling at her all the while), and is disappearing through one door, the hero enters through the other, clasps her to his bosom, maugre the bailiff's followers, swears that nothing shall divide them, and in proof of his asseveration draws his sword : in the struggle, her wig or her handkerchief (we forget which) drops off, and her *mole cinque-spotted*, or strawberry-mark, or something equally conclusive and satisfactory, is discovered, by which she is proved to be a duke's daughter or a peeress in her own right : her noble family in the same breath recognize her, and give their consent to her marriage : her disappointed lovers, one and all, pair off with the "sweet friends," into whose sympathising ears her epistolary sorrows had been poured through five volumes. The ten last pages are devoted to a description of the dress for the wedding ; much honourable mention is made of white satin, and due notice of hartshorn ; and, for the style, vide Miss Edgeworth's incomparable description of Mrs. Beaumont's marriage in *Manœuvring*, where "the interesting, almost fainting, lady is lifted out of the arms of her anxious and alarmed bridemaids, and supported up the aisle, with the marked gallantry of true tenderness, by her happy bridegroom Sir John Hunter."

Nugatory and despicable as all this may seem, it is truly "very tragical mirth" to those who consider it as a minor history of the manners and taste of the age. Over such trash Polly Honeycombe and our grandmothers simpered and wept, and then retired to dream of gartered lords kneeling in attics, and rake-hell

baronets (like Sir Hargrave Pollexfen) running away with them from masquerades. They would not deserve notice but for the lesson they teach, that at this period female education must have been in a very imperfect state, and the female mind immersed in a laxity and frivolity at once alarming and contemptible. Amid these dark middle ages of novel-literature, Miss Burney's *Evelina* strikes us with the first gleam of "rescued nature and reviving sense." Her novel, *all her novels*, impress us with an indescribable sense of their *nationality*—they could not have been written by any but an Englishwoman. Her sense is English, her humour is English, her characters are English, so inveterately untranslatable English, as to be absolutely unintelligible to any but those who have deeply studied the English character. Her Mirvan, Broughton, and Smith in *Evelina*—her Briggs, Hobson, Simkins, Mrs. Belfield in *Cecilia*—her Dubster, Dannel, and Mrs. Mittin in *Camilla*, are proofs, not only of a penetration visiting every recess of life, but of a talent capable of sustaining on the surface characters which lie hid at the bottom of society, and of imparting to them, if not the same interest, yet an equal relief, with the most conspicuous figures in the groupe which her fancy has sketched. She appears, however, to have been under some mistake as to the use and direction of her talents. In the representation of heroic distress and exalted feeling, her attempts are often unsuccessful, but in the vivid exhibition of broad, selfish, heartless vulgarity, in the lower characters of her drama, the touches of her pencil are exceedingly correct and spirited. Pleased with her power of representing inferior characters, we confide her heroes and heroines to the progress of the narrative, which, we are sure, will remunerate their constancy and their sufferings at the end: and, provided we are diverted by the squabbles of her Madame Duvals and her "rough and boisterous captains of the sea;" her misers and her men of birth and blood; her purse-proud tinkers and fiery ensigns, we fairly and confidently hand her Mortimers and Cecílias into the same lumbering coach and six that carried Sir Charles Grandison and his bride to church; and wish them, with uninterested hearts, much joy of their destination.

It would be unnecessary to notice here, where we profess to give a sketch of the progress of novel or romance writing, as indicative of, and connected with the state of manners, the few exceptions that occur to our observations in the novels of Mrs. Lennox, Mrs. Sheridan, and Cumberland. The Female Quixote of the former, though obsolete from the obsolete style of the romances which inspired the quixotism of her heroine, retains still a portion of its original interest. Cumberland attempted and failed to revive the classical English novel. A varied and discri-

minative knowledge; a fine apprehension of the humours, whether of the melancholy, playful, or caustic character; the art of gradually developing the narrative, by circumstances in their ordinary detail, rather than by passions in their primary operations; the proper use and agency of subordinate characters, so as to impart interest even to fatuity; the power of diversifying and combining the different colours of the human character without inconsistency or confusion, Cumberland neither understood nor possessed. He displays all the voluptuous vanity of a conceited, egoistical good-natured writer, delighted with himself, and confident of delighting his readers; like the author of the *Ethiopiques*, he asks his reader if he can ever think him tedious, and then judiciously putting himself in the reader's place returns an answer as favourable as an author could wish.

We sit down in fact by Cumberland's fire-side, and listen to his long dull stories as we would to the tales of a garrulous, good-tempered, prosing old man, pleased with him sometimes for occasional amusement, and pleased with ourselves for our patience and charity.

The transition from the vapid sentimentality of the novel of fifty years ago to the goblin horrors of the last twenty is so strong and sudden that it almost puzzles us to find a connecting link. The contrast between heroines who, extended on silken sofas are courted by prostrate peers kneeling on Brussels carpets, and heroines who, immured in haunted towers are menaced by ruthless and mysterious barons not with love, but with murder;—between heroines who are run away with in a carriage drawn by six horses along turnpike roads every inch of the way, and snugly lodged in an elegant modern villa, and heroines who are dragged over heath and hill, Alps and Andes, by whiskered banditti, who threaten every moment “to slit their wind-pipes and slice off their heads,” and at the end of their progress are thrust into dungeons damp enough to destroy any life but that of a heroine;—between ladies who at their utmost need are allowed by the desperate dukes who run away with them at least six wax candles on their dressing tables, and those fair sufferers who are glad to put up with a sorry lamp that has the inveterate trick of going out every chapter, just as the mysterious door of the southern tower opens for her to set out on her awful tour of exploration, judiciously deferred till the *Castello* clock has struck one;—between heroines of such sublime and attenuated fragility that they stumble over a spider, catch cold from the gale of a fan, and live in an hysterical atmosphere of lavender drops, and heroines who with equal pretensions to delicacy prove themselves of a constitution that would furnish *the faculty*, live in air that would poison a toad, never taste the breath of heaven but

when they get up at night to watch a thunder-storm, and amid all their abductions forcible, and voluntary elopements, when lodged at last in some moated mansion, never wait to dry their feet, or cast a look on their worm-eaten beds, but after *motioning away* their attendant, and supping on the night-air or the moonlight, tramp resolutely through the whole mansion from tower to foundation stone, from battlement to moat, through all shapes, sizes and suits of apartments, nor stop till they start an adventure, or flush a brace of ghosts.

The contrast between these tastes is among the widest oscillations of human folly. Perhaps Charlotte Smith's novels might have been the connecting link between these different species.— Her heroines have all the requisites of persecuted innocence, a taste for sonnet-making, and a strong tendency to hereditary consumption that mark the one; and the rage for lumbering ruins, for mildewed manuscripts, for extracting education and accomplishment out of the relics of musty libraries and half-strung harps, chords untouched by the tuning hammer for half a century, which distinguish the other. If this be so, as we strongly suspect it is, the orphan of the castle has been the sinful parent of many an illegitimate descendant, and the "Old Manor House" has really a great deal to answer for. But of a change so total there must have been other and numerous causes, and to trace some of them may be not uninteresting.

By whatever causes a change in the state of the national taste is effected, their operation becomes interesting in a philosophical point of view. We are now a nation of readers; and if he was right who observed that he could defy the legislators of a country were he allowed to compose its ballads, we may assign no small importance to the history of novel writing,—the history of the female mind, of whose operations it affords a striking indication, and over which it may therefore be supposed to hold no trifling control. Walpole's castle of Otranto, though dramatized by Jephson, had few imitators. Clara Reeve's English Baron was the best; but even she in vain beckoned authors to cross the magic threshold of Gothic romance; they paused on the verge, gazed with wistful awe, and forbore to enter its mystic precincts. It was at the latter end of the eighteenth century that our acquaintance with the German writers, first derived through the channel of their drama, introduced us to what may be called their national mythology. In many respects this corresponded with the existing superstitions of our own country, and their affinity may be traced perhaps to physical causes which will never be found to operate in the brilliant climates of the South, where the aspect of nature rarely suggests the images of futurity, or at least never arrays them in the gloom so congenial to the spirit of mist and

frost. This mythology, thus introduced, was eagerly adopted by more than could comprehend or develope it. As a medium of excitement or impression, it was certainly the most powerful that could be used by one human being on another, from the clown who dresses up a figure to frighten his fellow into idiotism or madness, to the romance-writer who rings bells by viewless hands, encrusts daggers with long-shed blood, conceals treacherous doors behind still more treacherous tapestry, or sends mad nuns or their aparitions to wander about the gardens of their convents.

Our *gentle* readers, or their mothers, will easily discover we have arrived at the age of Mrs. Radcliffe's romances. She was, no doubt, an extraordinary female, and her style of writing (however abused by tasteless imitators) must be allowed to form an era in English romances. Her ignorance was nearly equal to her imagination, and that is saying a great deal. Of the modes of life on the continent (where the scenes of all her romances, with the exception of one, are laid) she knew little or nothing. Her monks and nuns always inhabit the same convent; her French peeresses, in the reign of Henry III. have all the frivolity and esprit de société of a Parisian belle of the eighteenth century; and the savage peasant of the Highlands of Scotland, in the feudal age, assigns as his reason for joining the standard of a warlike chief, that the Fitzhenrys (*the Fitzhenrys in Scotland*) "were always friends to *virtue*;" of the meaning of which term, we may even charitably presume, the savage follower of a feudal lord, at that period, was as ignorant as an Eskimaux of the problems of Euclid. With all this, and more, her romances are irresistibly and dangerously delightful; fitted to inspire a mind devoted to them with a species of melancholy madness. The very light under which she paints every object, has something fatally indulgent to such an aberration of mind in its early and innocent, but mournful stage: her castles and her abbeys, her mountains and her valleys, are always tinged with the last rays of the setting sun, or the first glimpses of the rising moon; her music is made to murmur along a stream, whose dim waves reflect the gleam of "the star that bids the shepherd fold;" the spires of her turrets are always silvered by moonlight, and the recesses of her forests are only disclosed by flashes of the palest lightning; a *twilight shade* is spread over her views of the moral, as well as of the natural world: her heroines are "soft, modest, melancholy, female, fair;" they have no struggles of energy, no bursts of passion—they are born to tremble and to weep;—their love, from its very commencement, has a tinge of despair, and their susceptibility of nature (which seems always their strongest feeling) has all the character of a religious resignation of its charms to the

solemn duty of extracting melancholy from its scenes; they hang on the parting beauties of an evening landscape, and their tears fall in solemn unison with the dews of heaven; they are revived only by the toll of a sepulchral bell, and wander among the graves of their departed friends, as if the intercourse of human existence were suspended, and the living were to seek not only recollection, but society, among the dead. The works of this writer lead us for ever to the tomb; but the wand which she bore was gifted only to call up the milder and unalarming spirits: we listen to her charms as we would to the incantations of a benevolent enchanter, whose "quaint apparitions" may soften and solemnize, but neither terrify nor hurt us. Her spirits were those who

By moonshine do the green sour ringlets make
Whereof the ewe bites not, and those whose pastime
Is to make midnight mushrooms, who rejoice
To hear the solemn curfew——

and "weak masters though they be," their melody hovers round us as sweet as the air-borne songs of Ariel, and when we wake from the trance into which they have plunged us, "we cry to dream again."

The most extraordinary production of this period was the powerful and wicked romance of the Monk. The spirits raised by the pupils of the Enchantress of Udolpho, compared to those evoked by Lewis, are like the attendants on Prospero in his enchanted island, filling the air with "sound and sweet airs that give delight and hurt not," contrasted with the imps and urchins summoned by the mewing of the brinded cat to muster and hurtle round the caldron of the wierd sisters. The license of imagination is indeed often wildly and wantonly abused in this bad book, but it is sometimes nobly and awfully displayed; and few scenes of supernatural agency have more power than that in which the apostate spirit appears in all the beauty and despair of a fallen angel to Ambrosio in the vault.

The host of imitators that followed, without imagination or taste, without knowledge of manners or mythology, of how fear acts on the human mind, and how its gradations should be sketched and shaded, soon brought this style of writing into a contempt which it would not but for them have merited: they knew their business was to terrify, but they mistook quantity for quality; their terrors were the vulgarities of the nursery; they forgot that it is only "the eye of childhood that fears a painted devil," and the public, when they had recovered from their fright in sober indignation tore off the mask from their ill-dressed phantom, and laughed at the imposture. Authors can harden

themselves against any species of hostility but ridicule: the magic book has been shut for ever, and the hand that presumes to open its pages now must have more than mortal nerve. A sad interdict hangs over the desolated regions of romance: bells may ring on lonely heaths with as little notice as if they rung for noon-day prayers in the centre of the metropolis; ghosts may glide and glare, and flutter and squeak, with as little effect; suits of armour fall, and nobody stoops to pick them up; daggers are dropt at our feet, and we never think of tracing "gouts of blood on their blade and dud-hymns; we leave them to their fate, pitilessly indifferent whether they are immolated by the mysterious and vindictive baron, or are run away with by the spirit, who at the canonical hour of midnight appears from behind the usual sliding pannel, with the indispensable accompaniment of rattling chains and sulphurous flashes, to confirm all the hints already given by trap-doors and stains of blood, and all that had been whispered, moaned, or muttered by storms, thunders, and mysterious housekeepers, of the secret of the southern tower.

All this has ceased, and it is well it has: the influence of supernatural fear, those "powers of the world to come," in the hands of the agents that have latterly presumed to wield them, have produced just such an effect as would have been produced by the wand of Prospero in the hands of Trinculo and Caliban. Our latter times have engendered one more phenomenon in this species of writing, to which we call the attention of our readers; for the purpose of directing against it their keenest indignation; and for which, while we force ourselves to notice it, we wish for "words big with the fiercest force of execration to blast the deed and doers:" we allude to the tribe of infamous and ephemeral scribblers, who pander for the public lust after anecdotes that vilify the great, debase the illustrious, and expose the unfortunate, under the titles of a Winter, a Month, or Six Weeks at the metropolis or some place of public resort. The temporary popularity of their trash, as it is founded on the basest passion that can defile the soul, is secured by the most flagitious means that can pollute the character. The envy with which base men are accustomed to behold their superiors in station, aggravated by ignorance, and exasperated by pride, is delighted to find its food in any tales that, for a moment, reduce those whom the institutions of the country have invested with claims to respect below the level of ordinary men in the degrading properties of our nature. To supply the means of indulgence for this depraved appetite, confidence is broken, truth violated, misfortune profaned, and dignity insulted. There is nothing which this wi-

industry will not undergo in pursuit of a tale of shame or suffering; servants are tampered with, spies are employed, whispers are embodied; then their infamy becomes their protection, and in their crimes they find their impunity. Those who peruse these publications with all the avidity of bad hearts, cannot be senseless enough to suppose that a faithful representation is given of the events and manners described. The style of these writers is the idiom of the servants' hall, their dialogue the gossip of chambermaids, and their characters libellous distortions. Yet such writers have their readers, even among those who are themselves liable to be led forth to the ferocity of jealous hatred, and the hisses of vulgar derision.

We have now deduced the history of novel-writing to the present period, a period at which it has assumed a character of importance that forces itself alike on the notice of the critic and the philosopher. If we consider Novels as a species of writing the proper object of which is not only to present a picture of the manners of the age, but to correct our vulgar modes of thinking and to improve our social habits, the times in which we live must be admitted to have a decided superiority over those which have past. This age and this alone may boast of writings, which under the denomination of novels afford rational representations of life, and just delineations of the heart, combined with useful and practical rules of conduct. We have novels (many such it were too much to expect) which females need not blush, nor man disdain to read; which philosophers may peruse for scientific allusions, poets for imagery, and moralists for the maxims of preceptive truth; and to confirm this observation, we may advert to the productions of Mrs. Inchbald, Mrs. West, Mrs. Opie, Miss Hamilton, Miss Porter, and Miss Edgeworth—though we are far from denying that these have all their several characteristic defects, most of them their absurdities, and some their mischiefs. We must be understood, too, to except out of all these remarks the work of Mrs. Hannah More, called *Cœlebs in search of a Wife*, as not knowing well where to class it. It is too pure and too profound to be ranked with novels, and too sprightly and entertaining to be wholly given up to philosophy, theology, or dialectics. Mrs. Moore's works form a class of themselves; it is enough, perhaps to say that *Cœlebs* is one of them.

That Miss Edgeworth is superior to all her other contemporaries must be granted, not by verdict but by acclamation: how that superiority has been obtained may form a subject of inquiry not uninteresting. One of her most obvious causes of advantage is her habitual acquaintance with those modes of life which others are compelled to take upon trust, and to copy from

report. This advantage is indeed an accidental, but a most important one. Our solicitude to become acquainted with the higher modes of life is, under certain restrictions, a pardonable and even a laudable feeling, when it is not stimulated by vanity or inflamed by the malignity of jealousy. The great have much in their power: their influence on the literature, the manners, and the habits, of the age in which they live cannot be questioned, and it is a natural anxiety that prompts us to inquire how that influence is exercised—we know and feel every day that what they say is repeated with eagerness, and that what they do is copied with avidity, and our wish to come to the fountain head of those streams which are diffused through all the declivities of society can hardly be censured as idle or presumptuous. Writers who have it not in their power to gratify this anxiety, by a faithful exhibition of the manners and habits of high life, yet feeling it in themselves, and presuming it in their readers, will still attempt to gratify it at the risk of obvious misrepresentation and transparent vulgarity. Their intelligence, obtained through the medium of servants or dependants, or the still more mischievous details of humble friends who degrade every thing to the level of their own imagination, and make the subjects of their narrative change place with themselves, betrays a strong flavour of the channel through which it has arrived to us. Their representations of high life are always in extremes—their personages either rave in incomprehensible heroics, as if all peers were born poets, and no man of rank could speak below blank verse; or they utter only the vulgarisms, the platitudes, the common-places with which the narrators can cheaply and liberally accommodate them.

In Miss Edgeworth's representations of high life, her readers and herself are equally at home; it costs her no effort to exhibit what she has personally examined; her characters, however elevated, speak the language of nature; there is no inflation in their dignity; no bustle in their politeness; no labour in their ease. She describes them as agitated by the passions that agitate all mankind, but she judiciously and philosophically discriminates between the operation of passions in their elementary and unsophisticated state, and as they are modified by the imperious restraints of improved society which can enchain their expressions even in their fiercest paroxysms. It required a touch nice and skilful as hers to paint them as opposed to duty, without violating decorum. No aristocracy of feeling misleads us, when we say that it is difficult, next to impossible, to represent with accuracy any part of life with which we are not personally conversant; and Miss Edgeworth has, we believe, this advantage in drawing her portraits of what is called high society.

But this advantage, as we have before noticed, however great, is accidental. Miss Edgeworth can claim no merit from it; its benefits belong only to her readers. Of the next obvious cause of her superiority which occurs to us, the merit is solely and justly her own: we allude to the extent and diversity of her knowledge. The accumulations of her mind give her great distinction among this class of writers: this is but slender praise—her knowledge is of that kind which Johnson recommended and possessed—it is general knowledge. She can converse with every class in its own dialect, and on its appropriate habits, and peculiar occupations; as it was said of Cleopatra, that she could give audience to the ambassadors of seven different nations in their own language. Her works are enriched with images natural and artificial, distant and familiar, classical and common; nothing that can be gathered from books, or collected from life escapes her. There is no conscription, no forced marshalling; her imagery comes at her call, and it is admirable for its variety and extent. But her profusion is as remote from prodigality as from parade; it is the generosity of wealth, not the ostentation of extravagance. Nothing is too exalted, nothing too low, for her powers of adaptation to purposes of utility: all seems in its place, whether drawn from the objects of nature, or the recesses of art.

As a general summing up of the merit of Miss Edgeworth, we would say that in her works the artist, and the poet, and the man of science, and the man of the world, meet with the language appropriate to their feelings and situations. Such variety of incidents, such diversity of character, such felicity of allusion, such fertility of imagery, such subservience of imagination to utility, such ministration of the highest powers of literature to the humblest purposes of life, are not easy to be elsewhere found.

We are not however such vehement admirers of Miss Edgeworth, as not to admit that, in the exhibition of the varied knowledge with which her works abound, her acquired, vastly exceed her original powers; that her imagination is rather collective than creative: that it is not characterized by that plastic, unteachable, incommunicable power which generates worlds for itself, peoples them with inhabitants naturalized by the power of genius to their residence, and lives in a creation of its own, but by that power which can extract, accumulate, amplify, and condense; by ingenuity of complication, and felicity of arrangement; by those images which study has earned, observation suggested, or chance supplied. Of powers contributing to the same result, it is hardly possible to assign the respective shares with due distribution; but it is obvious to an attentive reader of Miss Edgeworth's works,

that it is to her collection not her formation of imagery that we are indebted for the rich and vivid display of it that enlivens almost every page. Her taste is of the derivative kind; rather the product of what she has read, than what she has conceived; the fertility may be natural, but the source was engrafted; and we feel that we are rather reading the result of her studies, than of her discoveries. But it is not either to Miss Edgeworth's habitual acquaintance with high life, or to her ample stores of intellectual wealth, that we exclusively ascribe her superiority. Acquaintance with high life would lead a corrupt mind to display only its vices and follies, and knowledge itself must owe much of its charms, and all of its utility to the cause in which it is engaged.

It is here that Miss Edgeworth's merit is unquestionable. We allude to the tone of high and yet practicable morality which pervades all her writings; and to which without sacrificing either the graces of composition, the charms of wit, or the interest of the passions, she makes them all (as they ought to be) subservient.

In general, it is observable that in works of imagination, the passions are essential, the morality (if there be any) incidental: in Miss Edgeworth's works it is quite otherwise: she walks straight forward in the path of duty, her eye fixed, and her foot pressing towards its high object: and every well-regulated mind that marks her progress may exclaim in the forgotten poetry of the unhappy Dodd "good luck she wisheth thee and honour." To compare her in this respect with other modern writers would be perhaps invidious, yet we cannot but observe that Mrs. Opie's beautiful tales tend rather to make us feel than to make us think; that we are so charmed in contemplating her affecting groupes that we forget every thing but the indulgence of the sensibility which they excite, and depart with minds relaxed into morbid softness, indisposed for reflection, and unfitted for action.

Thus too Miss Porter (the Misses Porter we should say) present us with brilliant paintings of chivalric courage, and heroic passion adorned with the graces of refinement which those high qualities wanted in the day of their existence, but still there is so much physical luxuriance in their descriptions, such expatiation on every part and property of masculine beauty, such dwelling on the "thieves and sinews of a man," that we vehemently suspect their fair readers may sometimes, while pausing over the painting, forget there is a moral at all, if indeed the moral of heroic novels was ever worth attending to. All this Miss Edgeworth is kept from as well by the purity of her mind, as the unity of her object. Through all the temptations which fictitious tales present to female writers, through all the bye-paths of glowing description, seductive sentimentality, and critical situa-

tions, she passes on in unblenched majesty. There is no work of hers that is not designed for the enforcement, defence, or illustration of rectitude and truth,—of honourable sentiment and benevolent feelings; of the lofty virtues of public, or the mild moralities of domestic life.

In the works of this lady her knowledge is made instrumentally useful in effecting the great and ulterior object of moral instruction. Her acquaintance with the gradations of life and the diversities of character are made to bear all on the same point with her scientific allusions and her literary embellishments.—Her knowledge is the best knowledge,—that of experience aided by philosophical discrimination, and quickened by vigilant observation. It has been said of Shakspeare that were his speeches laid before us without the names of those who uttered them, we could assign them to the proper speakers from the intuitive felicity with which he has adapted them to the characters: it may be said of Miss Edgeworth with as little exaggeration, that after reading the first pages of any of her works we could assign the sentiments and situations of her characters. Her personages, varied as they are, all appear in their appropriate costumes, from the peer in his castle to the artizan in his shop, or the peasant at his plough. Her moral lessons, however enforced with due energy, are judiciously modified according to the circumstances of those for whose use they are intended: she has polite ethics for the drawing room, and plain, substantial instruction for the cottage.—Her morality imperiously pervades those parts of her writings which are usually supposed to be exempt from its severer restraints; her very lovers give us lessons of morality, and “beget a temperance” in their readers in the very “heyday of their blood” and whirlwind of their passion. Love, as she represents it, is not the dream of sickly fancies; we find in it neither frivolity, nor metaphysics: it is a rational, pure, and steady sentiment, neither excited by attractions nor dependent on morbid sensibility; but resting for its foundation on the firm basis of esteem, and due and just appreciation of moral and mental qualifications, and on them erecting a fair and hopeful structure of future felicity, honor, and peace. Johnson has said of Milton, “Whatever is to be done the poet is always great;” it is not higher praise to proclaim of Miss Edgeworth, Whatever is to be done, she is always moral.

After this tribute to the merits of Miss Edgeworth, our duty, painful duty, critical impartiality, forces us to the notice of her faults. The first of these which we shall allude to scarcely justifies censure. When Scipio was desired to answer for imaginary offences before a partial auditory, he disdained to make any other defence than by reminding them that that day was the anniver-

sary of the battle of Zama, and was acquitted. The first objection that strikes us arises from the very character and spirit of her writings. Such is either the depravity of our natures, or the perversity of our imaginations, that we require the exhibition of strong passions to rouse our attention, though aware that the union of strong passions and exalted virtue is almost impracticable; and would rather weep for the sufferings of conscious error, than enjoy the placidity of happy virtue. To examine the causes of this feeling would demand a disquisition remote from our present object. Miss Edgeworth delights in the delineation of those characters which irresistibly claim the meed of moral approbation: and that of all well-regulated minds doubtless attends them. Such a strain of composition, however, too often fails of raising the interest or even the attention of readers. They are too good and prudent for strong sympathy.—Miss Edgeworth has sufficient and more than sufficient knowledge of life to know that these personages can never do for heroes and heroines: she should at once have placed them in the rank which they merited and will always maintain; but she should not have obtruded them, like David in Saul's armour, in the unwieldy harness of moral heroism. She must have discovered in the perusal of her own work that the convulsive passions and theatrical character of Lady Delacour were infinitely more interesting than her Belinda, with all her simplicity of mind and dignity of character so often repeated—that Vincent's glowing credulity, ductility, and impassioned energy captivate us far beyond the polished pedantry of Hervey;—that we sympathize with the depraved, degraded, lost character of Buckhurst Falconer, far more than with the "civil count who speaks of patriotism, literature, and gallantry, so trippingly on the tongue;" that, in a word, our approbation goes (as it ought to do) with those who deserve it, and that our feelings and interest and attention go (as they will do sometimes) with those who deserve it not. Those prudent, proper, wise and worthy personages, whom she insists upon it we shall receive and accredit as the legitimate heroes and heroines of her drama, are more fit to compose the chorus. Thus all the world was attracted at first by the bad translation of Racine's *Andromaque* under the title of the "*Distressed Mother*," but in a short time Hector's widow was found to be a very insipid personage, and when the play is acted now, it is acted to display the guilty, impassioned, unfortunate Hermione.

With excellence above experience and beyond nature we can have little communication or partnership. The Gods take care of Cato, and to the care of the Gods we confidently leave such as Cato. Aristotle has said that the character fittest for representation is a mixed one; and as Miss Edgeworth's novels

are all dramatic (one of their highest praises) we would recommend to her the mixture of a few comfortable, consoling infirmities, some "mortal mixture of earth's mould" in the composition of her future heroes and heroines.

Her next obvious defect (we hesitate to term it a defect) is a total, *moral* inability to paint the strongest passion that can distract the human heart, or agitate human life. Miss Caroline Percy to the best of our recollection makes one strong speech about *Love* in *Patronage*, and that is the first and last we hear of it in her works. So much the better no doubt. We honor Miss Edgeworth for the omission! The purity of her mind was unable to conceive those dangerous characters who, by a kind of moral or immoral chemistry, amalgamate vice, virtue, passion, reason, falsehood, and truth, and leave their readers incapable of analysing the compound or separating the ingredients. The clearness of her understanding was above that seductive sophistry which makes the "worse appear the better reason:" she is a fair, plain, intelligent guide in the open champaign country of truth, not a treacherous conductor through the bewildering forest of metaphysics, who betrays us to the dagger of vice lurking in its recesses, and shares the spoils with the assassin. Miss Edgeworth really cannot enter into the feelings, and play the part of vice however "deckt and frounst" in the disguise of refined manners, and double and treble-refined sentiments. Thus her novel of *Leonora* in which are described the arts and charms of an all-accomplished enchantress employed in seducing the husband of her friend, is by far the dullest of her productions.—We have heard that Mrs. Siddons failed in the representation of *Milwood*, from the impossibility of her giving effect to the meretricious allurements of the character, and we conceived that her representation of such a character was more "honoured in the breach than in the observance." Let it be remembered we are not here confounding vice and passion, but merely intimating what we might confidently assert, and amply prove, that in novels a luxuriant display of the one is too often employed in the service of the other.

Such is Miss Edgeworth's sacred horror of any thing like exaggerated feeling, or tumid language; such her anxiety for reducing her characters, where they are not meant to be heroes, to the level of ordinary feelings and occupations, and lowering the intoxications of romance to a "sober certainty of waking bliss," that she appears as averse from the enthusiasm of nature as from the enthusiasm of passion.

No proofs of its power over her heart or her senses ever occur in her works: none of those descriptions that give all the charms of poetry to the pages of Mrs. Radcliffe ever seduce her from

her characteristic style, at once playful and didactic: none of that sensibility to the grand and lovely in the forms of the earth, or the colours of the sky, which like the statue of Memnon utters a tone of melody when touched by the light of heaven. We do "grievously suspect" that Miss Edgeworth is one of those who would have joined with Johnson in his laugh against the pastoral prosers who "babble of green fields;" and we rather fear that she speaks her own sentiments in the person of Lord Glenthorne in *Ennui*, when he gives all the "Beauties of Killarney to the devil." If this be so, though it must be admitted to be a defect in a writer, it is a defect not to be censured, but to be pitied: in fact Miss Edgeworth's *groups* are so admirable that we may well compromise for the absence of landscape in her painting, and have no more right to quarrel with her for her want of sensibility to natural scenes, than with Johnson for his want of sensibility to music.

There are other defects in her writings; trifles they would be in the writings of another author, but Miss Edgeworth's eminence gives a mischievous importance to her defects. Her style is pure, but in her rage for avoiding every thing that is extravagant in sentiment or in diction, she falls into a colloquial flippancy, a creeping familiarity unworthy of her rank in literature or her place in society. In *Belinda*, Lady Delacour offers the heroine "a silver penny for her thoughts," and so fond is Miss Edgeworth of this *bright image* that she repeats it again in her *Comic Dramas*. Where could she have heard this silly vulgarism? Then all her personages have a desperate trick of refuting or appearing to refute the arguments of their antagonists by merely repeating the last words of their sentences: this, if performed with humour of tone and expression may have a certain effect in conversation, but it will be one very remote from either good manners or good logic. Her personages moreover, whether in love, or in embarrassment, have an inveterate unmeaning habit of expressing their agitation by tearing to pieces a handful of flowers with which they appear to be opportunely armed for the occasion at all times. This silly resource of vulgar perplexity may be pardonable once, but Miss Edgeworth's repetition of it is really tormenting. We can allow *Belinda* on the eve of a critical explanation with Lady Delacour to pull her carnation to pieces, and even bear with Farmer Grey's daughter peeping into the bell of a flower (whose name we have unluckily forgotten), for the answer to an embarrassing question put to her by her papa on the subject of Sir Hyacinth O'Brien's ball; but we really cannot conceive why a manufacturer cannot propose to a dyer's daughter without first pulling a handful of primroses, and scattering them all about the lane in a fit of amorous abstraction, and

pastoral absurdity. It would have been unpardonable in us to pass over any productions of Miss Edgeworth with the general notice which might be sufficient for an adventurer in literature, one who came to "break an idle spear" in the lists, and depart careless of disgrace and distinction. Miss Edgeworth challenges a more peculiar regard, her works have constituted a new species, and merit distinct and appropriate attention. The nature, spirit and texture of her works, have made them preeminently her own. Public utility, national morality, adorned by all the resources of literature, teeming with experience, and invigorated by philosophy, characterize almost every effort of her pen. But this last word suggests to us a parting hint to Miss Edgeworth. The morality and *philosophy* of her works are conspicuous, unquestionable; but we do not find in her writings (QUITE as often as we could wish) the language of religion,—and let it be remembered that by this term we do not mean a general acknowledgement of the existence of a deity and the certainty of a future state.—Reason may teach thus much: we speak of the Christian religion, which alone can give support in this life, or suggest hope in the next, "other foundation can no man lay than that which is laid." Miss Edgeworth's morality could never have had its seat in the heart, or existed even in contemplation, had the day-spring from on high never visited us. The best way of serving the cause of morality, would have been never to have lost sight of its only legitimate source. We cannot approve of a reserve which, though we doubt not it is far enough removed from infidelity, has too much the appearance of disingenuous shame to be suffered to pass without censure.

Of Miss Edgeworth's last works, now before us, we shall say as little as we can, because we cannot say what we wish:—they are to a certain degree clever, but they are not worthy of Miss Edgeworth. The first sets forth how a boy was terrified, in his infancy, by a worthless nursery maid and an ugly Jew, almost out of his reason, which indeed he does not appear to have recovered during the whole progress of his "after life." Finally, he is converted by the beauty of a "pretty Jessica" (though she turns out to be a Christian at the long run); and the generosity, and other novel-like qualities, with an endless *et cetera* of her father, converted, we were going to say, to Judaism, but we meant to love and happiness. This is a very indifferent story: it is said to be written in vindication of the Jews, or rather in vindication of Miss Edgeworth's supposed prejudice against the Jews. What vindication does it offer of either? What rational purpose does it answer? To dress up one phantom of imagination against another, and let them fight out their battle in the clouds, will neither convince reason, nor remove prejudice. If Miss

Edgeworth really wished to serve the cause of the children of Israel, we apprehend the best mode would have been, to have searched out and fairly laid before the public, evidences of their disinterestedness, generosity, and benevolent feeling, from their actual history and living characters: short of this, all efforts are merely appeals to the imagination: it is purely opposing the Shylock of Shakspeare to the Sheva of Cumberland, leaving the public completely ignorant which original sat for the picture thus arbitrarily drawn from the imagination. If the Jews are an abused, a persecuted, an injured people, it is not the representation of a noble, liberal, upright man, *supposed* to be of the tribe of Levi, or of Judah, though he cuts paintings to fragments, and shelters the bigotted Lady de Brantefield and her frivolous daughter in his house, and advances money at low or no interest to Harrington's father, that will set minds and matters to rights on such a question. "*Nec tali auxilio, nec defensoribus istis.*" Imaginary characters thus played off against imaginary characters neutralize each other's effect on the minds of the spectators. The dispersion of prejudice must be the slow result of the operation of time, and the diffusion of knowledge.

Miss Edgeworth's next tale—what shall we say of it?—it contains a kind of Robinson-Crusoe story of a young man, who, amid the perilous vicissitudes of a life passed among the vicious great, or the vulgar little, has the amazing and incredible courage, instinct, or tact, to form for himself a code of moral and mental legislation; by virtue of which, he not only escapes all the brutalizing degradation of his early situation, but defies Paris and all its works, in its state of highest and most perilous attraction, and retires from it, determined not to lose more money than would have maintained the inhabitants of his native realms of the Black Island for the term of their natural lives, escaping moreover the manifest chance of seducing the daughter of his friend and benefactor king Corny, though this daughter has only added to her original rudeness, pertness, and vulgarity, the title of Madame de Connal, and the inability of dancing at the balls of Paris, derived, we may presume, less from her diffidence than from her *native* consciousness of the immeasurable *latitude* of Irish feet. Yet this man, young, attractive, and immersed in the dissipations of Paris, has the vigour of mind, the "civil courage," Miss Edgeworth would call it, to suspect the machinations of the selfish and embarrassed Sir Ulick O'Shane, and hurry over to Ireland time enough to save his property, and witness the bankruptcy, degradation, and death (violent death by implication) of his profligate, talented, amusing, Wharton-like friend. Now, all this is very bad, and very unnatural. Where could Ormond have learned his virtues? Did he acquire disinterestedness, and public

feeling, and rectitude of principle from Sir Ulick O'Shane?—or sobriety and the love of order, and habitual punctuality, from King Corny?—or—we have done with such questions. The story is full of absurdities, from a savage Milesian chief sobbing in sentimentality over the neck of his protégé, *because he refuses to drink claret*, down to (proh pudor!) Ormond flying off in despair or wrath because a window-blind wafted aside shows a rival at the feet of Miss Annaly, which rival, it turns out, is kneeling to receive his sentence of condemnation or banishment: the banishment Ormond judiciously applies to himself.

We do not give extracts from these works: first, because we have been anticipated by ample extracts already given in other periodical works; and secondly, because we deem it absurd to give extracts of a work already, and long ago, in every one's hands. When books are, from their voluminous size or expensive publication, of rare access, large extracts should readily be accorded to the curiosity of readers; because there are no other means of gratifying it. But when books, like Miss Edgeworth's, are rapidly circulated, and universally read, to furnish extracts may serve the writer, but can be of little use to the reader.

ART. III.—*The History of Java.* By Thomas Stamford Raffles, Esq. late Lieutenant-Governor of that Island and its Dependencies, F.R.S. &c. 2 vols. 4to. With Maps and Plates. Black and Co. London, 1817.

THE author of these interesting volumes was appointed Lieutenant-Governor of Java immediately on its conquest, in September, 1811, and remained in that honourable post till the late final surrender of the colony to its old masters. In the spring of 1816 he returned to Europe, amidst the regrets of a people whose attachment and esteem he had gained by his active and persevering exertions to promote their social and civil prosperity, and with the consciousness of having left behind him such an example of a benevolent and enlightened administration as was never before exhibited in that region of European or Asiatic despotism. Having carried into execution plans of internal improvement in Java worthy of being recorded, and having collected information which, in some cases, his official situation could have alone enabled him to command, his object on his return home was to lay the produce of his experience and research before his countrymen, and accordingly, after a period of little more than nine months' gestation, the present work was brought

forth. His book bears, of course, many of the marks of haste, both in its composition and arrangement. The latter, in particular, is in many respects faulty. Things are magnified into some importance in the running head of the chapters, or in the general contents of the book, which really have none in themselves; subjects are separated which ought to have been treated of in conjunction; the details are disturbed and disconnected, and the facts are repeated. The style is frequently diffuse, inartificial, and careless. Many documents are given in full which ought to have been abridged; information is presented in the *raw state* of facts, neither improved by comment, nor wrought with any skill into the tissue of the work. The reflection is often forced upon us that we have here a long book because the author had not *time* to write a *shorter*. The "History of Java," we may likewise remark by the way, is a title injudiciously bestowed, as the history of the island only occupies a small portion of one of the volumes, and only two chapters out of eleven, of which the work consists. But notwithstanding these and several other defects that may be pointed out in the course of this article, the account of Java and some of its dependencies here presented to the reader cannot fail to yield both amusement and instruction. The laudable objects which Sir T. Raffles had in view, both as a governor and an author, and the benevolent spirit which characterise his labours in both capacities, compose that charm—that *melle soporatum et medicatis frugibus offam*—which must disarm the Cerberus both of literary and political criticism. Indeed we think it would be difficult to find a person who, in the former capacity, has done more good, and, in the latter, has given more information.

Raynal complains that he could give no satisfactory account of the commercial concerns or colonial situation of the Dutch East India Company subsequent to the year 1770; and the meagre statements which that lively, ingenious, and diligent inquirer supplies on many other topics connected with Java, show how much Europeans have hitherto been in the dark concerning that interesting portion of the globe. The natural history, the botany, and mineralogy of the island, together with its interior situation, remained entirely unknown and unexplored. The story of the poison tree, which was said to be surrounded with an atmosphere of death, and to aid the despotism of the east, by killing obnoxious persons placed under its shade, celebrated in the poetry of Darwin, and till lately implicitly believed, shows how much we were in want of authentic information. Of the language, the antiquities, the traditional history, or the literary productions of Java, and the connexions which ancient institutions, or anterior worship, and a sacred tongue, established be-

tween the inhabitants of the Indian Archipelago and those of continental India our knowledge has been next to nothing. The ruins of temples and edifices, adorned with different kinds of architectural ornaments, with images, sculptures, columns, and medals, evincing ancient magnificence, the pomp of a prior religion, and considerable progress in the arts, remained either buried in rubbish, or covered with the luxuriant vegetation of the climate. Those living monuments of the Bramminical worship, the inhabitants of Bali, and of some of the mountainous districts of Java, were as much neglected, or as little questioned about their creed and history, as the ruins to which we have alluded. The statements about the population, which, as it was a source of gain to the Dutch, we might have expected to be better ascertained, were equally defective and contradictory, some accounts sinking it below a million, others making it three millions, whereas it is really found to amount to nearly five by late surveys.

The notices on the condition and history of the Dutch East-India possessions given by Valentyn and other early writers, were followed up with no spirit of inquiry either by the Dutch in Holland or the Dutch in Batavia, and their jealous laws of monopoly allowed no opportunities of research to those who would have made a better use of them.* The agents of the company, uninstructed and incurious, went out to acquire fortunes, to oppress the natives, to guard their shores against the intrusion of strangers, and to root up their clove or nutmeg trees, and not to acquire or diffuse information; and those who depended on their labours at home were satisfied if they could weigh spices and make out bills of lading, so long as they found that their expected cargoes regularly arrived, and that their Eastern commerce con-

* "The accounts of the Portuguese respecting Java (says Dirk Von Hogendorp, a very intelligent Dutch Commissioner, in a manuscript report on Java now before us), are all very confused, inaccurate, and contradictory; so that from them very little information is to be obtained. We (the Dutch) have produced very little of superior value; and though the work of Valentyn on Java is, on the whole, the best extant, it is still very far from being satisfactory."

To show not only how little the agents of the Company and the men in authority at Batavia were disposed to favour any liberal research, but how zealous they were to discourage it, it may be sufficient to mention, from the same authority (that of Von Hogendorp), the fate of the Batavian Society of Arts and Sciences. This society, in order to avert the persecution of the government, not to secure its protection, was obliged to elect the members of the colonial administration for its directors. The consequence was what might have been expected. When the few men of talent and zeal who had instituted it died out, or removed, the institution dwindled to nothing. The presidents were elected rather for their *negative* qualities than from any aptitude to do credit to the office; "and the last president," says Hogendorp, "could scarcely write his name!" "What," adds he, "can flourish under the reign of tyranny and violence! Our despotic government even prohibits a newspaper, lest their deeds should be made known in the colony or the mother country." The Batavian Society was re-established under British authority, and has published a volume of Transactions."

tinued to nourish their European power; while other commercial states viewed, with an illiberal envy, that prosperity of which they knew not the sources.*

That a civilized nation should have been so long in possession of colonies of great value, and inhabited by so singular and interesting a race of people, without instituting any serious inquiries concerning their habits, their character, or their history, is a very remarkable case. Governor Raffles, we will venture to say, has collected more information in the work before us on all topics not immediately connected with trade, within the short space of five years of intermediate sway, than all the governors, all the civil and military servants of the Dutch republic put together during an absolute dominion of two centuries. That part of his book on the language, literature, and poetry of the Javans; his account of the *Kawi*, or sacred language; his description of the antiquities of the island; and his two chapters of natural history; together with his translation of several of their

* Dryden, who acted like the *Tyrtæus* of England by writing a tragedy on the massacre of the English at Amboyna, and a "Satire on the Dutch," to excite his countrymen to war against them in the time of Charles II., speaks the language of this feeling in the following description of the Dutch East India trade from the *Annus Mirabilis*:

In thriving arts long time had Holland grown,
Crouching at home, and cruel when abroad;
Scarce leaving us the means to claim our own,
Our king they courted, and our merchants awed.
Trade which, like blood, should circularly flow,
Stopped in their channels, found its freedom lost;
Thither the wealth of all the world did go,
And seemed but shipwrecked on so base a coast!
For them alone the heavens had kindly heat,
In eastern quarries ripening precious dew;
For them the Idumæan balm did sweat,
And in hot Ceylon spicy forests grew.
The sun but seemed the labourer of the year;
Each waxing moon supplied her watery store
To swell those tides which from the line did bear
Their brimful vessels to the Belgian shore.

Again, in the Satire alluded to, he says,

As needy gallants in the scriveners' hands
Court the rich knaves that gripe their mortgaged lands,
The dotage of some Englishmen is such
They fawn on those who ruin them—the Dutch.
Be gulled no longer; for you'll find it true,
They have no more religion, faith, than you;
Interest's the god they worship in their state,
And we, I take it, have not much of that.
Well, monarchies may own religion's name,
But states are atheists in their very frame.
As Cato fruits of Afric did display,
Let us before our eyes their Indies lay:
All loyal English will like him conclude,
Let Cæsar live, and Carthage be subdued.

ethical and poetical works; appear to us to be almost entirely new, and to constitute a valuable addition to our stock of knowledge concerning the Eastern nations. That portion of his work in which he details the measures pursued by the British government after the conquest, the oppressions from which the natives were relieved, and the legislative regulations which were introduced for the security of their persons and property, has another claim on our attention besides its novelty: it is as interesting to our humanity, as the former is to our curiosity.

But we hasten to make our readers better acquainted with these volumes, by some extracts, which we shall intersperse with such observations as occur to us. In citing all the passages which our limits will admit of, the object of arrangement is of little importance; we shall, therefore, follow that of the work itself.

It is well known that the Dutch, having broken the yoke of Philip II. of Spain, and having from their naval resources become the carriers of Europe, were induced first to visit the Indian Ocean by the refusal of the same tyrant, who had become master of Portugal, to admit their ships into the port of Lisbon, at that time the grand emporium for Indian commodities. The Portuguese had not only discovered the passage to India by the Cape of Good Hope, which, together with the discovery of America, had changed the commerce and political relations of the world, but had, with an enterprize which astonished mankind, explored every corner of the maritime regions of Asia, and had established settlements, with irresistible energy, wherever their flag appeared, or their cupidity was attracted. The age of their glory, however, was now passed, when they were met in quarters where their oppressions had provoked a disposition to revolt, which their declining power was scarcely equal to restrain, by a new and unlooked-for enemy, animated with all the passions of commercial rivalry, and all the pride of lately-recovered freedom. The first voyage to those seas by the ships of the new republic was made in 1595; and as the command of the fleet was entrusted to one who had formerly been in the Portuguese service, and who was consequently well acquainted with the Portuguese settlements, it sailed direct to Bantam, the king of which was then at war with the Portuguese. There the Dutch landing, gave assistance to the king against his late masters; and being rewarded with ground for a factory, laid the first foundation of their power in India. In about twenty years afterwards, they founded Batavia, the capital of their dominions in the East; and in less than half a century their sway was absolute in the Indian Archipelago. We shall make some observations on the extent of their prosperity, the maxims by which they regulated their Indian government, and the causes which led to the decline of their power. Java, on

which they rested the lever of that commerce by which the world was set in motion, was always esteemed the most important of their acquisitions.

"This country," says Governor Raffles, "known to Europeans under the name of Java, and to the natives under those of Tana, Java, or Nusa, is one of the largest of what modern geographers call the Land Islands. It extends eastward with a slight inclination to the south from $105^{\circ} 11'$ to $114^{\circ} 39'$ of longitude east of Greenwich, and lies between the latitudes $5^{\circ} 52'$ and $8^{\circ} 46'$ south. On the south and west it is washed by the Indian ocean; on the north-west, by a channel called the Straits of Henda, which separates it from Sumatra at a distance in one point only of fourteen miles; and on the south-east, by the Straits of Bali, only two miles wide, which divide it from the island of that name. These islands, and others stretching eastward, form with Java a gentle curve of more than 2,000 geographical miles, which, with less regularity, is continued from Acheen to Pagu on one side, and from Timor to New Guinea on the other."

The name Java is of uncertain etymology, nor is it applied by the natives to the whole of the island which we designate by that title. Governor Raffles seems inclined to believe, that this island, or some of those bordering upon it, is the *Taprobane* of the ancients, and that Ceylon must yield this claim to distinction, which of late years "has rather been admitted than proved in its favour."

"The most striking fact," says he, "detailed in the accounts which have reached us of this ancient country, and one which from its nature is least likely to be disfigured or perverted by the misrepresentations or prejudices of travellers, is, that it was bisected in nearly equal portions by the equinoctial line, and that to the southward of it the polar star was not visible. How can this statement be evaded, or in any way applied to Ceylon? Major Wilford seems inclined to consider Taprobane as derived from the Sanscrit words, *tapa* (penance) and *vana* (forest or grove), a derivation equally favourable to the claims of the Javans, *tapa* and *vana* or *vano* having a like signification in their language; and if, as there is reason to believe, an extensive intercourse subsisted in very remote times between western India and these islands, where was there a country that could more invite the retreat of holy men than the ever green islands which rise in endless clusters on the smooth seas of the Malayan Archipelago, where the elevation and tranquillity of devotion are fostered by all that is majestic or lovely in nature?"

The map of Java which accompanies the present work has been drawn up from actual surveys which were made by order of the British government, and therefore is certainly more accurate in its outline, and minute in its details, than any that has hitherto appeared. Indeed, none that had the least pretension to that character was hitherto known to Europe. Valentyn pub-

lished nearly a century ago a map of the island, when little more of it had been examined than the provinces on the coast, and the districts in the immediate neighbourhood of the capital; and yet copies of this imperfect work, with a very few additions, contained the only sketch on which we could place any reliance. Upon the introduction of a new system of internal management, by abolishing the feudal services, and establishing a permanent property in the soil, a new survey of the country became necessary, and by this a more precise and accurate measurement was obtained. Some parts of the present plan of the island have been laid down with the minuteness of a county survey, or of the sketch of a landed estate; the line of mountains, the course of rivers, the situation of towns, the extent of provinces, are all distinctly marked; and the neatness of execution which distinguishes the work is equal to its geographical accuracy. The length of the island is upwards of 660 statute miles, and its breadth varies from 135 to 140. The part of it subject to European authority, comprised latterly in fifteen residences, is by far the greatest: the remainder, called the native provinces, is governed by two independent princes, one of whom is styled the Emperor by Europeans. It is traversed throughout its whole extent in a longitudinal direction by an uninterrupted series of lofty mountains, presenting every where the boldest outline and most magnificent prospects, receding from or approaching the coast, varying in their altitude from five to eleven thousand feet, affording all the varieties of climate under a tropical sun, giving source to numerous, though not large rivers, and evincing by their conical shapes their volcanic origin. This last character indeed is perceptible in many of them from other peculiarities, independently of their form and mineralogical structure. The remains of former volcanic violence in most of them are still visible; and though the craters of several of them are completely extinct, some continue at intervals to emit smoke, and others have of late years exhibited great eruptions. The mineralogical character of Java thus differs entirely from that of the neighbouring islands of Sumatra and Borneo towards the west and north, which are of granite formation, but it is continued in the extensive range of islands towards the east as far as the Moluccas, and appears in all its dreadful magnificence in the immense regions of the Philippines, which are covered with lava, scorix, and ashes, with the wrecks of the animal and vegetable kingdom, and are at short intervals visited by the accompanying terrors of the earthquake.

In order to give some idea of the tremendous violence with which the operations of the volcano are sometimes distinguished in this part of the Indian Archipelago, and at the same time to afford a proof of the mineralogical composition of that series of

islands of which Java forms the western limit, we might advert to the extraordinary appearances which accompanied the eruption of the Tomboro Mountain in the island of Sumbawa, in April, 1815, an authentic account of which was originally procured by Governor Raffles, and has since been published, we believe, in most of the philosophical journals. The most terrible convulsions of *Ætna* and *Vesuvius* dwindle into nothing when compared with this wide-spread and alarming phenomenon.

"It extended perceptible evidences of its violence over the whole of the Molucca Islands, over Java, a considerable portion of Celebes, Sumatra, and Borneo, to a circumference of a thousand miles from its centre, by tremulous motions and the report of explosions; while, within the range of its more immediate activity, embracing a space of more than three hundred miles around, it produced the most astonishing effects, and excited the most alarming apprehensions. On Java, at the distance of three hundred miles, it seemed to be awfully present: the sky was overcast at noon-day with clouds of ashes; the sun was involved in an atmosphere whose 'palpable' density he was unable to penetrate; showers of ashes covered the houses, the streets, and the fields, to the depth of several inches; and, amid this darkness, explosions were heard at intervals like the report of artillery, or the noise of distant thunder. So fully did the resemblance of the noises to the report of cannon impress the minds of some officers, that, from the apprehension of pirates on the coast, vessels were dispatched to afford relief; while troops were sent by others into the interior, from a belief that some post was attacked by the natives."

'The scene of desolation on the island where the eruption took place was dreadful.

"From the most particular inquiries I could make (says an officer sent thither to afford relief to the surviving inhabitants), there were certainly not fewer than twelve thousand individuals in Tomboro and Picketé at the time of the eruption, of whom only five or six remain. The trees and herbage of every description along the whole of the north and west coasts of the peninsula have been completely destroyed."

The mineralogical constitution of Java is unfavourable to metals. Gold and silver have indeed been detected in small quantities; but neither these, nor any others, exist in such abundance as to tempt speculation, or to reward research. The real mines of the country are on its surface, and consist in the fertility of a soil prodigal in the most varied and highly-prized vegetable products. Neither are diamonds, gems, nor any kinds of precious stones, included in the native wealth of the island, though the means of purchasing these, and whatever else it wants, can be obtained in profusion from what it possesses. Under a burning sun, where the seasons are only varied by wet and dry, the breathless calm and the hurricane, the untroubled sky or the fury of the elements, and in a country some parts of which are covered with neglected

forests or undrained marshes, and a great portion of which towards the north coast lies very low, it might naturally be anticipated that the climate would not be very healthy. Our author, however, has given a more flattering account of its salubrity than any we have hitherto received; and attempts to support his statement by facts, while he endeavours to reconcile apparent contradictions by not very satisfactory explanations. In truth, the whole of his representations concerning Java, though in the main correct, have evidently received a bias from his amiable respect for the people whom he governed, and from his grateful recollections of a country where he first tasted the sweets of official power. The climate of Java, is therefore, with him, nearly the best climate in the world. His fancy passes over swamps and marshes, stagnant pools, and crowded hospitals, and settles among the waving woods, the perpetual verdure, the never-failing streams, and the pure atmosphere, of the interior and mountainous districts; thence he sees the inexhaustible resources of the country, and describes the vision of a golden age, amid the secluded villages and artless peasantry by which he is surrounded. He can no more see a flaw or defect in this "queen of the eastern seas" than a lover can in his mistress, or a young author in his first production. The Dutch oppressions, and the Dutch monopoly, are with him the only pestilence in Java.

There is no doubt that the higher grounds, where the thermometer indicates a moderate temperature, are extremely healthy; but, according to his own involuntary admission, the districts along the north coasts, where alone the ports of the island are situated, and where of course the most considerable part of the colonial and trading population must reside, are very much the contrary. Even the official returns of the state of our troops during the British administration, which he thinks favourable to his positions, indicate an extent of disease and mortality from which we might almost be led to infer the perpetual influence of an endemic. From the 1st of November, 1813, to the same month in the following year, out of 7,470 troops there were 504 deaths, making a proportion of 1 to 14 $\frac{1}{2}$; while the average number of sick was 862, or as 1 to 8. The casualties in the 78th regiment during the year 1811—12 was as 1 to 3 $\frac{1}{2}$; and, though this was an extreme case, the principal cause of this mortality was connected with climate and situation. Considering this waste of human life in the Dutch possessions, and considering the great dangers to which Europeans are exposed immediately upon landing in a climate to which they have not been accustomed, it need not excite surprise that some Belgic officers lately objected to a colonial commission as a sentence of transportation; and if the Dutch are to retain their eastern em-

pire, we are afraid they must again resort to the services of their old *Zielvercoopers*,* or kidnappers, for recruiting their Javanese army. In admitting the unhealthiness of the city of Batavia and its neighbourhood, Governor Raffles concurs with all the preceding authorities, and he apparently does so with the more willingness, as he can lay this mortality to the charge of the Dutch monopolists, who, by confining the European population in so fatal a spot for their own sordid purposes, occasioned such an expense of human life. Raynal mentions that there perished in the hospitals of this "storehouse of disease" above 87,000 sailors and soldiers between the years 1714 and 1776; but some tables found by the British authorities among the Dutch records, and published in this work, make the mortality among the general population far to exceed this proportion: by one of these tables the amount of deaths between the years 1730 and 1752 is made to exceed 1,100,000, or about 50,000 annually, which is an incredible number, when compared with what we know of the population of the city in the same period, and which is besides inconsistent with the other table given on the same authority, even admitting all the explanations that can be offered to reconcile the discrepancy.

After giving an account of the chief animal and vegetable productions of Java, which, as well as that of its mineralogical structure, our author professedly extracts from the papers of Dr. Horsfield (an American, we believe, who, after residing seven years on the island, has announced a publication embracing all the branches of its natural history), he proceeds to some speculations on the origin of the natives, their relation to other tribes in eastern India and the Indian Archipelago, the causes of the difference that is observed between them, and their comparative progress in the arts of civilized life; describing the physical appearance and manners of the Javans, detailing the amount of the population, as obtained from authentic sources, and the causes that tend to promote or retard its increase. In this chapter he states likewise the numbers, and describes the condition, of the different races, who have voluntarily, or by compulsion, become inhabitants of Java.

The number of slaves in Java, who are the property of Europeans and Chinese alone (the native chiefs having never required the services of slaves, or engaged in the traffic of slavery), amounted, by a return made to government in 1814, to 27,142.

It is with infinite satisfaction that we seize this opportunity of recording with due praise the zeal and activity manifested by the government of Java in carrying into complete execution the abo-

* Literally *soul-traders*.

dition laws, and taking steps to ameliorate the state of slavery, as far as could be done consistently with acknowledged rights. Immediately on the conquest all further importation was prohibited; and, after the traffic was declared a felony by the British parliament, it was no longer permitted to disgrace a region where British authority was felt. The Dutch, with the practice of slavery, had carried along with them the Roman code for its regulation: the slave, therefore, was incapable of acquiring property, or even the protection of his person, under these masters. The milder system, which was introduced by the British, declared that slaves were no longer to be treated as property, but as objects possessing personal rights, and bound only to unlimited service;—that they should never be transferred from one master to another without their own consent, given before witnesses and a notary;—that no personal chastisement should be inflicted till they had attained a certain age, and only then to a certain degree;—that all personal wrongs done to a slave by his master, or by others, should be estimated like personal injuries in other cases;—that the murder of a slave should be punished by the same law as that of a free man;—that a slave should have the right to acquire property independently of his masters;—that after the term of seven years' servitude he should have the right, with property so acquired, to redeem his freedom, upon offering a proper equivalent for his personal services, subject to the approval of the magistrate. These conditions were not objected to on the part of the colonists, because, though their former laws permitted severity, their practice was in general mild. Their slaves were used principally as domestic servants, and were cruelly torn from their native land to be so employed, from a belief that the natives of the island were too intractable to be taught, or too fickle to remain in service so long as to repay the trouble of their training. The British, during their stay, showed them by example how unfounded was this prejudice.

"The continuance of this traffic for one day longer," says Governor Raffles, "would serve but to lower the European in the eyes of the native, who, gratified with the measures adopted by the British government in its suppression, stands himself pure of the foul sin. To the credit of the Javan character, and the honour of the individual, it should be known that when the proclamation of the British government was published, requiring the registration of all slaves (for here there was no hesitation about a registry act), and declaring that such as were not registered by a certain day should be entitled to their emancipation, the Panambahan of Sumenap, who had inherited in his family domestic slaves to the number of not less than fifty, proudly said, 'Then I will not register my slaves—they shall be free: hitherto they have been kept such, because it was the custom, and the Dutch liked to be attended by slaves when they visited my palace; but as that is

not the case with the British, they shall cease to be slaves ; for long have I felt shame, and my blood has run cold, when I reflected on what I once saw at Batavia and Samarang, where human beings were exposed for public sale, placed on a table, and examined like sheep and oxen."

Not only did the British government in Java exert itself with zeal to put an end to this crying abomination, but a society of British residents was formed at Batavia, under the name of the *Java Benevolent Institution*, to enforce the abolition laws ; and never was there a wider field opened for the exertions of such an association. The slave traffic appears to have been carried on in the eastern seas nearly to the same extent as on the west coast of Africa, and, if possible, assumes a higher colouring of ferocity and barbarity. The face of the ocean is a scene of rapine and blood, where pirates lie in wait for their prey like wild beasts in the desert. The peaceful trader cannot venture from shore without exposing himself to the danger of plunder and captivity. Descents are made upon the coasts, and whole families are swept into slavery ; the mouths of the rivers are beset with ferocious barbarians, who make man-stealing their profession ; agents are employed in the interior to increase the supply ; wars are excited that captives may be added to the acquisitions of undisguised violence ; and, for the same purpose, courts of justice multiply innocent convicts. Arab, Chinese, and formerly Dutch traders, opened a market for this traffic, and bought up what was not required for home consumption. If a present was to be made by the sovereign of some of those islands, it was made in slaves ; if tribute was to be paid, it might be paid in slaves ; if a revenue was to be raised, it was raised by the sale of slaves. Of the thousands exported annually from Celebes the greatest number consisted of persons kidnapped by people acting under European authority. The Dutch factors at the different residences traded in this kind of article as well as in spices or gold ; and it is reported of one factor that he shipped off nine hundred in one year. As the supply was so great, the price was proportionably small. A grown lad *legitimately* obtained was sold at twenty dollars ; a grown lad kidnapped went off at ten. The town of Macassar (one of the Dutch residences) was filled with prisons crowded with hundreds of the victims of avarice and tyranny, torn from their wives, their children, their parents, and the comforts of social intercourse, waiting, in chains, the chance of a favourable market, the time for a convenient export, or the prospect of an extravagant ransom. Nor were these cruelties perpetrated only on the inhabitants of the villages removed from European authority. Numerous gangs of villains prowled about, even in the towns, during the darkness of the night, to seize their mis-

nable victims, who, on falling into their hands, were shut up in the dungeon of some slave-trader, or hurried on board some stifling vessel. To the credit of the Dutch government of Batavia, it is just to state, that latterly it discouraged and condemned the active or passive participation of its agents in these scenes of atrocity; and, by instructions sent to their residents in 1800, wherein the High Regency accuses their predecessors "of having dared, with the assistance of the native chiefs, *whom they had found means to debauch*, to put the natives in irons, and sell them as slaves," they are commanded to put a stop to such practices. How far their commands were carried into execution, and how much good was done in a short time by a more vigorous and zealous government, will appear from the following passage of a letter from Lieutenant Philips, the British resident at Macassar, published in the proceedings of the society at Java to which we have with pleasure alluded:

"The (Dutch) commission in 1799 forcibly depicted the utter incompetency of the most rigid prohibitions to restrict the barbarities which then prevailed; but there is yet a stronger fact which bears equally on the traffic, on whatever footing it might be re-admitted; it is, that the resources arising from what may be considered legal condemnations to slavery would be totally inadequate to supply the market under any probable limitations. As the demand increased, the more frequent condemnations on frivolous pretences would naturally ensue, if indeed such a practice in any degree could be considered legal; but the temptations to open violence arising from numerous accessaries, and the direct or indirect participation of public functionaries, added to the comparative cheapness of stolen men, are such strong inducements to revive ancient abuses under an actual demand, that no hope could be entertained of controuling them. On the other hand, the *maintenance of the abolition laws, as they have hitherto tended to correct in a remarkable degree the monstrous practices which prevailed, must in their alternate operation effectually reform, not only the habits and dispositions of the inhabitants of Macassar, but check those frequent condemnations which in the native states may chiefly be imputed to the advantages which were generally made of them.* To illustrate in a familiar instance the amelioration brought about by the silent operation of the prohibitory laws; on the first arrival of the English the inhabitants of the adjacent villages did not dare to come to Macassar in parties of less than five or six men well armed. This was equally the case throughout the country, as there was an open sale for almost any number of people that could be stolen. The case is now, however, entirely altered, at least within the influence of the British authority. Men, women, and children, are now to be seen moving nightly about the country without fear, and without arms. Formerly a man going on a hunting-party, or a peasant to till his ground, went armed, as if going to war. At the present day numbers of people may be seen in the rice-fields without a spear among them. I may add that these effects

are not confined to the Company's provinces, but are felt nearly throughout the states of Gua, Tera, and Furata, where there can be no doubt that a few years would be sufficient to realize under the present system a great increase of population, and the more important introduction of commerce and civilization."

In returning from this digression, which we are afraid has been too long for our limits, though not for the importance of the subject, we shall lay before our readers some further details from the work before us. Governor Raffles has, under the title of the agriculture of Java, given an account of the various useful vegetable productions which it yields, their quantity, their value, and their mode of culture, from rice down to pepper and tobacco.

"The island of Java," says he, "is a great agricultural country; its soil is the grand source of its wealth. In its cultivation, the inhabitants exert their chief industry; and upon its produce they rely, not only for their own subsistence, but for the few articles of foreign luxury or convenience which they purchase. The Javans are a nation of husbandmen, and exhibit that simple structure of society incident to such a stage of its progress. To the crop the mechanic looks immediately for his wages, the soldier for his pay, the magistrate for his salary, the priest for his stipend (or jakat), and the government for its tribute. The wealth of a province or a village is measured by the extent and fertility of its land, its facilities for rice cultivation, and the number of its buffaloes. When government wishes to raise supplies from a particular district, it does not inquire how many rupees or dollars it can yield in taxes, but what contribution of rice or maize it can furnish, and the impost is assessed accordingly; the officer of revenue becomes a surveyor of land, or a measurer of produce, and the fruits of the harvest are bought immediately into the ways and means of the treasury. When a chief gives his assistance in the police, or the magistracy, he is paid by so much village land, or the rent of so much land realized in produce; and a native prince has no other means of pensioning a favourite, or rewarding a useful servant."

The soil of Java is extremely fertile, and as remarkable for the variety as for the abundance of its vegetable products. It produces all the plants of a tropical climate, and most of those of temperate regions, in the greatest profusion. Rice, the great staple of subsistence, covers the slopes of the mountains, and the low fields, yielding a return of thirty, forty, or fifty fold; while maize, or even wheat or rye, may be cultivated to advantage on high and inland situations. The farming stock of the cultivator is extremely simple and limited, consisting of a pair of buffaloes, or oxen, and a few rude implements of husbandry. There is a very small proportion of sheep and goats on the island. By the returns made in 1813 of the stock and cattle of the provinces under the British government, containing a population of nearly two millions and a half, it was found that there were only 5,000 sheep

and 24,000 goats, while the number of buffaloes, by the same return, and in the same space, amounted to 402,054, and that of oxen to 122,691. Horses abound on the island, but are not much employed in husbandry. There is nothing on the island like what with us would be called farmers, yeomen, or landed proprietors; every man cultivates a small piece of ground with his own hands, or the assistance of his own family, and pays a certain proportion of the produce to the agent of government, which is the universal proprietor. This chapter of our author's work contains a great variety of statistical details on the agricultural resources of the country, and much interesting information on the state of the peasantry; but we have only space for the following extract which gives a pleasing view of their cottages, villages, and plantations, perhaps a little coloured by the amiable partiality which we above alluded to.

“ The cottage or hut of the peasant may be estimated to cost in its first construction from two to four rupees (five to ten shillings sterling), and is invariably built on the ground as in Continental India. The sleeping-places, however are generally a little elevated above the level of the floor, and accord in simplicity with the other parts of the dwelling. These cottages are never found detached or solitary; they always unite to form villages of greater or less extent, according to the fertility of the neighbouring plain, the abundance of water, or other accidental circumstances. In some provinces the usual number of inhabitants in a village is about two hundred; in others, fifty. In the first establishment or formation of a village on new ground, the intended settlers take care to provide themselves with sufficient garden ground round their huts for their stock, and to supply the ordinary wants of their families. The produce of this plantation is the exclusive property of the peasant, and exempted from contribution or burden; and such is their number or extent in some regencies, that they constitute perhaps a tenth part of the whole district. The spot surrounding his simple habitation the cottager considers his peculiar patrimony, and cultivates with peculiar care. He labours to plant and to rear in it those vegetables that may be most useful to his family, and those shrubs and trees that may at once yield him their fruit and their shade; nor does he waste his efforts on a thankless soil. The cottages, or assemblage of huts, that compose the village become thus completely screened from the rays of a scorching sun; and are so buried amid the foliage of a luxuriant vegetation, that at a small distance no appearance of a human dwelling can be discovered, and the residence of a numerous society seems only a verdant grove, or a clump of ever-greens. Nothing can exceed the beauty or the interest which such detached masses of verdure scattered over the face of the country, and indicating each the abode of a collection of happy peasantry, add to scenery otherwise rich, whether viewed on the sides of the mountains in the narrow vales, or extensive plains. In the last case, before the grain is planted, and during the season of irrigation, when

the rice-fields are inundated, they appear like so many small islands rising out of the water. As the young plant advances, their deep rich foliage contrasts pleasingly with its lighter tints; and when the full eared grain, with a luxuriance that exceeds an European harvest, invests the earth with its richest yellow, they give a variety to the prospect, and afford a most refreshing relief to the eye. The clumps of trees with which art attempts to diversify and adorn the most skilfully arranged park can bear no comparison with them in rural beauty and picturesque effect."

As the primary idea of the feudal system was realized in its utmost purity on Java, the proprietary right to the soil vested solely in the sovereign who parcelled out the lands to his favourites or nobles in such proportions and on such tenures as he thought proper, and as there was no barrier interposed by positive law or well-defined usage between the rapaciousness of these agents and the property or services of the peasants, the great body of the people were exposed to an extent of exaction, and a degree of oppression, limited only by their powers of endurance on the one hand, or the danger of their revolt on the other. The Dutch, who succeeded the princes whom they had conquered, inherited more than their covetousness and rapacity; and farming out the natives to their own chiefs, or to Chinese speculators, from whom they exacted the highest possible contribution, pressed upon the lower ranks with all the accumulated weight of different gradations of tyranny. Forced services, supplies of produce at inadequate rates, destructive monopolies, arbitrary assessments, and even lawless rapine, composed the machinery, which they worked with ruinous violence, to increase a revenue which might have been doubled under a milder management. The cultivator not knowing what he had to pay, and certain that, if he raised more than what was necessary for his own subsistence, he was only labouring for the benefit of others, who would extort the surplus from him in the shape of tribute, neglected his fields, or fled to the mountains from his oppressors. When the British arms prevailed in 1811, this state of things was immediately taken into consideration; and the new government seeing the causes which obstructed the prosperity of the country, and which would in a short time have destroyed the Dutch supremacy on the island, even without a conquest, introduced that change of system which had succeeded so well in western India, and which justice and expediency alike demanded in Java.

"In compliance with this object," says our author, "a commission was appointed to prosecute statistic inquiries. The nature of landed tenure, and the demands made upon agriculturalists, in all the shapes of rent and taxes, were thus ascertained; the rights of all classes by law or usage investigated; the state of the population, the quantity and

value of cultivated land, of forests, of plantations, of cotton, and coffee, the quantity of free stock, and other resources of the country subject to colonial administration, inquired into, and made known. After attaining the requisite information, the course which expediency, justice, and political wisdom, pointed out, was not doubtful, and coincided with the track which enlightened benevolence, and a zealous desire to promote the happiness of the people, would dictate. The peasant was subject to undefined exaction: our object was to limit the demand made upon him to a fixed and reasonable rate of contribution. He was liable to restraints on the freedom of inland trade, to personal services, and forced contingents: our object was to commute them all for a fixed and well-known contribution. Capital could not be immediately created, nor agricultural skill acquired; but, by giving the cultivator a security that whatever he accumulated would be for his own benefit, and, whatever improvement he made, he or his family would enjoy it, a motive was held out to him to exert himself in the road to attain both. Leases or contracts for fixed rents for terms of years in the commencement, and eventually in perpetuity, seemed to be the only mode of satisfying the cultivator that he would not be liable, as formerly, to yearly undefined demands; while freedom from all taxes, but an assessment on his crop, or rather a fixed sum in commutation thereof, would leave him at full liberty to devote the whole of his attention and labour to render his land as productive as possible. In conformity with these views, an entire revolution was effected in the mode of levying the revenue, and assessing the taxes, upon agriculture. The foundation of the amended system was, 1st, the entire abolition of forced deliveries and feudal services, with the establishment of a perfect freedom in cultivation and trade: 2d, the assumption on the part of government of the immediate superintendence of the lands, with the collection of the rents: 3d, the renting out of the lands so assumed (from the oppressive native chiefs, who received other means of support) to the actual occupants, in leases for a moderate term, with a view to the eventual establishment of a perpetual settlement. In the course of 1814 and 1815, these measures were carried into execution in most of the districts under our government."

The beneficial effects of this change of system had manifested themselves in a high degree before our authorities left the island; and by a perseverance in supporting the principles thus established, Java promises to become "the metropolis, the granary, and the centre of civilization, to the vast regions between the coast of China and the Bay of Bengal." It is with great satisfaction we learn that the Dutch government has sanctioned what we have done, and given the British regulations permanency, by embodying them in its colonial policy. A reform, nearly as important as that of the landed settlements, was likewise introduced, by British authority, in the administration of justice, and the regulation of the police; but into this subject we cannot now enter. We must likewise content ourselves with referring our

readers to the book itself for the commercial details, where those who are interested in such expositions will receive ample information. Suffice it to say, that though the profits of the Dutch East India Company were for nearly a century extravagant, and though its servants always realized fortunes by speculation and corruption, their trade, since the beginning of the last century, has been, in a commercial point of view, a losing concern; and the amount of their arrears, by the latest accounts, exceeded 84,000,000 of florins (nearly 8½ millions sterling), 67,707,583 of which had been advanced by the nation. The total amount of tonnage that passed the Straits of Sunda for Java, during the four years it was occupied by the British, was 390,000; the quantity in the fourth of these years being nearly triple of that of the first. The character given of the Javans in the work before us, as it regards both their moral and intellectual qualities, is, as has already been observed, very flattering.

"Their organs are acute and delicate, their observation is ready, and their judgment of character generally correct. Like most eastern nations, they are enthusiastic admirers of poetry, and have a delicate ear for music. Though deficient in energy, and excited to action with difficulty, the effect probably of an enervating climate, and a still more enervating government, they are capable of great occasional exertion, and sometimes display a remarkable perseverance in enduring labours or surmounting difficulties. Although on many occasions listless and unenterprising, their religious enthusiasm is no sooner excited than they become adventurous and persevering, esteeming no labour arduous, no result impossible, and no privation painful. We witnessed instances both of their simplicity and energy, connected with this part of their character, that excited our astonishment. The population of some of the districts of Banyumas contributed their voluntary labour, in 1814, to the construction of a broad high-road, from the base to the summit of one of the loftiest mountains in the island; and this extraordinary public work was almost completed before intelligence of its commencement reached the government. It was in consequence examined, and found to be a work of immense labour and care, but without the least appearance of object or utility. Upon inquiring into the motive of so singular an undertaking, we learned that a general belief prevailed that a holy man was at the top of the mountain who would not come down till such a road was made for him."

In their domestic relations the Javans are said to be kind, affectionate, gentle, and contented: in their public conduct, they are obedient, honest, and faithful. In their social intercourse they display, in a high degree, the virtues of probity, plain dealing, and candour. They are more remarkable for passive fortitude than active courage; and are better fitted to endure privations with patience than to enter upon undertakings of spirit or enterprise. They are strangers to unrelenting revenge; and that furor, called

rukhs, which has been attributed to them, and under which the unhappy sufferer aims at indiscriminate destruction, is confined almost exclusively to the class of slaves. Atrocious crimes are rare; and so little are robberies or thefts practised, that the English never used bolts or bars to their doors, or travelled with arms. Divorces are frequent; but infidelity to the marriage bed rare—the matrimonial tie is rather brittle than loose.

This last circumstance, and many other parts of their character, may be owing to their religion, and the consequent state of their laws.

Mohammedanism is the religion of nearly the whole of Java, though mixed up with many of the observances of a former superstition, which was evidently Braminic. It is here softened in its intolerance; and being transfused through the minds of a gentle and passive race, has deposited all its arrogance and persecuting maxims. They are the last-born of the spiritual offspring of the Prophet; and, like younger branches of the family, they have received less of the paternal inheritance. The system was introduced only four centuries ago, by Arab missionaries, who attended the march of commerce, and, acting from a spirit of trade, were more anxious about the numbers than the quality of their converts. Thus Islamism, which conquered India without converting it, converted Java without conquering it. The armed apostles of the Koran did not appear in the Eastern seas; but the traders in spices, by becoming necessary to the ruling powers, negotiated a change of religion. The institution of castes, if it ever accompanied the Braminic religion among these islanders, fell before a system that destroyed all the fences and divisions of society, that placed the sceptre on the altar, and admitted only of the distinction of despot and slave. The mosque in a few years displaced the pagoda; and the monuments of the religion of Brama are only now found in a few detached customs, in the profession of a small body of mountaineers, and in the ruins of temples. From the indifferent state of the popular mind, among nearly four millions of people here, and the ease with which a change may be effected, we think a fair field is open in Java for the benign labours of Christian missionaries.

We intended to have laid before our readers a few specimens of some of the literary productions of the Javans, which are now, for the first time, brought forward by their late Governor, and particularly some extracts from the interesting, and in some parts beautiful, poem of *Brata Yuda*, but we are afraid that we have already exceeded our bounds. We cannot, however, let the present opportunity escape, without making a few observations, in conclusion, on the late conduct of the Dutch East India Company's agents, and the policy of restoring to the government of

the Netherlands a trust which they had so shamefully abused, and which is now endangered by revolts and commotions, of which we hear intelligence by every arrival from these regions.

The annals of colonial tyranny hardly furnish a parallel to the misgovernment of these griping monopolists in Java; speculation, fraud, extortion, and corruption of all kinds, met with no check or discountenance. The servants of the company cheated their masters, and oppressed their subjects: the system on which they acted was radically vicious: the places of judges, residents, and directors, were open to all who had money to buy them; and what they bought dearly they were obliged to turn to as much unjust advantage as possible. The council generally recommended the governor-general out of their own body, and took especial care to make their choice fall upon him who would connive most at their delinquencies. He in his turn recommended to the vacancies in his council; and, from gratitude for their own elevation, or the hopes of future favour, these aspirants seldom opposed him in his arbitrary measures. Opposition, if any was offered, was unavailing, as he was empowered to act without the advice of his council, by taking the responsibility of his conduct upon himself. Five years was the term of his appointment; but it was generally renewed at the end of that period, and continued for life. On his representations to a council of his own creatures there, measures were generally formed; and his reports to the direction at home constituted all the information they possessed regarding their trade and colonies. A boundless profusion distinguished the government, and circulated through all its members; all were eager in the acquisition of riches, and the pursuit of enjoyment, by whatever means; and as they had exposed their lives for money in a pestilential climate, like soldiers on a retreat, he was reckoned the happiest who could plunder the most. Eastern pomp and luxury were grafted on the frugal and money-getting disposition of a Dutch trader, which henceforward bore none of the fruits of the parent stock but its avarice and rapacity: they intoxicated themselves with aromatics, the greatest pomp prevailed at their entertainments, the most costly furniture decorated their houses, and the luxuries of the East appeared on their tables, with the most expensive articles brought from the neighbourhood of the North Pole. This sensuality, and the uncertainty of life, which perhaps contributed to it, created a high degree of selfishness, alike inconsistent with the ties of friendship and the calls of duty. "If it was said (observes Raynal), that a citizen immediately before in good health was dead, no sorrow and no surprise was expressed; avarice answers no more than that 'he owed me money, I must make his heir pay me.'" With all this extravagance, the pay of public officers was extremely small; and thus

almost a necessity of peculation was imposed. The governor-general's salary was not above 1200*l.* a year, and the salary of the judges did not much exceed 300*l.* their income was made up by trading on their own account, by presents, and by taking from the magazines of forced contingents as much produce as they could dispose of at the highest price. They could come upon the property or the services of the natives for whatever contributions they chose: no wonder, then, that every mode of illegal exaction was employed to increase their revenues. The residents exacted presents from the chiefs for authority to oppress the people; and, when in a convenient station, traded in slaves, to make up their salaries. The government at home seeing no returns but returns of losses, sent out commissioners at different times to inspect the state of affairs upon the spot; but these commissioners obtained no more information than the agents of corruption were pleased to give them, and could do nothing but make unavailing complaints. The colonial government, burdened with debt, and almost without trade or resources, was on the brink of ruin when this beautiful island was rescued from its oppressors in 1811.

If such was the situation of this island at the period of the British conquest, many will doubt the policy or humanity of restoring it at the peace of 1814, when put into the road of prosperity by British counsels and British justice. Should we, after extending the base of the Orange throne into the Netherlands, have given to the same family the sceptre of the Indian Archipelago? Should we have sent our envoy to Paris with the capitulation of Batavia in his pocket, and with orders, for the peace of Europe, to surrender it to the Dutch ambassador? Considering all the circumstances, painful as was the concession, we answer that good faith, generosity, and policy, appear to have demanded the sacrifice.

The object for which Java had been captured was not to appropriate its advantages, but to wrest it from the common enemy, that it might not in the mean time be turned against us; and might eventually be restored to its rightful owner. We had taken it from the Dutch, not because it belonged to Holland, but because Holland belonged to France, and France belonged to Buonaparte. We fought not for aggrandizement, nor with the ambition of conquerors, nor with the selfish motives of traders, but for security to ourselves, and for the independence of Europe. It was therefore in plain consistency with our professed principles, with the liberal character which it was our object to maintain, with the motives of a people fighting for the general tranquillity, and in the cause of the world, with our more

peculiar relation to the Netherlands, and the manifest wisdom of strengthening that state against the future aggressions of France, to surrender the colonies of Java and the Asiatic isles.

Upon what pretence could we restore the colonies of France and Denmark, and retain those of Holland? If any reasons can be found for such a conduct, they must be sought for in the superior advantages that we might have derived from the retention of the latter, or from considerations of general policy. And first, admitting the profitableness of the possession, it would have sounded rather oddly by the side of our professions of disinterestedness, that Java was to be retained, because it was a beneficial conquest, but that the French colonies were to be surrendered because they would have brought us no advantage, and might have entailed upon us useless burdens. It would have appeared rather strange language to a French diplomatist, when arranging the peace of Europe, for a British minister to have said, "Here are your colonies, the Mauritius and Martinique, which cannot contribute to our power or interests, and which we therefore cast at your feet! They would oppress us with a load of taxes for their protection, without increasing our resources by their exclusive trade. We therefore hope you will see in this sacrifice an instance of our liberality, and show proportional gratitude." And then, turning round to the Dutch ambassador, "You are as well entitled to your colonies as France is to hers—you have even a preferable claim on many accounts, but we have found the value of Java and its dependencies; and because they are valuable, you shall never send a ship to Batavia, or load a cargo of spices at the Moluccas." Nothing is well, or even safely done, that is not done upon a principle; and principle it cannot be, if not uniform. The smallest leaven leavens the whole lump.

But even the argument of interest, addressed to our love of money, and our taste for nutmegs, though we could allow ourselves to employ it by contradicting all our former professions, is not in this case, we think, well founded. Nobody requires to be told, that an avarice of dominions, like other kinds of avarice, is not always a sign of wisdom; and that a nation may gain as much by trading with colonies as by ruling them. Java, when in our possession, brought us no advantage but what we can now derive from it without the expense of protecting it. The articles of commerce which it supplies, may all be supplied in greater abundance than necessary, and at as cheap a rate, from other quarters, to which we owe more favour. For our sugar and coffee we are not required to cross the line; and our West-India fellow-subjects would have something to say if we did. Indigo, rice, and all other commodities, the produce of Java, are supplied, in sufficient quan-

tity to answer all the demand, by Western India. If the last-mentioned article be required for Ceylon, the Cape of Good Hope, and our other possessions, the government of Java, by continuing the new system of raising its revenue from agriculture, according to its engagement, will be as willing to sell their surplus stock as we to buy it. We have sufficient establishments to maintain in other quarters of the world, without making an additional drain of six or seven thousand men on our population to feed the enervating and pestiferous climate of Batavia. It might have been politic to have retained the island for the security of our China trade, and the protection of our East-India territories, if there had been any risk that, by the surrender, we were creating a naval power which could obstruct the one or endanger the other; but the days of Van Tromp and of republican enthusiasm have gone by; and our naval preponderance in those seas, even in the case of war, is not likely to be for an instant disputed. We shall have a powerful rival in the tea trade; but we can still preserve the home market for that article, and the foreign was never of great consequence. The only commodity of which the Dutch have regained the monopoly, by their late re-establishment in the Eastern seas, is that of spices. They have, however, lost Ceylon, which supplied the best cinnamon; and there is little danger that they will resort to their old practice of rooting up the clove and nutmeg trees, or scattering a part of their produce in the ocean, that they may enhance the price of the remainder in Europe. We may, therefore, expect a sufficient supply at a reasonable rate; and the luxurious have no great cause to be alarmed.

If the argument for retaining Java, drawn from a regard to our own interests, is not conclusive, neither are we aware of any consideration of a more generous kind which should have prevented us from restoring it to its old masters, except this, that we could govern it better than the Dutch; that the natives preferred our sway, and that we had commenced a general system of reform and improvement, which the premature transfer may interrupt or destroy. But such reasoning as this would go too far, and would not only lead a wise and liberal nation to preserve all its acquisitions, notwithstanding its professions, and in opposition to its interests, but justify it in making new conquests for the sake of promoting the cause of humanity and good government; for if it be right to retain property or subjects to which another has a prior claim, upon the plea that we can make a better use of them, it would likewise be right to acquire them on the same ground.

It is quite a different question as to the sentiments of the na-

tives, how long the Dutch will be able to keep them under subjection, and what advantages, either commercial or political, they may be able to derive from their restored colonies. The new government has been established under very unfavourable auspices. The people have too vivid a recollection of their old masters, and though ignorant and uninstructed, can easily distinguish between good and bad treatment. They know that the British government put an end to the cruel rapaciousness of public servants, and broke the yoke of their tyrannical chiefs; that it no longer permitted their blood and sweat to be farmed out to Chinese task-masters, nor drafted them off, manacled in slave ships, to perish under arms amid the miasmata of the capital. They know that their former masters did and permitted all this, together with other cruelties revolting to humanity. They cannot therefore be accused of capricious perversity in preferring the former to the latter; and, if they cannot have the government of their choice, in endeavouring to have neither. The elements of irritation and revolt, which were scarcely kept from exploding at the arrival of the British, have acquired new energy from the experience of a change; and though the Dutch have given promises that they would follow the system of their predecessors, a flattering proclamation, or a hypocritical manifesto, weighs but little against two centuries of oppression. Many disturbances had accordingly happened even before the island of Java was given into the hands of the Dutch commissioners, or before any part of the British troops were withdrawn; and there is reason to dread further commotions, after the people are left to settle the matter with their new government, unsupported by their former benefactors. In Amboyna, where revolt first showed itself against the Portuguese two centuries ago, the people rose against the Dutch on the 17th of May last, murdered the resident and his family, and repelled a party of two hundred men sent to quell the insurrection. None of this detachment escaped the vengeance of the enraged natives, but two officers, a surgeon, and ten privates. The heads of those who fell in defending themselves, or were murdered in cold blood, were stuck on the points of pikes, and their bodies were treated with the most savage indignities. The insurgents had determined neither to give nor receive quarter. *They had hoisted the English colours.* The cause of this insurrection was the old ingrained vice of the Dutch colonial government, extortion and cruelty. In Java several insurrections have already taken place, though different in character from that last-mentioned, and as yet rather fatal to the natives than their masters. The Batavia Gazette of the 28th of December, 1816, gives the following account of one which occurred about the middle of the same month.

"An armed multitude had assembled at Lobenar, situated on the westerly bank of the river Gemanok, being commanded by a certain Bagoes Jabien, who is the son of the former chief of robbers. He endeavoured, through the promulgation of seditious writings, to increase the number of his adherents; ineffective were all the means employed by the acting residents of the Preanger Regencies and Cheribon, and other persons of consideration, to prevail with these mutineers to state their complaints, and to come to an agreement: wherefore it became highly necessary to employ the military force, consisting of about 160 men, of which 86 were Europeans, who had come from Samarang, under the command of Captain Van Driel, of the 21st battalion of infantry.

"A plan of operation was laid down in concert with the civil authorities, which especially had in view to surround the mutineers, and not to let them escape if possible. New proposals having once more been made in order to reconcile them, which were again obstinately rejected, the 20th instant was fixed upon for a general attack.

"Unforeseen circumstances caused that the attack, which ought to have been made at the appointed moment from Indramayo, Odjoeng, Losserang, and Lobenar, did not take place at the same time, and that the small detachments which attacked the enemy separately, for want of support, notwithstanding their bravery, could at that moment make no impression. However, and notwithstanding all obstacles, the victory was gained by our people; and when the armed force, commanded by the Resident of the Preanger Residencies, at last arrived from the district of Losserang, victory was no longer doubtful: upwards of 60 mutineers were killed, 100 severely wounded, and the number of those who were disarmed and made prisoners amounts, according to the latest report, to no less than 500 and upwards. We lament on our part the loss of four European and eleven native soldiers, besides the wounded.

"Government, we understand, is going immediately to investigate what reasons could occasion such a dangerous insurrection; and especially to examine if no extortions or vexations of the inhabitants of these distant districts have given rise to these criminal proceedings."

But this, if we may credit another account, which appears to be more authentic from there being less temptation to disguise the facts, is neither a correct nor a full narrative of the transaction. The multitude assembled amounted to about 900; they met to petition for a redress of grievances, or a protection against exactions: and when the victory was gained, the tragedy began which furnishes a parallel to the massacre of the English at Amboyna, and of the Chinese at Batavia.

"When the prisoners were disarmed," says the other account, "Mr. Motman, the Dutch resident, delivered them over to the military, in order that they might be securely guarded to Indramayo. On their arrival there they were all put into a coffee storehouse within the fort, and the storehouse was surrounded by sentinels. In the course of the

night, it is stated, that an attempt was made on the part of the prisoners to escape from confinement: the soldiers on guard fired upon them, and, horrible to relate, it ended in the massacre of about 300 souls in cold blood, by the military, under the orders and in the presence of their own officers!

"Mr. Motman, I am told, did all that was in his power to stop this dreadful sacrifice of human blood, but without effect: no attention seems to have been paid to his representations, and he was obliged to submit, as he himself declares, with feelings not to be described, to the spectacle of an unarmed multitude of poor mislead creatures, whom he had vanquished and made prisoners in the morning, massacred by their own guards, commanded by two officers, one bearing his Netherlands Majesty's commission of captain, and the other of lieutenant, under the weak, inconceivable, and inhuman pretext that they could not be otherwise responsible for the security of the prisoners, or for their own safety, as the prisoners intended to run 'a-muck!'

"Will it be credited that a number of unarmed wretches, confined in a secure teakwood building, within a fort, should ever think of attacking a military force surrounding them as guards, and to whom they had but a few hours before surrendered themselves as prisoners, while they yet had arms in their hands? He must be credulous indeed who can bring his mind to believe this! If ever the truth comes to light, it will then, I am convinced, be found that an effort to give themselves fresh air, quite natural to so large a body of men confined in a building of comparative small dimensions, the doors and windows of which were no doubt closed for security, was, by the pusillanimity, if not the cruelty, of their guards, considered as an attempt to escape; and the scene of blood once begun, the prisoners, apprehending what was to follow, made such resistance as they had in their power, in the vain hope of saving their lives.

"But let this be as it may, those who remained alive from the massacre were embarked in coffee prows, and despatched up the river to Camony Sambong; and while on the river the second act of the tragedy took place. An attempt is said to have been again made by the prisoners to escape; and on this occasion many more were sent to the other world to join their companions in misfortune. Indeed so insatiable appears to have been the thirst for Javanese blood, that of 594 taken prisoners by Mr. Motman on the day of the engagement, but 113 arrived alive at this place, where they are now in confinement!"

The King of the Netherlands, we are told, is continuing to send out reinforcements to protect his Indian empire; but a handful of troops will be no security to a government whose subjects, amounting to several millions, are first excited to arms by intolerable oppressions, and then reduced to temporary obedience by such barbarities as these.

In conclusion we have to observe, that we have derived much amusement and instruction from Sir T. Raffles' book. Though it contains no marks of profound penetration or extensive knowledge, no felicities of diction or able combinations of reasoning,

it is every where replete with information and detail, and conveys the impression of an active, observant, and benevolent mind. We are sorry to see that, by the size of the volumes, the matter of which might have been compressed into a much smaller space, and by the number of the plates, many of which, though well executed, are unnecessary, the price of the work, like most others upon the settlements or transactions in India, places it beyond the reach of general readers. The authors of such works, and their publishers, should recollect that many persons have a laudable curiosity to know something of our Indian empire, who have never made fortunes in India.

ART. IV.—*Select Pieces in Verse and Prose.* By the late John Bowdler, Esq. Junior, of Lincoln's Inn, Barrister at Law. 2 vols. 8vo. pp. 688. Cadell and Davies. London, 1817.

WHILST these volumes were circulated only as a sort of legacy among the intimate friends of their interesting and distinguished author, we could not venture to drag them from the privacies of friendship, and force them on the public stage of periodical criticism. And even now that the editor has given them the publicity they deserve, we have felt a momentary doubt whether it became us, in our peculiar circumstances, to deal with these as with the other volumes which are daily accumulating upon our table. It will be obvious to every one who is at once a reader of our work and of the volumes before us, that in criticising these volumes we are, in a measure, criticising ourselves: one of the most valuable criticisms in the British Review was the production of Mr. Bowdler's masterly hand; and this article is reconveyed, in the present publication, to its lamented proprietor. This circumstance, then, had suggested the doubt to which we allude. But more mature consideration has disposed us to think, that any forbearance on this account from noticing the rest of the collection, and giving to it all the additional publicity we are able, would be to repay our obligations to the author by denying him the last tribute an anonymous critic is able to render. Besides, the public ought not to suffer on account of the kindness of Mr. Bowdler to ourselves. And they would deeply suffer if, by our silence, one copy less of these valuable volumes should be introduced into the library of the young student; of the self-sufficient philosopher; of the rationalist, who is exalting a lean and imperfect logic over the

lessons of heavenly wisdom; of the proud professor of religion, who is substituting a dogmatic creed for a holy life; of the legal pedant, who imagines that progress in his profession demands such absorption of the life and faculties in its pursuits as leaves no leisure to be good, no time nor strength for that which, after a few hurried years, will be the only question of real importance to responsible creatures. Nor are these, however strong, the only reasons for giving all possible circulation to these volumes. A critical work, for nothing more conspicuous than for its theological delinquencies, has combined with a liberal eulogy on the talents and personal virtues of Mr. Bowdler, a strange attack upon his religious opinions. It is desirable, therefore, to allow him the privilege, denied him by the critic, of speaking somewhat at large for himself.

On the whole, then, we venture to hope, that this subject will not be without considerable interest for many of our readers. The death of a good man, even though not an able man, is a public calamity: but the talents of Mr. Bowdler were on a level with his virtues; and when we remember the influence exercised by him upon the whole sphere in which he moved, even if we felt little sympathy for the friends of this distinguished young man, we should feel deeply for the blow which the country has sustained in his premature removal. We love to encourage the expectation that this endeavour to erect in our pages a humble monument to his honour may serve to fix the eye of his young successors upon his example, and may inspire them with the ambition (if ambition it may be called) of treading in the steps by which he was so rapidly rising to usefulness and glory. He lived long enough to teach us what may be achieved by those whom Providence may permit to conduct, for a longer period, that struggle of virtue upon earth the triumph of which *he* is gone to celebrate in heaven.

We shall preface our extracts and observations on these volumes, by giving a brief history of Mr. Bowdler's early life, his progress in his profession, his sickness, his wanderings, and his death. The memoir from which this abstract is taken is that prefixed to the volumes originally distributed among Mr. Bowdler's friends. Part only of this memoir is inserted in the volumes now published; but we trust that we shall be pardoned for availing ourselves of the whole of it. We unfeignedly wish it had been more copious and minute; as there are few points of greater interest than the early actings of a vigorous and virtuous mind. It is delightful to trace these high qualities to their source, and discover the original elements from which they were compounded.

Mr. Bowdler was the son of John Bowdler, Esq. of Hayes, in

Kent, and was born in the year 1783. Even from his earliest years he appears to have given indications of his future eminence. Before he could stand alone, a relation of much sagacity said of him—"If he is a fool I will never trust physiognomy again." When a mere child, he discovered those thoughtful and contemplative habits which distinguished him at later periods of his life. He received every kind of instruction with avidity; and early displayed that bias to religion which constituted the highest ornament of his future life, and the strong anchor of his dying hours. Not merely a decided progress, but a change, is discernible in the current of his religious opinions, as traced in the pages of the work before us.

Mr. Bowdler was sent early as a day scholar to the Grammar School at Sevenoaks, where his parents then resided; and was thence removed to Hyde Abbey School, and thence to the College at Winchester, though not on the foundation. The writer of the memoir, the truly respectable father of Mr. Bowdler, attributes much of his success in that institution to the kind and judicious treatment of the then master, Dr. W. Stanley Goddard; and considers that an instructor of a less kind and courteous spirit would have been dangerous to a boy of his naturally irritable temperament.

Mr. Bowdler, sen. had proposed to fix his son with a proctor; but to this the son objected, as giving him no prospect of becoming "Lord Chancellor;" an object which, it may be presumed, quickens the legal zeal of not a few hundreds in this realm who have not the same reasonable hopes of attaining it. He was accordingly placed with a solicitor; a destination to which, though it deprived him of the benefits of a university education, he cheerfully submitted, when informed that it best suited the finances of his father. This situation, however injurious it might have proved to ordinary minds, opposed no effectual barrier to his rising genius. It is unquestionably of the highest importance, as a general rule, that a mass of information should be collected, and a habit of thinking acquired, by various reading, and by the ardent pursuit of some abstract subject, before the mind is compelled to concentrate its powers upon professional studies. A division of labour is more favourable to the accomplishment of the object pursued, than to the mind of the individual pursuing it. And he who is driven too early to walk the narrow round of professional study, will, in many instances, like another drudge about as happily circumstanced, grow blind to every object around him. The four years, therefore, spent in the university, are of inestimable value to common minds, by detaining them in the walks of general science or literature before they put on the harness of the

profession. But where the mind is sufficiently ripened or vigorous to reap the common fruits of university education, either at school, or amidst the intervals of professional engagements, these four years may, doubtless, be considered as time lost to professional eminence, if spent in the university. The result of employing these in the office of a solicitor may be discovered in the case of Mr. Bowdler. Many will remember his first appearance in the courts of law, armed at the first moment of his legal birth with all the technical knowledge of his profession, at a period when others are fretting away days and nights in woful graspings and searchings after it. The case of Mr. Bowdler, however, is no example for men of smaller powers than his own. And nothing would more completely ensure the failure of nineteen-twentieths of our legal probationers, and the general deterioration of the law courts, than that the present liberal method of pursuing the science should be neglected, and the hard desk and immeasurable parchments of the office be substituted for academic groves, and the general pursuit of classical literature and abstract science. When one of the New Zealand chiefs carried home some seed-wheat to his countrymen, he persuaded them to sow it; but when grown up, he could not convince them that the corn was to grow on the head, or that either patience from them, or sunshine from heaven, was to ripen the crop; they therefore dug it up, to search for the harvest at the root instead of the head of the stem, and before it had time to ripen at either head or root. Thus is it sometimes with students, and sometimes with the parents of students, and pretty generally with those Scotch philosophers who deem their own incalculable attainments an all-sufficient testimony to their mode of education. They wish to reap at the wrong end of life, and to make the brain productive when the medullary substance is only half formed.

But whatever may have been the effect upon the mind, in Mr. Bowdler's case, of this mode of training, there is great reason to apprehend its dangerous influence upon his body. The editor thus speaks of his situation: "It was in the heart of the city; and being lodged and boarded in the house, he had few opportunities of enjoying the pure air of the country." Though treated with much kindness by his master and his family, the confinement was great; and his eagerness to acquire at once legal and other knowledge led him to apply too intensely to his studies; until from these, or other causes, he was seized with one of those dreadful long fevers which, even when not fatal, often prove injurious to the constitution."

Having partially at least recovered from this attack, he was entered at Lincoln's Inn; and soon after he became member of a

literary society, where all subjects, except those of religion and politics, were debated among the members. There are those who can remember his first appearance in that assembly. He looked young for his years; had little at that time of manner or aspect to give authority to his words, and was wholly unpractised as a public speaker. But from the moment he first rose it was felt that he was no common man. With the most remarkable fluency in words—one of the calamities of the thoughtless and ignorant, he combined an equally remarkable fluency of thoughts. He plunged at once into all the depths of his question; loved to grapple with its difficulties; and if he was not always heard and admired, it was only because some of his auditors had not knowledge, depth, patience, or industry to comprehend him. It must indeed be admitted that oratory is more conversant with the popular than with the profound reasonings upon the point to be argued—with those reasonings which the mind can receive and weigh in the hurry and tumult of discussion. And we are not sure that the power of abstraction and generalization in the mind of Mr. Bowdler might not have prevented his ever becoming a very popular and effective orator upon the stage of public debate. But these habits of mind eminently fitted him for a profession, of which some of the questions are among the most subtle, refined, and intricate, which can be proposed to the understanding of man. His powers may not have fitted him for the skirmish of political discussion; but they must have ensured his success in the hard contest of genius and erudition in the courts of law.

At the expiration of his clerkship he was placed as a pupil with a gentleman of great business in the Court of Chancery; and when that gentleman obtained a silk gown, Mr. Bowdler himself was called to the bar in 1807.

He did not long wait for business, but his earliest hopes were shaded by disappointment and alarm. A cough, at first slight, but assuming a more alarming character every day, soon awakened the anxiety of his friends. He was ordered to quit London, and prepare to winter in the south of Europe. From a journal made during this expedition we shall soon make some extracts.

Mr. Bowdler returned to England after an absence of about nine months, in August, 1811; but was obliged to set sail again for the Mediterranean in the following October. The greater part of the next winter was spent in Sicily and "Malta, with kind friends (says the editor), for such he found, or made, wherever he went."

In May, 1812, he once more returned to his native country; but in so feeble a state, that instead of attending the courts he was compelled to take refuge, as an alternative for a third migration, in the house of a relation near Portsmouth. There he gained

sufficient strength to resume, after some months, his professional employments, which he continued during the winter of 1813, and the following year. But the crisis was now come. Mr. Bowdler had been allied in the bonds of most intimate friendship with that distinguished statesman and Christian, Henry Thornton. On his return to London, about the middle of January, 1815, he found that revered individual upon his dying bed. Though the melancholy of the scene was doubtless brightened by those blessed beams which the hope of a true Christian sheds upon his last hours, the shock was perhaps too severe for the tender frame of Mr. Bowdler. At that moment the feeble strings which detained him from a brighter world gave way. A blood vessel broke in the night, and he died within a few days, weeping only for the sorrows of others, contrite for his sins, reposing upon his Saviour, rejoicing to throw off the coil of this mortal nature, and to escape to that invisible world whither in faith and hope he had often soared, and to dwell with that God to whom he had consecrated his life and labours.

We give the following extract from this narration, which presents us with a brief sketch of his character.

"His character, ably drawn, would be highly interesting; but were I capable of doing justice to it, my hand would be stopped by his having expressed to that most kind and noble friend in whose house and presence he expired, an earnest desire that no panegyric on his character should be written. I will therefore only mention a few facts, 'and let his own works praise him.'

"While a boy, he was certainly very irritable, impetuous, and eccentric: but being likewise sensible, affectionate, and well-principled, he seldom went wrong, and was easily reclaimed.

"As his reason ripened (which it did very rapidly), his principles were confirmed, and at length obtained an almost complete command over all his appetites and passions. They subdued the impetuosity of his temper, and extinguished his inordinate ambition so entirely, that he who once would hear of no line which did not lead to the wool-sack, when in the opinion of many he had a fair prospect of reaching it, would gladly have accepted any appointment suitable to his situation, which would have secured him a provision for life; and would even have preferred one not likely to revive a thirst for worldly honours.

"Though in his early years he was not aware of the necessity of economy, no sooner had he learned that the times, and the education of their children, had rendered it prudent for his parents to retrench some of their personal accommodations, than he imposed such strict restraints on his own expenses, that it became necessary for me to contrive means of putting a little money into his pocket, and even to encourage him to spend it; and I believe I may venture to assert (what perhaps few parents can,) that he never wasted a guinea of mine. Yet

no sooner had he acquired even a very little of his own, than he began to exercise acts of generosity, as well as of charity. But when ill health again made it probable that he might become burthensome to others, he immediately resumed his former restraints." (Vol. i. Memoir, p. xv.—xvii.)

The editor also offers the following vindication of his son against such a charge as that preferred in the pages of the review to which we have adverted. And we know not how the reviewer could contrive to read the vindication, and persist in making the charge.

"If it shall appear to some that his piety bordered on enthusiasm I wish to submit the following reflections to their candid attention.

"Although no one can be less disposed than myself to become the advocate of enthusiasm, *properly so called*, for I well know the dangers which attend it, and the dreadful consequences to which it leads; yet, bad as it is, its opposite is surely worse. Lukewarmness is inconsistent with the first principles of Christianity. When we are expressly told by our Lord himself, that to love God with all our heart, and soul, and mind, and strength, is the first and great commandment:—When we acknowledge that God created us, that his blessed Son redeemed us, and that his holy spirit sanctifies us:—In a word, when we own, that to Him we owe all we are, and all we have;—surely, weak must be that head, and cold that heart, which can wish to banish all warmth from our devotion, or can suppose that no returns of love and gratitude are due to our all-bountiful benefactor.—'Far from me and from my friends be such frigid philosophy.'

"But if, after all, some excess shall still appear, let it be observed, that, from his earliest infancy, his mind was ardent, his affections uncommonly warm, his imagination extremely strong. And such they continued to the last: and this, not only as applied to religion, but to every other study and pursuit*. Let it also be remembered, that his enthusiasm (if such it must be called) never led him into any crooked by-paths. He persevered steadily in the line of his duty; he

* The following note is inserted at the request of one who was in habits of intimacy with my son:

"It is certainly true that his mind was ardent, his affections uncommonly warm, his imagination extremely strong; and that these qualities could not but discover themselves in a pursuit which so greatly interested him as that of religion. But I would beg leave to observe, that every part of his religion, even those parts of it which might seem the most nearly allied with imagination, or with feeling, was in a strict sense *practical*. That is, it was made the foundation of moral culture. Every thing in him was principle, not sentiment; at least, the sentiment overflowed from a deep spring of principle. And, in the formation and application of his principles, he made the fullest use of the uncommon powers of understanding which he possessed. Hence, his opinion on questions of moral conduct was extremely valuable. I have repeatedly known points of this nature submitted to him; and have not been more struck with that kindness and warmth of heart, which made him consider every difficulty that might press on his friends; as his own, than with the largeness and (if I may say so) the *rationality* of his views, and the union he exhibited of humility of mind with great clearness and firmness of judgment."

was always an affectionate son, a firm friend, a candid man. He never despised the ordinances of God, or the means of grace; or hoped to attain the end without the use of those means. He never neglected his worldly duties, or his profession, but pursued it steadily, even beyond his strength. His principles were strict, and his practice conformable to them; yet without any puritanical austerity either in conduct or deportment. He enjoyed harmless mirth, and partook, in moderation, of innocent amusements; and thus contributed, by precept and example,

“ ‘ To set religion in its fairest light.’ ”

(Vol. i. Memoir, p. xvii.—xix.)

We give also the following extract which records the general kindness of Mr. Bowdler's friends, and especially of the lamented individual whose death, as we have seen, was so intimately connected with his own. Such examples are honourable to religion, and to human nature when brought under its influence. They serve to show that, although among the classes where dissipation and indulgence have concentrated all the affections of the mind upon self no real friendship exists, among those who love God there are multitudes who ardently and disinterestedly love one another. All human bonds dissolve at the touch of self-interest, but there is a golden chain which, descending from heaven, surrounds the world, and binds every man to his brother.

“ But having thus avoided offending the delicacy of the living, I hope I may without impropriety mention the truly parental kindness which he experienced during the latter part of his life, from two departed friends—the late Mr. and Mrs. H. Thornton. Of Mr. Thornton he has himself drawn a sketch in the following tracts, under the appropriate name of Sophron; and his character has since been given by an able hand, with equal moderation and justness. It would ill become me to attempt to delineate the many virtues which raised him and his excellent lady so high in the esteem of their numerous friends: but I cannot refrain from seizing this opportunity of expressing the gratitude and affection which I must ever feel and cherish for their unbounded kindness to my departed child. Their house was to him a second home. They loved him as if he had been their own. And from facts which have come to my knowledge, I am convinced, there was nothing they could have done for a son which they would not gladly have done for him. This poor acknowledgment is the only return I can make, but ‘ He who seeth in secret will reward them openly.’ ” (Vol. i. Memoir, p. xx. xxi.)

We now turn from the life of Mr. Bowdler, to those posthumous writings which are presented to us in these volumes. They consist of a journal, in the form of letters, drawn up during his two voyages to the South of Europe; of verses; of a few essays; of two reviews, one inserted in the *Christian Observer*, and one

in the British Review; of theological tracts; and of extracts from letters to his friends.

The journal was evidently designed exclusively for the use of his intimate friends; but it is impossible to read it without feeling our obligations to those who have given it a wider circulation. There is an air of cheerfulness, thankfulness, kindness, and piety about it, which is very taking; and we shall be glad to find it adopted as a model by such of our voyagers as may be at a loss for the best medium by which to convey to their English friends their various and profound discoveries in foreign lands.

We give a single specimen, in order to show the manner of its execution.

"Mediterranean,

"My dear Mother,

"Monday, Nov. 12, 1810.

"My Journal is public property; but it is time that a portion of it should be inscribed to you; as authors, you know, are fond of patrons and patronesses, and those who are provident manage so to divide their pieces, that they may get as many as they can. I closed the second packet to my father before we entered the Straits. Shortly after that concluded, we changed our course from south to east, and stood into the Mediterranean. My uncle says, the Straits of Gibraltar are among the finest things to be seen in Europe, and I can well believe it. It was about two o'clock when we passed between Cape Spartel and Cape Trafalgar, which form the entrance or gorge of the Straits; the day was delightfully fine, and the view highly grand and interesting. The Straits lay directly before us, like a dark defile ramparted with hills. Those on the Spanish side are lofty and irregular, and if seen alone would be thought highly striking; but the Barbary mountains are much higher, their faces exceedingly dark, and their ridges running up into an endless variety of peaks and precipices. In front of them all, towards the further end of the Straits, but forming a principal object from its magnitude and decided character, stands Apes' Hill, a bare and lofty mountain, breasting the waters, from which it rises almost perpendicular. Behind this, at a considerable distance, rise some very elevated mountains, which stretch away to the south-east, till they become invisible. These I understand to form part of the western extremity of Atlas; but I do not feel quite sure of the fact. On the opposite side, and also at a considerable distance, the highest point of the rock of Gibraltar was just visible, peering over an intervening promontory. I am a bad landscape painter at best, but in order to form any idea of the scene I describe, you must observe, that at the point of view from whence the picture is drawn, that is between the Capes Spartel and Trafalgar, there is a breadth of (I suppose) from thirty to forty miles at least, the average breadth of the Straits being from ten to fourteen, or thereabouts. Thus we entered this celebrated pass, and the hour of dinner being arrived, I left the deck, and went below. Some short time before sun-set, we came up again. We were now in the midst of the Straits, having passed Tangier, and a little island and town called Tariffa; of the last of which

I had a very good view. The island is at present occupied by English troops. Ceuta was in view, a promontory in position not unlike Gibraltar, to which it is nearly opposite, being united to the continent of Africa by a neck of low land; but its elevation is not in appearance a fourth of that of our noble rock. This grand fortress was now clearly visible, and amidst many striking objects undoubtedly the most striking. It stands out directly in front of the Straits, which seem there to take a little bend to the south-east, and the beams of the setting sun were resting upon it. Till this time the day had been remarkably clear and brilliant. The sun now sunk into the ocean directly behind us, and we were fortunate in coming just at that period of the year when every thing conspired to give effect to the noble scenery around us. It is obvious that there can be only a small space of time during which a sun-set could be seen through the Straits in the ocean, the hills on each side obstructing the view during the greater part of the year. The wind, which had been gentle since our entering the Straits, now fell almost entirely, and the moon, which was nearly full, gave a new and softer character to the objects around us. It was a peculiar advantage to be able to see the triple effect of clear day-light, a setting sun, and full moon, upon this romantic defile. I think the last was the most interesting. There was so little wind that we were now in some danger of not being able to make the bay of Gibraltar; for a strong current sets into the Mediterranean, which, if there had been literally no breeze, would have carried us by the southern point of the rock. I remained upon deck till near ten p. m. (for the softness of the air removes all fear of cold) and we were then floating very slowly and imperceptibly into the bay, with so gentle a breeze that the sails flapped under it: the night was clear and beautiful, and the sea quite smooth. I here saw a sight perfectly new to me, which proved what I believe I have already mentioned, respecting the clearness of the atmosphere:—this was Venus with a halo round her, like the moon:—And so to bed and to sleep, which I manage now much better than I did." (Vol. i. Journal, p. 15—18.)

The verses are various in their pretensions to excellence. Some of the first were written at early periods of his life, and are chiefly valuable, as indicating the kindness and warmth of his heart, and his early habits of acquisition. The first by which our attention was arrested are those written in 1801, before he went abroad for the recovery of his health. These our readers may take as a specimen of his poetical powers.

"On leaving England for the South of Europe, in Consequence of Illness.

" Oh! tell me not of happier hours
Mid summer vales and myrtle bowers,
Of cities that in sunny pride
Float on the softly-circling tide,
And every dream that hovers o'er
Eretria's* bright and classic shore.

* A classical name for Sicily.

I know that southern climes are gay,
I see their zephyrs gently stray;
Soft as they breathe o'er hill and plain,
My weary senses wake again;
Yet other joys my heart would know,
Than these can feel, or those bestow.

" For e'en beneath the olive shade
Disease, and pain, and death invade,
And soon my wasted strength may know
The sad return of former woe.
Say, will those laughing fields supply
Attendant friendship's cheering eye;
A mother's soft and ceaseless care,
A sister's smile, a father's prayer?
Where these dear joys my heart sustain,
I'll think eternal summers reign;
But reft of these, where'er I be,
The gayest clime is sad to me.

" Health has a thousand stores to boast,
Sweet are its joys, and light their cost
Boon exercise: the genial hour;
With melody's enchanting power:
And wit and art the triumph share;
And love's soft smile is speaking there.
Nor needs the firm and hardy hind
These joys from simpler sense refin'd;
Blithe as he carols o'er the leas
He dreams perchance of joys like these;
Then laughs aloud, the vision flown,
For health is rich in health alone.

" But when the fading eye grows dim,
And fails each faint and wasted limb,
And short and frequent pantings show
The sad disease that lurks below;
Will mirth allay, can pleasure calm,
The hurried pulse, the burning palm?
Go bid the festal board be crown'd,
Let the soft voice of music sound,
And art and wit and learning spread
Their treasures round the sick man's bed:
With deafen'd ear, with heedless eye,
The silent sufferer turns to die.

" Yet e'en in misery's sharpest pains
One dear and sacred joy remains;
When the worn eye, that wakes in fear
From fever'd visions hovering near,
Meets some lov'd smile, whose angel power
Has cheer'd and graced a gayer hour;
Still, still, its magic charm is there,

Tho' touch'd with pity's softer air;
 And dear to love, to memory dear,
 It brightens through the starting tear;
 Like the glad bow, by fancy drest,
 That beams on evening's watery vest.
 "Then blame me not, if sad and slow,
 My parting accents faintly flow.
 Yon bark, whose gallant streamers fly,
 Shall waft me to a southern sky;
 There, if my curious steps explore
 Girgenti's bright and classic shore,
 Coy Arethusa's fabled tide,
 Or giant Ætna's mountain pride;
 Yet shall one viewless form be nigh,
 One dearer image fill my eye;
 From vulgar joy, from grief refin'd,—
 The shade of all I leave behind." (Vol. i. p. 177—180.)

The other verses in this collection are little if at all inferior to these. They are, generally speaking, flowing, harmonious, classical, and correct. They are rarely, or never, disfigured by bad taste. They display a mind familiar with the best models; and unseduced by the corrupt example of later bards. But they disclose few of those felicities of expression or idea, few of those master strokes, of those indigenous beauties, of those vivid and peculiar conceptions, of those breathing thoughts and burning words, which Fancy scatters from her 'pictured urn' on the chosen sons and daughters of poesy. Mr. Bowdler was a pleasing, but, we conceive, that he never would have been a great poet. It is difficult, however, to judge of the capabilities of one who wandered in the meads of imagination with the clog of Coke upon Littleton round his leg, and who could never pursue the creations of his fancy for half an hour without finding it enthroned in awful dignity with a judge's wig in the court of chancery. Mr. Bowdler gives us in one part of these volumes a specimen of poetical law, constructed probably to assist his own memory; and we have reason to wonder, perhaps, that his muse ever soared into a loftier region. It is very delightful, however, to know that the hardest drudges, perhaps, in the world, we mean, the young law practitioners, are indulged with any such occasional excursions into those higher and purer regions so favourable to their health and spirits.

It is, however, to the *prose* writings of Mr. Bowdler that we must turn for any fair exemplification of his talents as a thinker, an inventor, and a writer. And here we discover infallible evidence of his high endowments in all these capacities. The essays which precede the reviews are not equal to the rest of the volumes. Of one of the reviews we are not privileged to speak; though it might confidently challenge a comparison with any

essay upon French literature, which has appeared since the revolution. But the review on Dugald Stewart's Philosophical Essays, which appeared, we understand, in the *Christian Observer*, we do not hesitate to designate as one of the best abstracts, on the state and history of metaphysical science, which has met the public eye. We hear that Mr. Stewart himself thus designated it, and considered it as indicating great powers of thinking and discriminating, as well as of fine writing in this particular department. It is difficult to review that which is itself a review; but we cannot resist giving to our readers the following extract, which is part of a delineation of the advantages of metaphysical studies.

“ But the advantages which belong to the study of the philosophy of the mind are not merely negative. Not to mention the hints that have been obtained from the researches of metaphysicians for the judicious management of the understanding, and the more perfect lights which may be anticipated from their future labours, this science borders so closely upon others of the most unquestionable importance, that some insight into it seems necessary for the perfect understanding of subjects which nobody thinks himself at liberty to despise. Its connection with physics is so close, that the ancient writers classed them together, or, rather, considered the philosophy of mind as a part of the philosophy of nature. Of philology at least one half, and that the most important half, is strictly metaphysical. In morals the case is so nearly similar, that a man might as reasonably entitle himself a learned physician though he had never studied anatomy, as esteem himself an adept in moral science without having obtained an intimate acquaintance with the affections, passions, and sentiments of the human heart. Indeed, all moral writers *must* be, in a greater or less degree, metaphysical; though, to be sure, it must be owned that all metaphysical writers have not been very moral. Politics, which profess to regard only the external condition of mankind, have perhaps less connection with inquiries concerning the mind than the sciences already mentioned; yet every body has doubtless heard of political metaphysics: and though we should have no objection to admit that the questions in that department which have occasioned the most eager controversies are, for the most part, frivolous; yet, so long as there are foolish men who will insist upon discussing them, it is exceedingly proper that there should be wise men sufficiently prepared to discuss them also. Lastly, in theology, the most important and interesting of all studies to an immortal and accountable being, who is there that is not sensible of the value of metaphysical knowledge in conducting us through the great questions of predestination, election, and free-agency? What violence have some Calvinistic divines done to the common sense and feelings of mankind, what perilous approaches to practical Antinomianism have they sometimes made, in the stiff, unqualified, and really unphilosophical statement of their favourite doctrines! What mere verbal frivolities, what contradictory propositions, and, sometimes, what dangerous errors and heresies have some Arminian writers fallen into, from their ignorance of the diffi-

culties which unquestionably embarrass their tenets respecting the will!" (Vol. ii. pp. 13—15.)

"These are some of the advantages which may fairly be considered as belonging to the cultivation of those studies which are commonly called metaphysical. To all this, and to whatever else has by different writers been urged in favour of such pursuits, the common reply is, 'that they are exceedingly dangerous; they make men *sceptical*.' Now it is natural to ask the many worthy and respectable persons by whom this objection is made (what perhaps they have not always recollected to ask themselves), 'What is it you mean by scepticism?' If that word is used to denote a habit of mind slow and cautious in forming its conclusions, sufficiently distrustful of itself to be desirous of knowing what can be urged against the inferences which it inclines to adopt, and even so far diffident of its performances as to be perfectly willing, upon the appearance of new lights, to re-examine those positions which had been adopted upon no slight investigation: if this, or any thing like this meaning, belongs to the word scepticism, we cannot hesitate to say, that those who object to the metaphysical studies on such grounds, pass upon them, in the form of a censure, a very high eulogium. There is hardly any habit more pernicious, not merely in scientific researches, but daily and hourly in every department of life, than that loose indolent way which men have of jumping upon their conclusions in all sorts of subjects, and accepting, almost without examination, sentiments and maxims of the most extensive practical import. If, on the other hand, by scepticism is intended a disposition of mind unfavourable to the cordial reception of the truths of religion, upon what evidence is it asserted, that metaphysical studies have the tendency imputed to them? Was Locke a sceptic? Was Clarke a sceptic? Was Berkeley a sceptic? All these great men not only openly professed their belief in Christianity, but thought they could not better employ their best years and maturest faculties than by consecrating them to the defence of those truths which thoughtless, licentious men, are apt to deride, but which it is the peculiar character of a truly elevated understanding to feel and venerate. Bishop Berkeley, in particular, was led to the adoption of his peculiar theory in metaphysics, principally from an anxiety to refute the *sceptics* of his day, whose reasonings were all founded on the received opinions respecting a material world: and in the work which he entitled 'The Minute Philosopher,' he has discussed at large all the prevailing objections to natural and revealed religion, and employed much of his metaphysical learning, particularly his important discoveries respecting vision, and his very fine and original speculations on the nature of language, as materials for replying to those objections. Mr. Hume, indeed, whom every body knows to have been sceptical enough, has applied that term to characterize the Berkeleyian theory. But let Berkeley speak for himself, and in his own writings, not in the commentaries of his scholars; and it will be found that he dogmatized (we do not mean in the invidious, but in the proper sense of that word) as steadily as Zeno or Epicurus; though perfectly free from the austerity of the one, and the pride of the other. In later

days, symptoms of an unfavourable disposition towards Christianity have certainly been visible in works of some of the most celebrated metaphysical writers in Scotland, and upon the continent; and this probably is the real explanation of the evil report which has gone forth against metaphysics. But we suspect that this is exactly one of those hasty conclusions from first appearances which we have just condemned. Speculative men have for some time passed turned their attention a good deal to the philosophy of mind, and it has happened (from causes which are perfectly explicable) that speculative men, during the same period, have had a sort of vanity in professing scepticism upon religious subjects; but it does not therefore follow that metaphysics and infidelity have any natural alliance. It was not always thus. In the ancient world, the infidels were found among the natural philosophers; in the schools of Epicurus, not in those of Plato and Aristotle. In the middle ages, metaphysics were assiduously cultivated by the stoutest doctors of the Church: Aquinas and Abelard, and Ockham, and all the pillars of orthodoxy, were deep in the philosophy of Aristotle, and fought as fiercely about *universals*, as if the fate of religion had depended on the controversy; while those, who, neglecting such matters, quietly cultivated researches into physics, laboured under a pretty general suspicion of infidelity. Galileo was sent to a dungeon in his old age, not for any speculations upon mind, but for the discoveries he had made respecting the constitution of nature. So late as the days of Sir Thomas Brown, that learned and eloquent writer informs us that the physicians had long been generally supposed to entertain opinions unfavourable to the truth of Christianity; and he published his *Religio Medici* to rescue himself from the imputation which attached to his profession. And, in our own time, the greatest naturalist in Italy professed Atheism. It may therefore, perhaps, be fairly said, that, in respect of any supposed tendency to scepticism, the evidence of history is full as strong against natural philosophy as against metaphysics; yet who ever dreamed of proscribing the natural sciences? Let us at least be just, and either condemn the researches of Galileo and Newton, or acknowledge that neither the philosophy of mind nor the philosophy of nature have any natural alliance with scepticism, though sceptics may occasionally be found among the students of both." (Vol. ii. p. 18—21.)

This long quotation is all that we can afford from this interesting and important essay; but we earnestly recommend the whole of it to those aspirants after metaphysical knowledge, who are about to launch out into this vast ocean without pilot or compass. It is one of the evils incident to this study, that the young scholar may labour through a bulky quarto, and discover the next morning that he has been fruitlessly toiling through an exploded and interdicted system—that all his panting and struggling have merely secured to him a *caput mortuum* of extinct philosophy. We therefore consider an essay such as Mr. Bowdler's, which fixes the boundaries and traces out the ground of legitimate doubt and speculation, of no inconsiderable value. To enter upon

the various points maintained or controverted by the author in this elaborate dissertation, would carry us far beyond the bounds which we prescribe to ourselves on the present occasion. The general merit of the reasonings is very great; and the style combines with much precision such a measure of ornament as illustrates without dishonouring his argument; and is in itself a happy though unintentional imitation of the manner of the great writer who is the subject of the criticism. Mr. Stewart is quite remarkable for having carried into the dark places of metaphysics all the lights and ornaments of general reading and refined taste; and Mr. Bowdler had caught much of this ambitious and hazardous style. Such indeed was his success in this species of writing, that many, who would fear to plunge into the depth and mazes of his argument, will perhaps be tempted to penetrate into them by the many flowers which he has scattered upon the narrow way.

The second of the volumes before us is chiefly occupied with what are denominated "theological tracts"—though the title would convey an impression of something more elaborate and logical than will be found in the essays to which it is prefixed.

Those on the "Atonement" and the "Eternity of Punishments," though both valuable, are inferior, we think, to the essays by which they are succeeded. The "Strictures on the Edinburgh Review of the Historical View of Christianity" is precisely a reply such as that mischievous paper demanded, and ought to have sealed for ever the religious pretensions of that work with the public. The next essay in the collection, on "the supposed connexion between religion and melancholy," is inferior to none in ingenuity and conclusive argumentation: and the subject is so new and curious that we are tempted to offer a brief sketch, and a few quotations from it.

The author sets out by denying the fact that persons much advanced in religion are disposed to melancholy. He next maintains that we are deluded in estimating the happiness of others by outward appearances. And his ideas on this point are so happily expressed that we shall allow him to speak for himself.

"If a man laughs loud, and overflows with animal activity, and boisterous merriment, we cry, happy fellow! But without denying that such coarse ebullitions indicate constitutional joyousness, surely this turbulent vivacity is not a *necessary* element or evidence of gladness. The bounding kitten may be happy, and is not the purring cat? Are the gambols of the dolphin upon the ocean more enviable, than the complacency of the steer ruminating beneath the shade of the British oak? Yet mankind in general seem to have no idea of composed felicity. It must be active and tumultuous; and this occasions their mistakes as to the happiness of Christians. They cannot value, for they can hardly comprehend, the placid enjoyments of re-

Religion. The pious aspirations, the holy joy, the heavenly peace, which are fountains of celestial gladness continually springing up in the bosom of the good man, produce no bustle, and therefore excite no observation. I doubt not but many of the happiest of mortals are to be found among those children of God who pass on unnoticed in their pilgrimage, and are viewed by their worldly neighbours, sometimes with pity, and sometimes with contempt. It is natural, therefore, that men should underrate the happiness of Christians, from their imperfect knowledge of its real marks. They infer melancholy, wherever they see unobtrusive quiet and composure. But it is not so—

‘The broadest mirth unfeeling folly wears,
Less pleasing far than virtue’s very tears.’

If I can judge at all from my own experience, laughter is a very bad criterion of gladness. Nay we know that the most comical productions of Swift and Cowper were written while their authors laboured under an afflictive constitutional dejection. Philosophers take a distinction between the beautiful and the picturesque: and I believe it is a just one. The pleasure (they say) which we feel in stealing along a sunny vale, soothed by the concert of the woods and murmuring waters, is of a different kind from the delight enjoyed in coursing over an open champaign, keen in the chase, and braced by the wintry gales. The two kinds of happiness alluded to, admit, I believe, of the same distinction, and for myself, I must confess a decided partiality to the beautiful.”* (Vol. ii. p. 132—134.)

Mr. Bowdler is not, however, indisposed to admit the fact, that the joys of some truly religious persons are crossed by a shade of melancholy; and he proceeds to solve this phenomenon. In different parts of the essay he touches on the many obvious and natural sources of this depression; but the point which he most labours is the *antecedent character* of those persons who ordinarily are led to embrace religion. And as this reasoning is new, and conveys a fair specimen of the author’s manner, we shall indulge our readers with a copious extract from this part of his disquisition.

“In the first place, let us consider who are they who at all times are the most likely to accept the offers of covenanted grace. What said our blessed Lord? ‘Come unto me all ye that labour, and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.’ Christianity offers rest to the weary, and consolation to the hopeless. Surely it is not wonderful, if some at least of the children of woe accept the proffered mercy. Yet such Christians, it is obvious, will be melancholy; for religion,

* “See Pascal’s Thoughts. That sublime writer considers all restlessness as the effect of our degenerate nature dissatisfied with itself, and complacent satisfaction as evidencing the remains of our original perfection. Indeed it may be observed, that contentment is called true happiness. Now contentment implies repose; an easy and cheerful acquiescence in the present state of things.”

though undoubtedly it corrects, does by no means destroy our feelings. The widow and orphan, the childless parent and distracted husband, will fly to their Saviour for refuge: and they shall find him to be a Saviour indeed; 'a hiding place from the wind, and a covert from the tempest: as rivers of water in a dry place, as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land.' But they still remain widowed and fatherless: the parent has lost the child of his expectation, and the husband the 'delight of his eyes.' It is meet they should mourn, though 'not as without hope.' Nay, I am not sure whether to common observers they will not appear more unhappy as they become less so. When men are wretched without consolation, they are apt (particularly before others), to make a desperate effort to rid themselves of their misery, and dash into tumultuous gaiety, or vicious indulgence, to effect a momentary release from evils they are unable to endure. Such men indeed are horrible spectacles. Like a lion in the toils of the hunter, they chafe and roar, and struggle only to exhaust their strength, and entangle themselves more desperately. Yet for a while such efforts may give an appearance of vigour, and deceive those who see not the loathsome dregs which subside when the fermentation is over. Christianity subdues this unnatural violence, and softens the sufferer into patience. It not only teaches him that resistance against the dispensations of Heaven is unlawful, but makes him feel it as unwelcome and unnecessary. He who so lately bore his yoke with uneasiness or passion, and knew his sorrows only as wretchedness for the present, and despair for the future, learns to bow cheerfully under his burthen, can trace in his afflictions the hand of a benign Providence, and, entering in hope within the veil, takes up his cross with joy, and follows the footsteps of his Master. Yet it is possible, that to worldly spectators, this placid submissiveness may pass only for increased wretchedness, and Religion is thus sometimes discredited by the very blessings she communicates.

"Be this however as it may, it is evident at least that unhappiness will probably lead us to embrace Christianity in earnest. But, alas! to careless and prejudiced observers, Christianity and unhappiness thus become associated, and a collateral effect is mistaken for the cause. Calista is still young and beautiful; her disposition was naturally gentle and sensible, and the tenderness of her parents cherished early in her bosom the habits of holiness. When Calista was about sixteen, she was seized with an alarming fever, which long threatened her life. Under discipline so severe, she improved daily in every pious affection, and has grown to a height in grace rarely equalled by her sister saints. She is now four-and-twenty. The fever I have just mentioned, though it did not prove fatal, hung upon her for many months, and weakened a constitution which never was robust. Calista is at times dejected, for her spirits are not strong, and the world is full of trials. Her friends say, she is too religious; it makes her melancholy. She says, I am melancholy because my health is weak, and religion is my only consolation. Poor Calista! I am apt to think she is right, but nobody believes her.

"But the unhappy are by no means the only class of mortals to

whom it is probable that Christianity will seem welcome. There are pains of the understanding as well as of the heart. Men of grave and contemplative tempers cannot long remain insensible to the darkness which surrounds them. We find ourselves dropped (as it were) into a theatre of wonders; marvellously formed, and marvellously sustained; unknowing whence we came, or whither we are destined; ignorant with all our capacities for knowledge, and miserable with all our powers of enjoyment. The mind which sees these things must be base and sluggish indeed, if it feels no anxiety to escape from a prison where it is so 'strait kept without iron bars;' and to ascertain the reality, or at least to take a closer view, of the mighty vision which is sweeping by us. The philosopher, therefore (I use the word in its proper sense), looks round for direction to his inquiries. Christianity boldly presents herself, offering a solution of every doubt, so far as knowledge is profitable, and promising present safety with future illumination. Surely it is not miraculous that a wise man should think such proposals worth examining; nor, if he examines, is it strange he should be convinced. The rest follows in order: 'he becomes first regular, then devout.' It may be expected, then, that a contemplative man will be an earnest Christian; nor can it seem wonderful, if, being a Christian, he still continues to be contemplative. Gravity, however, with the gay and thoughtless passes for gloom. They are guilty of two errors. They mistake seriousness for melancholy; and they impute that seriousness, so miscalled, to religion, instead of constitution. Even good men of a different temper, who have never studied human nature, often adopt the same misconception. Sophron possesses a very profound understanding. Happily for him he was irregularly educated, or his powerful mind might have been lost in dialects and prosody. Being left, however, to discover truth for himself, he became early accustomed to reflection, and few reflect seriously without being religious. He is so in an eminent degree. His spirits are easy and regular, for his heart rests in hope: he can review the past without remorse, and anticipate the future with humble but joyful assurance. Sophron's manners are rather distant, and to those who know but little of him, seem ungracious: his habits of thoughtfulness too have given him the appearance of gravity and abstraction. Thus it happens that some who are slightly acquainted with him, or only hear of him by report, fancy he wants cheerfulness; and as he is known to be very religious, Christianity as usual bears the burthen.

There is yet a third class of men, of whom it may be said to be antecedently probable that they will at some period of their youth become zealously attached to Christianity. These are they who possess by nature great quickness of sensibility, joined with ardent imaginations. Such men have strong and delicate perceptions of the sublime and beautiful. The grandeur of the rewards which revelation promises, and the awfulness of the punishments it denounces, naturally arrest their attention. The holiness and lovely simplicity of the character of Jesus, his dignity, his tenderness, and his sufferings, have charms to awake their best affections. Such men too are early disgusted or satiated with the coarse pleasures of the world. Their fancy sketches almost

intuitively an image of perfection, of which Christianity alone presents the perfect draught. Besides which they have generally very unequal spirits: the same heart which, during the hours of social festivity, overflows with gaiety, is weighed down in solitude by comfortless dejection. Their disappointments are greater than those of other men; for they over-calculate the value of every object they pursue, as well as their chances of obtaining it; and thus, whether they succeed or fail, they are still deceived. All these circumstances concur to invite them to become the children of God, to 'cast their cares on him,' forgetting and despising the baubles they have too long pursued. But the change which is wrought in them respects rather the direction than the nature of their affections. Christianity indeed will gradually teach them to controul their ardour, to regulate their emotions, and resist all excess of feeling, whether rapturous or mournful; and perhaps at last infuse into their bosoms that placid cheerfulness, which seems to be the kind and degree of happiness best suited to our feeble constitutions. But this must be the work of time. Till then, much of their ardour or their sanguineness will remain; they will be at one moment elevated into rapture, and at another depressed with melancholy. Even good men of a more equable temperament, not comprehending the causes of their occasional dejection, may probably suspect that religion, which so evidently influences their hearts, affects also their cheerfulness; while their less serious acquaintance will undoubtedly lament (according to the mummery of worldly lamentation) that such noble spirits should be ruined by methodism. Eugenius is one of those beings I have described, who, from delicacy of organization, feels more quickly than the common race of mortals; and though he has been visited by no grievous afflictions, a variety of circumstances have hitherto made him better acquainted with sorrow than delight. Eugenius was early instructed in the best principles of Christianity, and the merciful visitations of Providence have gradually taught him their real value. He has made no great progress in religion, yet I believe he is sincere, and dreads sin more than suffering; but he has delicate health and very unequal spirits. It cannot be denied that religion is to him occasionally a source of pain as well as pleasure. His heart at times seems to overflow with gladness, but in other moments I have seen him dreadfully agitated. His friends perceive this, and express their fears of his being too religious. But in truth religion has no connection with his complaint; it is only the field in which his natural temper displays itself. If Eugenius had fixed his affections on any other object, his spirits would have been liable to the same fluctuation: we should still have witnessed in him the same returns of rapture and regret, of exultation and dejection." (Vol. ii. p. 135—141.)

The next essay is on the "Practical character of Christ;" and it is of a high order of excellence. It is however, impossible for us to enter upon any minute investigation of the merits either of this or of those by which it is succeeded: we must be content with saying that we think those on "trust in God," on "spiritual-mindedness," and on "prayer," the best, and that none of them

are surpassed by any popular and devotional disquisitions with which we are acquainted. Their main *fault* is, we think, the want of arrangement and distinction of parts; so that it is difficult to collect or to retain the matter which is dispersed over them. Their *excellences* are very numerous. They have the transcendent merit of being warm though accurate transcripts of a Divine original; they are besides rational, tender, eloquent, and occasionally sublime. They are not perhaps much calculated to convince the gainsayer; but are abundantly calculated to touch the careless, to direct the wandering, to elevate the standard of opinion and conduct, to humble the formal and ostentatious professor, to throw round religion a new splendour and majesty, to direct the miserable to the true sources of consolation. Their effect upon ourselves, were we unbelievers, would be, we think, to leave us ashamed of infidelity, in love with religion, and assured that he who would be extensively useful, or habitually happy, must be eminently good. One peculiar feature of them is to bear, as it were, stamped upon every page and line of them, the exact impress of their author: had we never seen the man we should have known him, we think, from any one of his essays; he has thrown his very soul into them; he has poured into the dead letter the life's blood of his own feelings and experience; he has dipped his pen in his own heart; he plainly has verified in his own person the principles which he maintains, and "is himself the great sublime he draws."

But we must here abandon a theme upon which certain tender and melancholy associations and reminiscences have perhaps already detained us too long. Our readers, however, have little reason to apprehend similar transgressions, as the age has few such young men to lose. Indeed we think the loss sustained by the country in the early death of Mr. Bowdler and of Kirk White—whose history and genius not a little resembled that of our author—is a loss of a very peculiar and affecting nature. From the "*Bibliotheca Eruditorum Præcocium*" of Kleforus, or the "*Enfans Célèbres*" of Baillet, it might be easy to select instances of early talents far more astonishing than those displayed by either of these distinguished individuals; but it would be very difficult in any age to find men combining to the same extent, talents, industry, and virtue. It would be easy to find individuals who had been the unripe victims of their own ceaseless toils and struggles up the steep of science and through the fields of duty; but it would be difficult to discover any examples where the death of any individuals had disappointed so many hopes, wrung so many bosoms, and left so large a gap in the ranks of genius and virtue. But we hope well of our country; and though we should have predicted more confidently the rise

of other distinguished men on the national horizon had these survived, because we always observe that great men multiply great men by raising the standard and supplying the pattern of greatness; yet we think that, "though dead," such men will "speak" to their young successors; and that, out of their ashes, will spring up those who will soar to the same heights, and confer the same honors and benefits upon a grateful country. It is a maxim of philosophy as well as of patriotism "not to despair of the republic;" and though perhaps the present is a moment, when, as far as the young are concerned, it is difficult to keep alive the spark of hope, it is our wisdom and our duty to believe that *he* whose thoughts are not as our thoughts, will, in the immeasurable depths of his compassion, discover some sure remedy for all our disasters.

ART. V.—*Mandeville: a Tale of the Seventeenth Century in England*. By William Godwin. 3 vols. 12mo. pp. 1004. Longman and Co. London, 1817.

MR. GODWIN has produced one novel of no common interest; the recollection of which induced us to look forward with anticipations of amusement to a new production from his pen. Caleb Williams can never be read without leaving a deep impression behind it: and what is no slight proof of talent in the writer is, that this powerful effect is produced with scarcely any aid from delineations of love. He discards that passion which, in novels, seems to have a prescriptive right to sovereignty: he has no heroine, and no enamoured adorer: the materials upon which he works are of a masculine sort, and the interest which he rouses is of a sterner character than a tale of love could claim. The harrowing emotions of Falkland, arising from his consciousness of the enormity with which he is stained, the miseries of Williams, springing from a cause which at once strikes the fancy as uncommon, and confounds the judgment as insurmountable, excite a glowing sympathy in the reader, and occupy all his thoughts with solicitude for the fate of the two sufferers. The effect is, perhaps, heightened by the mode in which our emotions are balanced against each other. We know not whether to side with Falkland or with Williams; for we almost forget the crime of the former in the noble qualities with which he is endowed; and Williams, though guiltless of the charges alleged against him, loses in our affections much of the benefit of his innocence, from the unjusti-

stable conduct which he pursued after he began to entertain suspicions that his master was the murderer of Tyrrell. At the same time, the interest of the story is maintained by our inability to foresee the final result, or to guess by what means it is to be brought about. Shall Falkland be convicted as a murderer, or must Williams perish the victim of a false accusation? We approach the termination of the tale without knowing to which side the balance is ultimately to incline; we are not even certain in whose favour our wishes are: we feel that either of the two events must awaken our commiseration.

The man who could thus call forth our sympathy, and hold our curiosity in anxious suspense, in one work of fiction, might have been expected to display the same power in other similar productions. He has made the attempt again and again. St. Leon, Fleetwood, and Mandeville, have successively issued from his pen: but there has been infused into them no portion of that interest which hurries us impetuously on from the beginning of Caleb Williams to the catastrophe. They have a decent share of the common-place of novels; they abound in vague, and often unintelligible descriptions, and extravagant sentiments; they present grossly improbable situations; and they introduce us to personages who bear too little resemblance to real men and women for us to have much solicitude about their fate, or much fellow feeling with their joys and pains. We have sometimes wondered that an author, who succeeded so well in one work of fiction, should have failed in every other effort of the same kind. But our wonder ceased when we considered more closely in what the merit of Caleb Williams consists. The excellence of that tale lies, we think, chiefly in the general conception of its plot. An highly accomplished man is goaded on by unfortunate circumstances to the perpetration of the blackest crime: an innocent person is executed for the deed, while the true criminal maintains his place in the estimation of society: one of his dependants becomes possessed of the fatal secret; and, to free himself from the presence of the individual whom that secret most concerned, attempts to fly: but his flight must not be permitted: the criminal must have the man who knows his guilt constantly within his power, and under his eye; that man's character, the moment he attempts to withdraw from controul, must be blackened in general estimation; nay, it will be still better security if his life can be taken away; and all this must be done without the intervention of violence—by the hand of the law, under the semblance of justice. It was a lucky moment when the idea of such a plot occurred to Mr. Godwin's mind: though no great share of invention should be exercised in contriving the details, the sentiments and struggles of antagonists so situated could scarcely fail to take fast hold of our

affections and our curiosity. But it is not surprising that the author, who had succeeded once by the felicity and originality of the outline of his fable, should not have been aided a second time by the occurrence of an equally happy hint. Let not novel-writers think that we degrade their function in imagining that accident may sometimes contribute to the excellence of their works. We say no more of their occupations, than what is indisputably true of the graver and more important pursuits of philosophy; in which many of the most brilliant discoveries are admitted to have been owing to the good fortune, as much as to the penetrating sagacity, of the individuals who first hit upon them.

If indeed that novel, to the excellence of the plan, had added equal excellence in the execution of its several parts taken separately, we should have concluded that the genius which had thus successfully displayed itself, though it might not in its future productions remain always at the same level, would for the most part approach near to it. This, however, is not the case with Caleb Williams: on the contrary, the details of the story are very awkwardly managed; no extensive knowledge of human nature, or of the manners of artificial life, can be traced in the sketching of its scenes; and little sagacity, in the lessons which it is meant to convey. While no one of the neighbourhood harboured even a thought to Falkland's dishonour, Williams, who knew nothing but what was known to all, becomes firmly persuaded of his master's guilt. Whence does his conviction arise, in opposition to all that the world believed, in opposition to all that he himself knew of Falkland? Afterwards Falkland confesses the bloody deed to Williams: why does he confess? why in particular to Williams? He sees, forsooth, that Williams is suspicious and inquisitive. This might have been a sufficient reason for removing him to a distance, but could be none for putting the most awful confidence in a man who had already twice violated his duty to his benefactor. Then how is the catastrophe brought on? Williams, urged by despair, accuses Falkland; is confronted with him; repents, at the sight of Falkland, of the step which he has just taken; and by his eloquence draws forth a confession from his fierce persecutor. It is by an harangue, therefore, that the final result is accomplished; which is rather too summary, and too easy a mode, of getting rid of difficulties. To these specimens of the imperfect structure of the story, we must add that most of the actors are drawn in a gross and exaggerated style; and that, instead of pictures of delicate traits of character, there is substituted a constant affectation, borrowed from the French school, of tracing the workings of the passions, not as they are seen operating on individuals, but as the lessons of metaphysical theory direct.

The moral delinquencies of the work, also, are far from inconsiderable. Williams privately reads letters addressed to another, and breaks open his master's cabinet; and because he does this, not with a view to plunder, but from an headstrong curiosity, his conduct is scarcely spoken of as deserving blame. On one occasion the reader is introduced to a gang of thieves, whom he leaves with the impression that the hasty reasonings of a generous temper on the anomalies of civil society may make a man a robber without any essential diminution of his virtue. Reason never made a thief,—no, not even perverted reason, though it may sometimes have supplied the guilty with palliations suited to lull conscience asleep: and were it possible for a man to argue himself into dishonesty, still a thief of this sort is as bad as one of the vulgar stamp. But the capital sin of the work lies in the constant endeavour, every where manifested in it, to enforce upon us a conviction, that the code of criminal jurisprudence in England has in its practical operation no vengeance for the crimes of the rich, and affords no refuge or protection to the innocence of the poor. This is the general impression of the whole; and it is a conclusion which is more than once explicitly avowed. The absurdity of such notions it is now superfluous to expose; but it may be worth while to remark, that the very story from which they are deduced might have furnished their refutation. Williams is accused of robbery by a man of high reputation; he is proved to have broken open his masters cabinet; and the property alledged to have been stolen is found in his chest. On these grounds he is committed for trial; he endeavours to escape; he is of course confined with increased severity; he effects his escape, and is keenly pursued. All this time he is innocent, and yet is persecuted by the wrath of the laws. But why are his hardships to be ascribed to the laws? Innocent though he be, every circumstance which meets the eye of his fellow men proves him criminal. It is not the fault of the law that an unfortunate combination of deceitful proofs fixes upon him in every one's opinion the guilt of a capital offence. Let him blame, if he choose, the imperfection of reason, which is unable to distinguish virtue when she appears with the outward marks of vice: but let him not insinuate or assert that the institutions of his country are fit only for purposes of oppression, because they treated as a criminal one who was on strong evidence believed by all to be so.

Thus the defects in Mr. Godwin's best performance were of such a nature that we might count with certainty upon their re-appearance in his subsequent productions, while it would be too much to expect that they would be again counterbalanced by

the interest and originality of the general tenor of the plot. The excellences were clearly of a fugitive and uncertain kind; the defects, permanent and steady. We cannot say, therefore, that we were much surprized to find this last production what it is. Though the most elaborate, it is the dullest of all Godwin's novels. It has little incident, scarcely any plot, no catastrophe. The men and women who appear in it are kept at such a distance from the reader, and delineated in a style so vague and indefinite, that we know nothing of them, except the class of beings to which they belong. The few actors who are brought near to us are little else than personifications of distempered passions; the extravagant ravings of which the author has adorned with a most gorgeous robe of verbosity.

Mandeville, the heir of an ancient and opulent English family, having lost both his parents in the Irish massacre, is educated by a presbyterian clergyman in the lonely mansion of his uncle, whom disappointed love had thrown into incurable apathy. Here he contracts habits of deep reflection and gloomy meditation, which are aided and strengthened by the strong impressions which the errors, as well as the truths, of his instructor's religious creed made upon his mind. About the age of twelve, he is removed, in consequence of the death of his instructor, to Winchester School. Here his high estimation of his own talents cannot brook that, while his reserve and gloomy abstraction are disregarded, the frank gaiety of Clifford should lead all his school-fellows in its train. Clifford, therefore, becomes the object of his envy and hatred. From Winchester, Mandeville repairs to Oxford. He enters, while at Oxford, into Penruddock's plot for subverting Cromwell's power, and has reason to expect the office of secretary to the commander-in-chief of the enterprise. His hopes are disappointed; Clifford is nominated secretary; and of course Mandeville's hatred burns with fresh fury. A groundless report, that he had been refused the situation because he was suspected of having been sent by the king's enemies to join Penruddock as a spy, reaches his ears; and a temporary fit of insanity is the consequence. His sister Henrietta, whose home has always been at a distance from him, but who is the object of his warmest attachment, discovers the disease of his soul, and attempts to effect a cure. Her endeavours, though at first they are attended with seeming success, are finally fruitless. His hatred of Clifford becomes the only sentiment of his nature. The death of his uncle leaves him master of an immense fortune under the guardianship of a knavish attorney, whose dupe he is at the same time that he sees his villainy. He falls into an hypochondriacal state, which the thought of Clifford now and then kindles into frenzy. His disease is further exasperated by intel-

ligence of a mutual attachment which had long subsisted between his beloved sister and the object of his detestation, and which is now likely to lead to their union. He flies to Henrietta to adjure her to renounce Clifford: she would have sacrificed herself to her brother's peace: but the frenzy, which he displays in her presence, convinces her that such a sacrifice would not restore his tranquillity. She conceives that she has already lost her brother; why should she add to that calamity the loss of her lover too? She consents, therefore, to become the wife of Clifford. On the evening of the day on which the ceremony had taken place, Mandeville, with six dragoons, attempts to carry her off by force. An engagement ensues, in which, instead of succeeding in his aim, he receives from Clifford a deep gash on the left side of the face. Well, what follows? our readers will be ready to ask. We cannot tell; for with the deep gash the story closes. The termination, it must be confessed, is rather abrupt, and not very dignified; but it has at least the merit of originality. We are acquainted with no other work of fancy in which all the cares and anxieties of the adverse parties have been brought to their conclusion with so little trouble to the author.

Such is the outline of *Mandeville*. It is not easy to see on what ground the author could expect that it should please; since there is no gradual succession of events to keep our curiosity in suspense; and the malignant passions of *Mandeville* repel, rather than attract, our sympathy. Mr. Godwin will perhaps say, that, to relish his work, we must not peruse it with the views with which we read the frivolous productions of the *Minerva* press; for his object is not merely to amuse, but, by the development of the course of human affections, to communicate valuable instruction. We reply, that a novel which does not amuse is a bad novel, whatever metaphysical merits it may possess; because amusement is its primary purpose: and, secondly, that no useful knowledge with respect to the formation of character can be derived from such a work as *Mandeville*. To illustrate the progress of the dispositions and sentiments of human nature, a work should combine two requisites. First, the circumstances supposed to operate should be of probable occurrence: for if they are of a contrary cast, the writer, having no aid from observation, must delineate from preconceived hypothesis, and will therefore be in danger of exhibiting unfaithful pictures. Even supposing that he is fortunate enough not to deviate from truth, of what use is it to show how man may be affected by circumstances in which he is never placed? Secondly, the dispositions which are formed ought to be such as we recognize in the world around us. Moral pictures which are like nothing existing are of no value: they impart no instruction, no delight, to the

reader. Now Mr. Godwin's work possesses neither of these two requisites; Mandeville is quite a monster, and his deformities are produced by the most improbable circumstances. We do not inquire whether the operation assigned to these circumstances is what might fairly be expected from them, because such an examination would lead us into a field of very vague controversy. We shall only remark in general, that the means which Mr. Godwin employs are often not well fitted to produce the intended effect. Henrietta, for example, wishes to persuade her brother to renounce his abhorrence of Clifford. Let us listen to the persuasions which Mr. Godwin—a politician, a philosopher, and an historian,—puts into her mouth :

“ ‘ And why should not he be loved too ? ’ said Henrietta. ‘ Nature is love. See how the bending branches kiss the stream ! Each portion of nature nourishes its neighbour portion ; and hence are derived health and vigour and harmony to all. See how the fawns upon yonder hill sport, and frisk, and gambol, with each other ! They have no reason to teach them this ; but they derive from surer instinct the principle of mutual gaiety and love. And shall man, the lord of the creation, be less tender to his brother ? ’ ” (Vol. ii. p. 161.)

We recollect but one argument which deserves to be placed by the side of this ; we mean Anacreon's argument for drinking. “ The moon,” says the Teian bard, “ drinks the sun ; the sun drinks the sea ; the sea drinks the earth ; all nature is ever drinking : why should not I too get drunk ? ” Unfortunately, however, what charms in the playful gaiety of Anacreon's verse is somewhat ridiculous in the sober reasoning of Mr. Godwin's prose. At other times Henrietta draws her arguments from topics less frivolous, but more pernicious. “ Consider,” says she, “ wishing to prove that Clifford is no fit object of hatred, ‘ that man is but a machine ! he is just what his nature and his circumstances have made him. He obeys the necessities which he cannot resist. If he is corrupt, it is because he has been corrupted ; if he is unamiable, it is because he has been ‘ mocked, and spitefully entreated, and spit upon. ’ ” (Vol. ii. p. 143.) We do not mean to condescend to reason against such very wicked absurdities : it is sufficient that we warn our readers that the book contains much nonsense, and nonsense of a very mischievous kind.

Besides the want of an interesting story, there are two faults in this performance which render it tedious. In the first place, it consists of an endless repetition of the feelings and sentiments of one disgusting individual. It is not what Mandeville does, but how Mandeville feels, that is in every successive page obtruded upon us. Were these feelings expressed with the utmost vivacity of truth and nature, the sameness would tire ; what, then, must be the effect when they are coldly described ? The description of passion

must always be dull, because it must always be indefinite. Passion ought to be transfused into the heart of the reader; not painted to his imagination. What pleasure, then, can there be in reading paragraph after paragraph filled with wordy delineations of hateful, disproportioned emotions, which make no impression upon our sensibility, and leave no clear conceptions on the understanding? Secondly, Mr. Godwin is every where prone to the most extravagant exaggeration. Mandeville's uncle is sunk in apathy: this apathy does not merely cut him off from the active pursuits of life; it is so extreme, that even the utterance or the hearing of a few words exceeds his strength. Mandeville must be brought up amid melancholy scenery, because such an aspect of external nature is, according to Mr. Godwin's notions, favourable to the character with which his hero is to be invested. It is not, however, a gloominess of a common kind that will satisfy him. The mansion is lonely and ruinous: it is surrounded almost completely by the sea: no sound is heard within it but the murmuring of the waves; without, a wild heath expands before the eye; no village, no church, scarcely a single hut, is within sight. Surely we have now desolation sufficient for all reasonable purposes. Not so: Mr. Godwin must add a finishing circumstance: "For a great part of the year we were involved in thick fogs and mists, to such a degree as often to render the use of candles necessary even at noon-day." (Vol. i. p. 50.) We wish the topography had been given with sufficient exactness to enable us to find out this place in England, where for a great part of the year it is so often necessary to use candles at noon-day. We shall give only one instance more of absurd exaggeration: at Oxford Mandeville contracts an intimacy with a young man named Lisle, of a temper somewhat congenial with his own misanthropical dispositions. Let us hear how the amiable pair spend their evenings:

"Sometimes we would sit silent together for hours, like what I have heard of a Quaker's meeting; and then, suddenly seized with that passion for change which is never utterly extinguished in the human mind, would cry out as by mutual impulse, 'Come, now let us curse a little!' In the art of cursing we were certainly no ordinary proficient; and if an indifferent person could have heard us, he would probably have been considerably struck, with the solemnity, the fervour, the eloquence, the richness of style and imagination, with which we discharged the function. The fulminations of Lisle were directed against Cromwell, his assistants and abettors, against Bradshaw and the regicides, and against the whole body of the Republican and king-killing party. The favourite object of my comminations were the Pope, and the cardinals, and the Jesuits, and all those who, from the twelfth century downwards, had devoted the reformers, and the preachers of the pure religion of Christ, to massacre and the flames. My companion recited, with all

the sacred emotions of revenge, the massacre of Sir Charles Lucas and Sir George Lisle; while I, with equal agitation of feature and limb, commemorated the last fatal day of my father and my mother, and swore to avenge their catastrophe upon every the humblest adherent of the Catholic religion that should ever fall within the sphere of my power. While we were thus engaged, we seemed to ourselves to be discharging an indispensable duty; and our eyes sparkled, and our hearts attained a higher degree of complacency, in proportion as we thus proceeded, to 'unpack our hearts with curses.' Lisle, however, I must with contrition confess, was much my superior on these occasions: not in feeling; but he was blessed in a surprising degree with copiousness of speech, in which faculty I was deficient. So that we were something like Queen Margaret, and the mother of the two young princes, in the play of Richard the Third: when the first had poured forth her astonishing and heart-withering execrations, the other could only say,

Though far more cause, yet much less speech to curse,
Abides in me: I say Amen to her.

In this respect, however, the comparison failed. If the torrent of his curses was louder and more foaming, mine certainly did not come behind them in bitterness." (Vol. ii. p. 68—71.)

A comical picture this of misanthropy! Two young men sit together in silence for hours: on a sudden the one says to the other, "Come, let us curse a little:" and forthwith the game of cursing begins right merrily.

We have still another ground of dissatisfaction with this work. Mandeville is an historical novel. The intermixture of fictitious persons and incidents with the actors and events of authentic history is at least a delicate if not a questionable mode of writing. Truth can never be a gainer by such an union, nor is it often that fiction can be made more attractive by it. It is accompanied with the disadvantage of tending to confound real and imaginary events in the mind of the reader, while the labour is imposed upon the author of carefully accommodating his inventions to the platform of fact on which he has chosen to build. Mr. Godwin, we think, has by no means succeeded in blending history with his tale. The time of the action is laid between the Irish insurrection, at the beginning of the civil war, and the restoration of Charles II. Several of the personages who were conspicuous during this period are speakers (we do not say actors) in the novel; and narratives of some real transactions are introduced into it. But the historical part and the fictitious have no close connection with each other: the tale does not illustrate the manners of the age, nor are the events of the age intimately interwoven with the substance of the tale. The consequence is, that the historical passages appear as awkward appendages to the performance, rather than as constituent parts of it. The first

forty pages, for example, are occupied with a description of the state of Ireland in 1640, which has nothing to do with any of the subsequent pages of the book. But Mandeville, who was then an infant, lost his parents in the Irish massacre: therefore the imagination of the reader is to be filled, at the opening of the book, with scenes and characters which do not appear before him again. Were the whole of this expunged, the story would lose nothing, though the book would be deprived of its best-written chapter.

Not only is the historical part of Mandeville deficient in connexion with the fabulous incidents; it is likewise too often deficient in accuracy. "Strafford," says Mr. Godwin, "was put to death by the highest court of judicature." This is not true. Strafford was tried before the highest court of judicature; but after a trial of (we think) eighteen days, his accusers despaired of being able to convict him. A bill of attainder, therefore, was introduced by the Commons, passed by the Peers, and afterwards received the royal assent. It was upon this bill Strafford was put to death. The evidence against him was such, that no court of judicature could have pronounced that nobleman guilty. We confess it does not surprise us that an author, who errs in so notorious a transaction, should say of the government of Charles I. "that the English had long despised the naked and unvarnished despotism that had been attempted over them." Whatever difference of opinion may be entertained as to the proceedings of that unfortunate prince, no man who understands the meaning of words, and has any acquaintance with the transactions that led to the civil war, could dream of describing Charles's government, even in its worst aspect, as "a naked and unvarnished despotism." The allusions to the customs and institutions of the period are fortunately few in number: we say fortunately, for the few that do occur are not very remarkable for their accuracy. "Have you never heard that the king is always consulted upon it (the marriage of an heir), and that, if you were left without a father, he would be your guardian, and could give you in marriage to whomsoever he pleased, without your having the smallest voice in the matter?" (Vol. i. p. 66.) The king never had this prerogative: the ward could always refuse the match, which the guardian by chivalry, whether king or not, proposed to him: the only penalty of the refusal was, that it entitled the guardian to the single value of the marriage. The latter part of the story turns upon the appointment, in the uncle's will, of an attorney to be guardian of Mandeville and his sister: such an appointment was impossible at that time; for it was not till after the restoration that a guardian could be appointed by will, except in the case of girls under sixteen years of age; and, even at the present moment, the nomination by an uncle would be nugatory; for the

statute gives the power to none but the father. At the very end of the book, all the different parties are brought to London by an attempt of some of Henrietta's friends to deprive the attorney of his situation by a suit in Chancery. Mr. Godwin is here perfectly consistent. He annuls, by impossible means, the power of a guardian, whom he had appointed by means equally impossible. Though Chancery has now jurisdiction over infants, it could have no such jurisdiction till the fruits of the feudal tenures were abolished in the reign of Charles II.; and a very learned lawyer, Mr. Hargrave, is of opinion, that it was not till long after that event that the Chancellor acquired this branch of authority. We can scarcely expect that the sentiments of a past age can be well delineated by a writer who is so very liberal in transferring to it the institutions of the present day. Some of his notions we cannot understand by a reference to either the old or the new state of things. Mandeville's grandfather, for instance, wishing to deprive his eldest son of the estates which were intailed upon him, endeavours to procure the concurrence of the younger son; but the refusal of this concurrence baffles the old man's purpose. Now, how the concurrence of the younger son could enable the possessor of the property to destroy an entail, by which the estates were to go to the eldest son, is to us an unfathomable mystery.

A still heavier charge against this novel is, that there are parts of it which betray the want, not merely of correct taste, but of proper moral feeling. We allude to the strange use which is made in it of the language of Scripture. The words of the inspired writers are applied without scruple to topics with which a well regulated mind would never think of connecting them. It is in this consecrated language that the emotions of Clifford at his first meeting with Henrietta are described. To express the confidence which Mandeville reposed in his sister, the words of Moses and the Psalmist are employed. When he imparts to her his wrath at hearing of her intended union with Clifford, no terms will serve but such as are borrowed from the sacred penman: even where the very words of Scripture are not quoted, we are often offended by irreverent allusions to the most awful subjects. "I never mentioned Clifford: his name was to me like the incommunicable name of Jehovah to the Jews, which they never pronounced, but substituted in its room that of Adonai, the Lord." (Vol. ii. p. 76.) "Clifford was the great luminary of the sphere in which I lived. Every one admired him; every one hung upon his accents. He bewitched all that knew him by the nobleness and gallantry of his spirit. He charmed, without a purpose to charm; the walk of his soul was free, and unconstrained, and graceful; his best impulses expressed themselves with such tranquillity, and so without an effort, that you

wondered in what their happiness consisted. It is like what we hear described of the benignity of the Deity, that diffuses life and enjoyment every where, and produces the astonishing miracles that even the very angels desire to look into and understand, in perfect repose, and is as one in doing every thing that does nothing." (Vol. i. p. 303.) What a rage for comparisons must the man have, who can compare to the Author and Ruler of nature, a being formed out of the dust—a being who even "in honour hath no understanding, but is compared unto the beasts that perish." We cannot be sure that Mr. Godwin had any improper purposes in such quotations and allusions. But both the allusions and the quotations are offensive in the extreme.

The style is very elaborate; and though it might pass without much blame in a work recommended by its matter, does not possess sufficient merit to compensate for the absence of other excellences in the work. It is deformed by affectation. "Not one disobedient muscle shall express the feelings I *underpass*." There is without doubt no reason why *underpass* should not be a word as well as *undergo*; but *underpass*, if English at all, is at least very uncommon English, and has no claim to be preferred to the word in general use. Mr. Godwin seems to have a particular fancy for enriching our language by forming our nouns into adjectives and verbs. He talks of the "unpassiveness with which hell *dowers* her votaries,"—of "the *talented* pupils of Winchester School,"—of Richard III. as "by his birth *neighboured* to a throne." We cannot discover in these barbarisms any pre-eminence over the common forms of expression for which they are substituted. We know they may be defended by the example of Lord Byron, who scruples not to sing of "space *bosoming* a star," and of "a brow wherein is *glassed* serenity of soul." But such innovations, as they are neither graceful nor necessary, will require a higher authority to justify them than that of Lord Byron.

Mr. Godwin's style is likewise distinguished by the number and quality of the metaphors which sparkle in it. We shall adduce a few examples to show, that in this respect it has a richness and splendour peculiar to itself. To illustrate a remark on the human mind, he adds, "The colours under which things are seen by us are not in the things themselves, but derive their brightness or their deadness from the eye of him that looks upon them." (Vol. ii. p. 144.) This is a new discovery in optics,—that colours derive their brightness from the eye of the spectator. "A friend is like time, the master of us all, or like boundless space:" (P. 117.) a very pretty riddle for the amusement of boarding schools! How is a friend like time or space? Few of our readers would find it out; let them, therefore, hear Mr. Godwin: "he removes us to a distance from the object which we see falsely and distorted, only

because we are too near it." Many will not understand this; those who do will at the same time see that the comparison is in itself absurd, and proceeds upon a supposition which is not true. In another passage a woman is mentioned, "whose every word was a spark detached from the storehouse of wisdom,"—where sparks and storehouses are brought nearer to one another than prudence could justify. "It was the torment of the reflex act of the soul eating into itself, that furnished the spark that lighted up my flame." This style of composition, has, we believe, two names: some call it fine writing, and some call it nonsense.

We scarcely deem it necessary to apologize to our readers for the length of our remarks upon this performance. If novels were in themselves contemptible exertions of genius, which they are not, they would still derive importance from their extensive circulation. Besides, Mr. Godwin is an author of no inconsiderable reputation; he has still a train of admirers; whatever production issues from his pen will be read by many, and therefore ought not to be lightly passed over in a literary journal.

ART. VI.—*Illustrations (chiefly Geographical) of the Expedition of Cyrus, from Sardis to Babylonia; and the Retreat of the Ten Thousand Greeks from thence to Trebisonde and Lydia. With an Appendix, containing an Enquiry into the best Method of Improving the Geography of the Anabasis, &c. explained by Maps.* By James Rennel, F. R. S. L. & E., &c. &c. 4to. G. and W. Nicol. London, 1816.

THE great merit of Major Rennel's work on the geography of Herodotus is universally acknowledged. Many of our readers will recollect the flattering eulogy which Gibbon pronounces on D'Anville, as the guide who had conducted him over continents without ever leading him astray. Yet the geographer thus panegyriized by one so well qualified to judge, has been detected by Rennel in errors neither few nor inconsiderable. The accuracy with which particular positions are assigned in the "Geographical System of Herodotus" constitutes but a secondary part of its merits; for many of the disquisitions which it contains may claim, not merely the praise due to minute correctness of investigation, but the higher honours which original and extensive views are alone entitled to demand. The comparison of the notions of antiquity concerning Scythia, with the actual limits of the regions to which that appellation was given;—the account of the different levels of Asia;—the proofs that the apex of the Delta has

been gradually descending to a lower point of the Nile, and the explanation of the causes of that change;—the details respecting the canals which, at different times, were conducted from the Nile to the Red Sea;—the inquiry into the extent of Hanno's voyage along the western coast of Africa; into the supposed circumnavigation of that continent by the ancients in ships, which, setting out from the Red Sea, returned by the Mediterranean, and the assistance or hindrance which such an attempt would meet with from the winds and currents of the Indian and Atlantic oceans:—all these discussions are conducted in so masterly a manner, as to awaken in the reader an interest which no other geographical work excites, and to give the book, where they are to be found, a claim to the frequent and attentive perusal of all who take, or pretend to take, any delight in ancient literature.

If the work which Major Rennel has now given to the public is not equally interesting with his former production, the difference is to be ascribed to the dissimilarity of their respective subjects. He is now confined to a comparatively narrow track. As he must follow the motions of an army, much of his labour is occupied in ascertaining particular positions. The greater sameness and minuteness of his theme, therefore, can scarcely fail to render his reasonings more fatiguing, while his conclusions have less to gratify the imagination, than when he was wandering with the Father of History over every region of the globe that was known to ancient Greece. Yet the talents, which we admire in the illustrations of the Geography of Herodotus, may be plainly traced in the Illustrations of the Expedition and Retreat of the Ten Thousand. We here behold the same extensive learning collecting materials from quarters widely remote; the same minute observation discovering circumstances of importance where a common eye sees only common things; the same comprehensive ingenuity employed in bringing facts apparently insulated into comparisons from which valuable truth is ultimately elicited. A still rarer excellence, of which this writer may boast, is his freedom from that undue influence which the authority of preceding geographers sometimes possesses. Ancient maps exhibit to us a vast variety of places, the sites of which appear to be accurately determined, though in fact they are frequently assigned upon very vague conjecture. There is nothing to enable us to distinguish between positions that are ascertained, and positions that are only guessed at: we believe that to be fixed beyond dispute which is in truth altogether undetermined; and are ready to point out the exact situation of places, without stopping to weigh the evidence on which their designation depends. It is not within our department to go through the long series of un-

authorized positions which have been transmitted without examination, from each race of geographers to their successors. We are happy to say, however, that no such unsifting credulity can be alleged against Major Rennel. Ever on the alert to seek, to find, and to scrutinize proofs, he takes no site for granted. The data upon which he proceeds, in fixing each position, are given: and if these are not always completely satisfactory, they at least afford approximations to the truth for the present, and means of correction for the future. Other geographers have written to illustrate their maps: Rennel constructs his maps to illustrate his memoirs. Had he wrought only upon old materials, we have no doubt but that he would have corrected many current mistakes: but to increase the value of his work, the superiority of his talents has fortunately been aided by much practical and recent information derived from Niebuhr, Sullivan, M. De Beauchamp, and Captain Beaufort.

From the nature of a work of this kind, it is not easy to give such an abstract of it as will enable a reader to estimate its merit: but as the price of the work may probably render it difficult of access to many who would take an interest in the results of the disquisitions which it contains, we shall briefly follow the writer over the principal positions through which he traces the march of the Greeks.

Cyrus, setting out from Sardis, and crossing the ridge of Messogis, and the Mæander, passed by Colossæ to Celæne; from which, after a delay of thirty days, he proceeded in four marches to the forum of the Ceramians. Pococke has placed Celæne at the present Ashkly or Ishakli; a position to which Rennel objects on very satisfactory grounds. For Ashkly by no means agrees with the geographical authorities by which the site of Celæne must be determined: and in particular, Celæne stood on one of the heads of the Mæander, from all of which Ashkly is at a considerable distance. By Rennel, Celæne is placed twenty miles to the N. E. of Ashkly, at Sandukly, where ruins are known to exist, though they have not hitherto been described by any European traveller. The forum of the Ceramians he supposes to be Cutahiah, the Cotyæum of the Romans, nearly due north from Celæne. Now in this part of the route two difficulties occur, which we should have been glad to have seen removed. First, why did not Cyrus take the direct road to Celæne, keeping to the north of Messogis? The passage of that mountainous ridge seems to our ignorance to be an unnecessary deviation from the line of his march. Secondly, the forum of the Ceramians is at a greater distance from Iconium (through which the army is afterwards to pass) than Celæne. To what purpose then were the four marches from Celæne to the forum

of the Ceramians? Major Rennel supposes that they were made for the sake of collecting provisions. But the explanation is far from being satisfactory. No hint is given by the historian of any departure from the straight road with such an intent. We have no reason to believe that the track, into which they deviated, abounded more in the necessities of life than the direct route from Celænæ to Iconium. Stores might have been, and probably were collected, before the expedition set out. Or, if this important care had been overlooked, in a friendly and populous district, the deficiency could easily have been supplied without circuitous movements on the part of the troops. These two detours, therefore, which Cyrus makes in the beginning of his march, remain to be accounted for.

From the forum of the Ceramians, Cyrus advanced by the plain of Caystrus, Thymbrium, and Tyriæum, to Iconium, and thence to the Cilician pass. From Tyriæum to Iconium is said by Xenophon to be twenty parasangs; which, according to the scale adopted in the work before us, are equal to about forty-three geographical miles of direct measurement. But Major Rennel asserts that the distance is overrated; and endeavours to support his assertion by a proof, which perhaps borders upon hypercritical ingenuity, though it displays the activity of the writer's mind in bringing remote collateral circumstances to bear upon the topic immediately before him. He shows that Laodicea was afterwards built at the distance of nine hours' travelling, or twenty geographical miles N. W. from Iconium: and according to the Theodosian tables, Philomelium was twenty geographical miles from Laodicea in the route to Synnada. Philomelium, therefore, lay forty geographical miles from Iconium, and in the very line of Cyrus's march. But Strabo, in tracing a route from Ephesus to the Euphrates at Tomisa, places Tyriarium (undoubtedly the same with Tyriæum) between Philomelium and Iconium; and as Philomelium was only forty geographical miles from Iconium, the distance between Tyriæum and Iconium must have been still less. We are not prepared to deny the inference: yet we are inclined to suspect that the conclusion is more peremptory than the premises warrant. May not Philomelium have been farther from Iconium than the strictness of Major Rennel's calculation allows? Is it quite clear that the route from the one of these towns to the other led through both Tyriæum and Laodicea? In reasonings which involve a multitude of circumstances, especially when applied to minute topographical disquisitions, and to the determination of very short distances, there must be so much vagueness, that we can never, without reluctance, admit them in opposition to the express authority of a writer like Xenophon.

The description of the physical geography of the country through which this part of Cyrus's march lay is given with considerable elegance of style, and with a precision which enables the fancy to form to itself a very distinct map of the districts that are mentioned.

"In order to understand the general nature of the tract into which Cyrus had now entered, contiguous to the northern side of the region of Mount Taurus, it is proper to state, that there are several parallel ridges, and some of these very lofty, connected with the greater chain of Taurus, on the side next to Phrygia and Cappadocia. These the ancients do not appear to have regarded as members of Taurus.

"The spaces included between these secondary ridges and the principal one, may be considered as elevated valleys; an intermediate step between the high level of Taurus, and the common level of the interior of Asia Minor. Some of them are of extent sufficient to form large provinces; and contain lakes salt as well as fresh, formed of the waters from the adjacent heights, but pent up by the inferior ridges.

"Beginning from the westward, the first of these valleys included the original country of Isauria, noted for the extreme roughness and strength of its natural defences, situated in the recesses of its surrounding barrier of mountains. A second valley, but of a nature perfectly accessible, contains the just mentioned country of Phrygia Parorias. It is beautiful and well watered; in position parallel to and adjacent to Isauria on the North, but a step lower in point of level. Here too the waters are all pent up by a ridge, which is the second from the main ridge of Taurus, Isauria lying between.

"The third valley, more extensive than either of the former, included the country of Lycaonia, more resembling Phrygia Parorias than Isauria, being composed generally of large plains, subject to inundations, although a part of its waters escaped northwards, to form the western branch of the Halys. A fourth valley, still going eastward, is that of Tyana, bordering on the Cilician Taurus, and containing the famous pass denominated occasionally from Tyana, but more commonly named the Pass of Cilicia, from the circumstance of the great military road leading through it into Cilicia.

"These are the valleys which form the series, through which the route of Cyrus lay: and immediately on the east of Tyana, but beyond the line of his route, commences the very famous, rich, and extensive valley of Cataonia, anciently celebrated for its containing the temple of Comana of Cappadocia, whose site is now recognized in Bostan."

To this accurate and (in spite of some verbal inelegancies) pleasing account of a region so often mentioned in the remains of classical antiquity, we wish that our limits would allow us to add the very interesting details into which our author enters with respect to the passes of Cilicia. The general result of his investigations is, that these passes are in number four. The first is that through which both Cyrus and Alexander are said

to have marched, and leads from Tyana over Mount Taurus into Cilicia. This defile is easily distinguished from that by which Menon escorted the Cilician Queen, and which is now called the Pass of Giulek: for going by Tyana, you enter Cilicia seventy-five miles north of Tarsus; by Giulek, twenty-five miles W. N. W. from Tarsus. At the former pass you are ascending Taurus; at the latter, you are descending, having travelled for twenty-five hours, immediately before you arrive at it, over rough and mountainous ridges. The narrow plain formed by the approach of Amanus to the sea, and closed, in Xenophon's time, by a double wall, constitutes the second pass. The ascent of the hills, which shut up this plain at a short distance towards the south, is the pass spoken of by Arrian. The third or lower pass was situated at the southern termination of Amanus: the fourth, or upper, commenced a little to the south of Issus, which has been removed by Rennel from the western side of the gulf, where D'Anville had placed it, to the site of the modern Oseler. Thence leading partly over and partly through Amanus, it opens into the valley through which the Pinarus flows. But for more full information respecting these defiles, so celebrated in ancient history, we must refer our readers to the work now before us.

From Issus Cyrus proceeds by Myriandus to the river Chalus, and thence to the fountains of the river Daradax: the next three marches bring him to Thapsacus, where he crosses the Euphrates, and after nine marches along its left bank, arrives at the place where it is joined by the Chaboras or Araxes. Now here a difficulty occurs. The whole series of marches agrees with the ground, but not the detail of them. For if Cyrus crossed the Euphrates three marches below the source of the Daradax or the present fountain of Fay, (and we know it to be fordable there) he crossed it at a point far above the situation of Thapsacus.—If on the other hand he forded it at Thapsacus, it is impossible to find space for the nine marches to the confluence of the Araxes and Euphrates. We must, therefore, suppose either that he did not cross at Thapsacus, or that Xenophon has transposed the distances from Daradax to Thapsacus, and from Thapsacus to the Araxes; making the former three marches instead of nine, and the latter nine instead of three. That the Greeks did not ford the river at Thapsacus, we can scarcely imagine; since Xenophon informs us that they spent five days in that city. We have, therefore, little hesitation in believing that the order of the marches has been transposed.

Five marches from the Araxes through a flat desert, and thirteen through a hilly desert, which, according to the account

of modern travellers, appears to terminate about twenty geographical miles below Hit, brought the army to Pylæ. Here some difficulty occurs as to the position of Carmande, which in Larcher's opinion was opposite to Pylæ. But Larcher's translation, which describes Carmande as being "*vis à vis du lieu desert ou campoient les troupes,*" is altogether unjustifiable. Xenophon says merely that they saw Carmande "*κατα τους ἐρημους ῥαβμους* in the marches through the desert country." Such a phrase cannot mean "at the end of the marches through the desert country;" and therefore Major Rennel probably does not err much when he places Carmande in the neighbourhood of Hit. Whether he be right in supposing the treason of Orontes to have been discovered between Carmande and Pylæ, is more doubtful. There are several reasons which incline us to believe that this event was subsequent to the arrival of the army at Pylæ. First, the cavalry, whom Orontes proposed to pursue, had been burning the forage and destroying whatever else was useful; a circumstance which does not accord well with the desert nature of the country above Pylæ. Secondly, the thirteen marches immediately before the arrival of the army at Pylæ are at the rate of nearly seven parasangs per day: but this rate, which exceeds the usual length of a day's march by four or five miles, must become still greater, if we suppose the treachery of Orontes, and the delay necessarily occasioned by it, to have occurred during one of them. Thirdly, Xenophon gives ninety-three as the aggregate number of the marches from Ephesus to the field of battle: but in the detail, counting from Sardis, which is twenty-one parasangs from Ephesus, we reckon only eighty-six marches. There must, therefore, be a deficiency of at least three marches in some part or other of the narrative: and there is no portion of it, to which this deficiency can be referred with so much plausibility, as to the account of their marches from Pylæ.

After the arrival of the army at Pylæ, Xenophon mentions six marches through the plain of Babylon, at the end of which they encountered the troops of the Persian monarch. From the detail of these marches, Major Rennel places the field of Cunaxa a little way below Feluja, the present port of Bagdad, about forty-five geographical miles from the ancient Babylon. After the battle the Greeks retreated to their camp, from which they made two marches in a northerly direction, inclining somewhat to the east, the first of six parasangs, and the second, probably much shorter, as it was only to some villages, where they wished to be supplied with provisions. From the villages proceeding now in a south-easterly course, they reached the wall of Media in three marches; and on the fifth, arrive at Sittace. Thus the

position of Sittace is determined. But from Sittace the Greeks made four marches to Opis near the river Phycus; and eleven more to the greater Zab. Sittace therefore must be fifteen marches from the confluence of the greater Zab with the Tigris: fifteen marches are equal to 159 geographical miles, which, measured in a direct line, will place Sittace about eleven miles below Bagdad, nearly opposite to the embouchure of the greater Deallah. This situation does not differ by two miles from that which would be assigned by a calculation of the marches from the field of Cunaxa. So close a coincidence between the results obtained by two independent processes is a very satisfactory proof of the truth of the author's conclusions.

In this part of his work, Major Rennel has certainly done more than all who have gone before him, to illustrate the narrative of Xenophon. Though he had no materials to assist him, but such as had long been in the hands of every body, and had been carefully sifted by D'Anville and Vincent, yet he has found clearness and truth where his two great predecessors entangled themselves in a maze of perplexity. We do not know that we have any better means of exhibiting the originality and importance of Rennel's disquisitions, than by comparing them with what Vincent, following D'Anville, conceives to have been the route of the Greek army from the field of battle to Sittace. Cunaxa he places near Hit, not less than seventy geographical miles from its true site. He supposes that on the day after the battle, they proceeded along the Euphrates down towards Babylon, though the curvature of the river made their course northerly. On the second, third, fourth, and fifth days, they still kept close to the river, till they reached the Median wall. Having passed it, they now left the Euphrates in their rear, and in two days marched straight across the Isthmus to Sittace, which is placed upon the site of the ruins of Old Bagdad. What a multitude of blunders are accumulated in this short series of geographical arrangements. Neither Cunaxa nor Sittace can occupy the positions assigned to them: there is no such curvature in the Euphrates, as that which is supposed to have compelled the Greeks to make one march northward: it is not likely that the Greeks should have been deterred from leaving the river by the fear of being unable to obtain a supply of water, since they were in a district intersected by numerous canals: and it is quite inconceivable that they should ever have thought of retreating, by proceeding down the Euphrates towards Babylon. Yet, blind to all the incoherencies of his scheme, Vincent maintains, that the possibility of any mistake in the positions assigned by D'Anville can be founded only upon an assertion of Xenophon, that the field of battle was above three hundred miles

from Babylon. D'Anville, however, has erred grossly, and at the same time Xenophon's assertion is far remote from the truth. Dr. Vincent obviously suspected its accuracy, "because Xenophon did not march the whole extent:" but that he should only have suspected, is wonderful; for a very slight acquaintance with the actual geography of Mesopotamia might have taught him that, even if Cunaxa were near the modern Hit, it could not be more than ninety-five or ninety-six geographical miles of direct measurement from Babylon.

The difficulty, by which Rennel seems to have been most perplexed in this part of his subject, regards the position of Opis. Assuming Sittace and the conflux of the greater Zab with the Tigris as fixed points, the site of Opis should of course be known: but Opis is positively said to have been near the Physcus: and Rennel finds no river recognized in modern geography as flowing in the neighbourhood of the site thus determined. If, however, he had consulted Tavernier, his difficulty would have vanished. For that traveller, in sailing down the Tigris, from Mosul to Bagdad, passed by the mouths of three rivers. The first and second are beyond doubt the greater and lesser Zab: the third, which he calls the Odoine, is probably the Physcus of the Greeks. Tavernier passed its embouchure on the twenty-third of February, and arrived at Bagdad on the morning of the twenty-fifth: on the intervening day some delay was occasioned by the removal of much merchandise from the boat, for the purpose of being privately introduced into Bagdad, without the payment of the customary imposts. Making allowance for this, and comparing the interval that elapsed from his passing the mouth of the Odoine to his arrival at Bagdad, with the distances given by Xenophon, we shall find the agreement between them to be very satisfactory. According to the Greek historian, Opis was twenty parasangs, or about forty-two geographical miles of direct measurement from Sittace; consequently, about thirty-one from Bagdad. This distance is nearly what we should suppose to be the voyage of a day and a half to Tavernier's party; forming our estimate upon the rate of their progress from Mosul to the lesser Zab, and deducting a few hours for the partial interruption of their course on the twenty-fourth. To prove that there really is a river on the position assigned by Xenophon to the Physcus, Dr. Vincent has also quoted Ives, who, at about three days' journey from Bagdad, crossed a stream called Chiba Harpsie, which according to him falls into the Tigris, but which, if we believe Niebuhr, joins the Deallah. The authority of so accurate an observer as Niebuhr may lead many to suspect that Ives, who travelled at some distance from the Tigris, may have been mistaken. But with which ever of the two the error rests,

It is of little consequence, for Tavernier could be under no misapprehension with respect to the Odoine: and the Odoine is precisely where we would have looked for the Phycus.

At the greater Zab the condition of the Greeks assumed a new aspect; for it was there that their leaders were treacherously murdered, and that they beheld themselves at a vast distance from any friendly district, surrounded by numerous enemies, and bereft of those in whom they had been accustomed to confide. From the Zab they made fifteen marches to a point, about eleven miles above Jezirah ebn Omar, where the Carduchian mountains, closing upon the river, rendered it impossible for them to proceed farther along its banks. Their great object was to cross the Tigris, but they do not seem to have been aware that it was fordable at a short distance above the site of the ancient Nineveh. The ground passed over in this part of their route, has been very minutely described by some modern travellers, whose topographical observations have enabled our geographer to assign the position of some of the places referred to by Xenophon, with more precision than had been done previously.

From the point where they left the Tigris behind them, the Greeks proceeded through the country of the Carduchians, by a valley which traverses that region, in a north-easterly direction, to the Centrites, which is proved to be the river of Bedlis. The ascent into this rugged tract was the business of nearly a whole day; the descent from it into Armenia did not exceed six or seven stadia: the inference is obvious, that Armenia must be on a much higher level than Mesopotamia. According to Xenophon, the army was employed seven days in marching through the territory of the Carduchians: but Major Rennel supposes that they marched only five days, and halted the remaining two. His reason is, that from their last position on the Tigris to the Centrites is only twenty-eight geographical miles direct, which is by no means sufficient space for seven marches. But surely it is somewhat hazardous to apply common rules to the progress of troops through a region like that of the Carduchians: for, to say nothing of the time spent in fighting, what is six miles upon the map may be more than twelve upon the road, where there is a constant succession of mountains to climb and to descend.

From the Centrites, the Greeks made thirteen marches to the Euphrates. In this time, according to Diodorus, they passed through the country of the Chaoi. Now the Euphrates, rising a little to the west of Bayazid, and flowing for more than a hundred miles along a valley, formed by two parallel ridges of the mountains of Ala, is said by Niebuhr and the Arabian geographers, to enter afterwards the district of Khanoos or Kanis. Major Rennel, supposing the district of Khanoos to be the same

with the Chaoi of Diodorus, places the point where the ten thousand crossed the Euphrates a degree and a half westward of the position assigned by D'Anville and Larcher. The utmost that can be said in favour of this conjecture is, that, if there is little evidence for it, there is not much against it. The resemblance between the names is too slight a basis for any conclusion to rest upon: and the circumstance, that Niebuhr met with some villages in a position which may be supposed to agree with the situation of those in which the Greeks refreshed themselves, three marches before they reached the Euphrates, though deemed by Major Rennel a strong confirmation of his opinion, is too vague to be of any value. On the other hand, Xenophon positively asserts* that the sources of the river were at no great distance from the point where they crossed it. Can we suppose no great distance to mean more than a hundred and fifty miles? The historian specifies that the three marches, previous to their arrival at the Euphrates, were through a desert country. Major Rennel has not availed himself of this circumstance in determining their line of march, though it obviously may be of great use.

Upon the seventh march from the Euphrates, and when they were about thirty-six geographical miles east of Erzerum, they were deserted by a guide whom they had carried off from some village through which they had passed. After this desertion, seven other marches, of five parasangs each, brought them to the Phasis. The Phasis of Xenophon is undoubtedly the Araxes, which, in flowing through the district of Passin, might according to the custom of the East, derive from the region a local appellation distinct from its general name. But as the ground by no means affords room for these seven marches of five parasangs each, Major Rennel supposes the text in the original to have been corrupted. Perhaps the supposition is as unnecessary as it is arbitrary. The passage is as follows: “Μετα τουτο ἑπτα γαβμους επορευθησαν ἀνα πεντε παρασαγγας της ἡμερας, παρα τον φασιν ποταμον ἑνθς ὡς πλεθραιον.”† All the translators represent these marches as having been made to the Phasis. But why should we not believe that they were made *along* it? That *παρα τον φασιν* may mean “along the Phasis” is undeniable. In the *Anabasis*, page 309, we have *ἔκλειον ἡμερας δυο παρα την γη*—they sailed two days along the coast. And at page 317, “He marched—*παρα θαλατταν*—along the sea. The words of the narrative, therefore, admit of the interpretation, that the Greeks made these marches along the river; and a reason may easily be imagined for their having done so. Led into error by the name,

* *Ἐλόντες δὲ αὐτοὶ εἰς παραγὰς οὐ πρόσω ἱναί.*—*Anabasis*, Oxon. 1813. p. 205.

† *Anabasis*, Oxon. 1813, p. 216.

they probably conceived that they were upon the Colchian Phasis, and in their perplexity might think that by conforming their progress to its course, they would inevitably approach the shore of the Euxine; till, finding that it made no curvature towards the north, they were reluctantly convinced of their mistake.

Fifteen, or, according to Major Rennel, fourteen marches from the supposed Phasis, brought them to the Harpasus, which is the north-eastern branch of the Araxes: and in eight marches from it they arrived at Gymnias, which is described as a large and wealthy city. The position of Gymnias has been long involved in an obscurity, which our author has contributed to increase rather than to diminish. D'Anville placed it first on the northern head of the Euphrates, and afterwards on the Apsarus: but, according to Major Rennel, it stood on the Araxes, not far from the spot where the Greeks were deserted by their guide, and where a large village, named Comasour, or Kumakie now stands. His proofs are, 1. The similarity between the roots of the names Comasour and Gymnias. This argument, in spite of the gravity with which the Major writes, we cannot help suspecting to be a sly sarcasm on all reasoning derived from etymological resemblances. 2. The distance of Comasour from the Harpasus, and from Trebizond, accords well with the marches of the Greeks to and from Gymnias. For, from the nearest point of the Harpasus to Comasour is $91\frac{1}{2}$ geographical miles, which gives little more than the ordinary rate for the eight marches between the Harpasus and Gymnias: and from Comasour to Trebizond is 118 geographical miles, which though too much for the ten marches between Gymnias and Trebizond, enumerated by Xenophon, will not be too much if we convert ten into eleven, by substituting three instead of the two that were made from the Colchian mountains to Trebizond. Against any such supposition, however, we must strongly protest. It is supposing Xenophon to be incorrect in his statement of facts, merely that Major Rennel may be supposed right in his conjectures. Where the Greek historian not only asserts that there were but two marches from the Colchian mountains to Trebizond, but specifies the distance to be seven parasangs, on what pretence can we take for granted that he is mistaken both as to the time and as to the ground? Besides, there is another objection which is fatal to Major Rennel's opinion. Of these ten marches, the latter five amounted only to seventeen parasangs,* or thirty-six geographical miles of direct measurement. Eighty-two geographical miles will therefore remain for the first five marches, each of which will consequently exceed the usual rate by six geographical

* Anab. p. 229 and 235.

miles. This is an improbability too gross to be admitted, particularly as, during these five days, far from hastening onward with unusual rapidity, they were requested by their guide* to lay waste with fire and sword part of the country through which they passed. Major Rennel indeed suggests, that, having once beheld the sea, they might be urged by their eagerness to exceed their usual rate of progress. But, unfortunately for our author, at the time to which this acceleration of rate must be referred, they had not been within sight of the sea; and as to the marches after their first glimpse of the Euxine, these are not at the disposal of our imagination, since their length is determined by Xenophon. Comasour therefore cannot be the Gymnias of antiquity. Nor ought it to be forgotten, that according to Major Rennel, the Greeks in their course from the Harpasus must have nearly retraced their journeys towards it. That the line of their route was not very direct, we willingly admit: but there is nothing in the language of the historian which implies that, when they reached the Harpasus, they turned back upon their steps: on the contrary, the tenour of the narrative, would incline us to believe, that they proceeded steadily onwards. At all events, we cannot persuade ourselves that they ever made any considerable movement towards the south. They might deviate towards the east or the west of the direction which they ought to have followed: but they could not set their faces southward, without being aware that they turned their backs upon the Euxine, and upon the port which they desired to reach. As to the position of Gymnias, we have only further to remark, that we cannot imagine why both D'Anville and Rennel should have thought proper to place it on some large river, whether on the Euphrates, or on the Apsarus, or on the Araxes. Xenophon says nothing of its vicinity to a river: and his silence on such a point is a satisfactory, though a negative proof, that it did not stand on any considerable stream.

On the fifth day from their departure from Gymnias, the Greeks had a view of the Euxine from the summit of the holy mountain of Theche. The three following marches were through the Macrones; and the two next brought them to the friendly city of Trebizond. The place where they entered the country of the Macrones is marked by some very peculiar features, which, had they received from our geographer the attention which they merit, might have enabled him to fix a very important position in the route. On the day after their arrival at Mount Theche, they came to a river which separated the Macrones from the Scythim. The ground on their right was of a very rugged character; and on their left was a river, which received the stream that they

* Anab. p. 227,

were about to cross.* A position so remarkable might, we should think, be easily ascertained, especially as it cannot be more than thirty or forty geographical miles from Trebizond. If it were ascertained, much light would be thrown on the route of the Greeks through Armenia, and particularly on the course which they pursued from the Harpasus: for the Scythini, who occur here as the neighbours of the Macrones, are also mentioned as inhabiting part of the track between† the Harpasus and Gymnias.

Upon the whole, it is too evident, that from the time when the Greeks ascended the mountains of the Carduchians to their entrance into Trebizond, we are unable to trace their course with any accuracy. Where they crossed the Euphrates,—where they first reached the Araxes,—where they fell in with the Harpasus,—where Gymnias stood,—where Theche reared, and still rears its head above the neighbouring mountains,—are points involved in perplexing darkness. Of this much, however, we are certain, that their course must have been extremely circuitous; for they required no less than sixty seven (the Major says only sixty six) marches, to traverse a tract, for which thirty days would have been a liberal allowance; since it is not more than three hundred British miles of direct measurement, and is certainly not under-rated when taken at four hundred miles of road distance. Where they began to wander, and in what direction, it is difficult to say; though there is a strong presumption that they deviated too much towards the east. For this deviation, Major Rennel has, in his *Geography of Herodotus*, assigned a reason, which we have often admired as a beautiful instance of the application of modern knowledge to explain difficulties in ancient history. In the work above alluded to, the author has proved that the ancients extended the Euxine so far to the east, that Eratosthenes placed the mouth of the Phasis eastward of the meridian of Babylon; thus committing a mistake of about $3^{\circ} 15'$. With such a scheme of geography, a person unacquainted with the country, and left to his own guidance, would, in proceeding from the Tigris to Trebizond, inevitably incline too much towards the east. The practical effect of this error in longitude would be augmented by the influence of another error which prevailed concerning latitude. Asia Minor was supposed to be much narrower than it really is. Its breadth, where it is least, is 4° : but Herodotus believed that a man might travel across it in five days; Pliny made it too narrow by a hundred Roman miles; and even D'Anville erred on the same side to the amount of a degree.

* Anab. p. 229.

† Ibid. p. 226.

Trebizond therefore, which lay north-west from Jezirah, might easily be supposed to lie north, or even north east.

After a delay of thirty days, setting out from Trebizond, they arrive on the third day at Cerasus: then making eight marches through the Mosynœcians, they come to the Chalybians, and finally to Cotyora. Now, according to our author, Cotyora is not more than eight or nine ordinary marches from Trebizond: "yet here," says he, page 257, "are eleven marches given besides the space whose length is not recorded." Instead of eleven, he should have said thirteen; for immediately before they arrived at Cotyora,* they made two marches through the country of the Tibarenians. The only space therefore, "whose length is not recorded," is the district of the Chalybes, which could not be of great extent, as the historian remarks upon that tribe, "that they were few in number, and subject to the Mosynœcians." Another difficulty regards the situation of Cerasus, which should have been placed at the distance, not of three, but of six marches from Trebizond. To remove these apparent incongruities, Major Rennel supposes that the first halt was made at Coryla; that Cerasus stood in the region of the friendly Mosynœcians: and that the eight marches through the Mosynœcians include the whole time during which they remained among that tribe. This hypothesis, however, cannot be admitted; because it seems impossible that the Cerasus of Xenophon should have been in the district to which our author would ascribe it. Xenophon positively places it in the Colchian territory: and, besides, the army remained at Cerasus for ten days: how are these ten days to be included in the eight, during which they were among the Mosynœcians? In support of his doctrine, Major Rennel adduces two arguments, but both of them, when examined, are altogether inconclusive. First, he argues that Cerasus could not have been to the east of the Mosynœcian territory, because the Greeks are mentioned as going occasionally from Cotyora to Cerasus. This, we reply, is a mistake; for there is no passage in the narrative which either expresses or implies any such circumstance. His second argument is contained in the following words. "Xenophon speaks of towns upon the mountains belonging to the barbarians who were in alliance with the people of Cerasus, and with which the people of the camp had a friendly communication. These towns, therefore, we conclude, belonged to the friendly Mosynœcians: for the mountaineers at three marches from Trebizond were the Drilians, with whom the Greeks had waged actual war, while at Trebizond." But the Drilians were not three marches

* *Anabasis*, p. 266. Major Rennel was here deceived by Spelman, who has mis-translated the passage.

from Trebizond: for the narrative implies* that the Greeks reached their principal town, and burned it in one day, and returned to Trebizond on the next. Neither did they lie in the direction of the coast, but more inland; for the district is called ἡ ἀνω χώρα which signifies the inland country,† and the return of the Greeks is denominated καταβασίς εἰς Τραπεζούντα.

From Cotyora, the army sailed to Harmene, the port of Sinope, and thence to Heraclea. Here Xenophon is blamed for placing the Jasonian promontory, and the mouths of the Thermodon, Halys, and Parthenius between Sinope and Heraclea, whereas all but the latter lie between Cotyora and Sinope. But the expression in the original, † “Καὶ παραπλεόντες θεωροῦν τὴν τ’ Ἰασονίαν ἀκτὴν, &c., and while sailing along the coast, they beheld the Jasonian promontory, &c.” need not be limited to part of the coasting navigation, but may, without any strained interpretation, be applied to the whole distance between Cotyora and Heraclea. Major Rennel states that the Iris is omitted between the Thermodon and the Halys, the reason of which, he says, is, that they passed its mouth during the night. The reason is ingenious, but unnecessary: for in the Oxford edition of the Anabasis, printed in 1813, ἐπεὶτα δὲ τοῦ Ἰριος follows the mention of the Thermodon, on the authority of manuscripts and early editions.

From Heraclea, the army proceeded by divisions to Calpe, from which they made six marches to Chrysopolis. Their transactions in the neighbourhood of Byzantium are of little geographical interest. Here, therefore, we shall take leave of them, first adverting to a difficulty which Rennel has started with respect to the space between Heraclea and the Bosphorus. Calpe is said to be in the middle of Thrace, and Thrace is again and again declared to have extended from the Bosphorus to Heraclea. But in opposition to this, Cheirisophus is said, when he left Heraclea, to have marched through the country, and when he entered Thrace to have kept near the sea. Xenophon, too, sailed from Heraclea, and disembarked at the boundaries of Thrace, and the territory of Heraclea. The true explanation of this seeming inconsistency probably is, that Heraclea possessed a district along the coast, while behind it the Thracian territory stretched eastward, as far as Heraclea itself.

After the statements which we have already made, it is almost unnecessary to add, that this work throws much light on the Expedition and Retreat of the Ten Thousand. He who contributes to the illustration of any remain of antiquity makes an important addition both to our means of improvement, and to our sources of

* See the account of this predatory excursion in the Anabasis, p. 244—251.

† See Thucydides, i. 7.

‡ Anab. p. 309.

delight; much more he, whose researches explain and confirm the most authentic historical record of profane literature. Even those, who would place Xenophon's narrative on a level with an old gazette, will find in Major Rennel's work much that, even according to their notions, is valuable. For in following him as he traces the route of the Greeks, they will become better acquainted with the country, through which the army marched, than from any book of professedly modern geography. It will be difficult for the least curious in classical illustration to undervalue such accounts as those which the present work contains, of Mesopotamia, and of the different levels of the Tigris and Euphrates.

In some parts of the work, slight inaccuracies occur. For instance, it is observed, that in the march from the Zab, to the foot of the Carduchian mountains, the Greeks had been twenty-one days in a most wretched situation: a careful examination of the third book of the *Anabasis* will, we think, prove that the time was twenty days, and not twenty-one. Between the Phasis and the Harpasus, he reckons fourteen marches. The true number is fifteen. For he has omitted the day, on which, after dislodging the Taochians, Phasians, and Chalybes, from a mountain over which the road led, they descended into a plain, and marched to some villages in the neighbourhood. For the Chalybes, who are here spoken of, Major Rennel proposes to substitute Chaldæans, upon the authority of a passage in the fifth book (p. 269), where the Carduchians, Chaldæans, and Taochians are mentioned in conjunction. But surely this vague passage, in a speech addressed to the ambassadors of Sinope, is not a sufficient warrant for altering the received text in opposition to the repeated mention which is made of the Chalybes in the fourth book, and the mention of them along with the Carduchians towards the end of the seventh book. We are likewise disposed to blame our author for the liberty in which he indulges, of supposing Xenophon to be incorrect in his enumeration of marches. Whenever the number of marches is less than the given number of parasangs would require, according to the usual rate at which an army moves, a mistake is immediately presumed. When, for instance, four marches are reckoned, from Sardis to Colossæ, a distance of thirty parasangs, Major Rennel wishes to change four into a greater number. It should, however, be remembered that Xenophon probably received his measurement of distances from the Persians,—that there was in all likelihood a good deal of conjecture in their estimations; and that the errors in these conjectures would be more numerous and more important in consequence of the length of the standard which they employed. Any person who has travelled post in England, knows to his cost that

two ten mile stages often amount to little more than eighteen miles, and that in the arithmetic of the road, as in the arithmetic of the customs, two and two do not always make four. Why should we suppose the Persians to have been more correct than ourselves?

With his geographical illustrations our author has intermixed others of a miscellaneous nature: these are either trite or erroneous. Indeed he appears to have formed no very accurate notion of the principles and spirit of the governments of Greece. There is one topic, however, on which he has dilated at so much length, that we cannot forbear examining his assertions, especially as the subject is one of some interest. It is the change which the Greeks made in their order of march * to facilitate the passage of bridges and defiles, while a Persian army was near. Not satisfied with Spelman's version, he gives us the following translation, for which he acknowledges himself indebted to the pen of Dr. Gillies.

"The form of a regular square now appeared to be a bad arrangement for a retreating army, in presence of an enemy. For when the wings of the square were to be closed on account of the narrowness of the road, mountains obstructing them on either side, or a bridge to be crossed; the heavy-armed soldiers must of necessity be crowded, and squeezed out of their ranks; and thereby exposed to much danger, as the pressure and confusion would deprive them of the use of their weapons. When, emerging from the strait, the wings were to be again expanded, the soldiers that were formerly crowded and pressed together would of necessity be so far divided and distracted, as to leave a void between the wings, which would not fail to discourage those nearest to the vacuity, when closely pursued by an enemy. Besides this, in approaching a bridge or any very narrow defile, it was natural for men to hasten eagerly, all striving to be amongst the foremost to get over; in which disorderly hurry, they might be assailed at great disadvantage. To obviate these inconveniences the generals formed six companies of 100 men each; setting captains over them: and these companies were divided into bands of fifty; and these again into bands of twenty-five, each band with its proper officers. The companies, marching thus appointed, when at any time the wings were to be closed, halted and remained behind; so that the men in the wings might be no longer liable to compression or disorder. The companies then advanced and passed, altogether detached from the wings, and in such an arrangement as to fill up the vacancy left by their expansion; that is, six bodies of 100 men each, when the vacancy was small; in twelve bodies of fifty each, when larger; and when very large, in twenty-four bodies of twenty-five each. The same contrivance obviated the danger that occurred in approaching a bridge, or any very narrow passage. For when these were to be

* *Anab.* p. 156—161.

crossed, there was no longer any cause for precipitation or hurry; since the companies, dividing themselves according to local circumstances, passed over in succession; and were thus prepared to be useful in every part of the army according to the exigency of the moment."

From the passage thus translated the Major infers, that the six newly-formed companies were the constituent parts of the rear face of the oblong square. "For as it said that when the wings were to be closed, these companies halted and remained in the rear, so that the men in the wings might be no longer liable to compression or disorder; it ought of course to be inferred that at other times they marched with them, by which we should understand that they formed the rear of the square.

"A difficulty, however, occurs respecting an inconvenience which is stated to have existed under the old disposition, but which was removed by the formation of the new companies. It was, that when they were approaching a bridge or any other straight passage, each soldier would hasten to be among the foremost to get over, and thus occasion disorder. But that subsequent to the improved disposition, there was no longer any cause for precipitation, since the companies divided according to local circumstances passed in succession.—If this refers to the army at large, it is difficult to be understood, although perfectly intelligible if it refers to the rear alone.—But it must be acknowledged that the text, as it stands, does seem to have a reference to the army in general." (P. 183—184.)

The truth, however, is that the text has no reference to the army in general, though the translation has. For if any one will take the trouble to examine the original, he will see that in opposition to the authority both of Spelman and of Dr. Gillies, *αἱ πλευραι* in the preceding sentence is not the nominative to *ἵταραττοντο*, but *οἱ λοχαγοι*, which is in the same sentence with the verb. Even had no nominative to *ἵταραττοντο* been expressed, it would have been more natural to have referred that verb to the same subject with the preceding verb *ἀνεξέπιμπλασαν* than to the same with *διασχοιεν*. Nor is this the only mistake in the version. The Doctor represents the companies as passing defiles in such an arrangement as to fill up the vacancy occasioned by what he is pleased to call the expansion of the wings. There is no such statement in the original: we owe it entirely to the inadvertence of the translator, who arrives at it by strangely blending together two independent sentences. Indeed, the whole passage is translated with a cumbrous circuitousness of language, which we should not have expected from so experienced a writer as Dr. Gillies.

Major Rennel's notion, that the six companies formed the rear

of the oblong square, is totally inadmissible: for these companies are spoken of as a detached body, and are besides not sufficiently numerous to have constituted the whole of the rear. Aware of this, he flies to the supposition that the original is corrupted, and that instead of six we should read a greater number. The text, however, bears no marks of corruption, and was probably perfectly intelligible to the military contemporaries of the writer. Even to us, it does not appear to be involved in any great perplexity. When the 10,000 came to any narrow defile, confusion arose, every one being unwilling to be the last. Six companies were therefore formed, probably from the troops who composed the solid angles of the rear of the square. As these remained behind, when the defile was to be passed, the rest had no longer the same cause for precipitation as before, because each derived confidence from knowing that he was protected from the enemy by a well ordered force. At the same time, the removal of 600 men gave room to the wings and the main body of the rear to take a form suited to the nature of the ground. On the other hand, when the wings, after the defile was passed, were again separating from each other, the six companies, presenting a more or a less extensive front, according as the space between the wings was greater or less, protected the vacancy till the regular array was completed. The minute details of the evolutions by which these manœuvres were effected, would demand a deeper knowledge of Greek tactics than it is now possible to acquire.

The style of Major Rennel's work is perspicuous, though loose in its contexture and heavy in its flow. Matter is too often thrown into the form of notes, which with little trouble might have made a part of the text. Sometimes unexpected gleams of misplaced rhetoric burst out upon us. Thus the first sight of the Euxine is called "a prospect of deliverance, like an opening view of heaven to departing souls." If a simile was absolutely necessary, surely one might have been found more appropriate to the subject: for the ideas of a departing soul and a mercenary freebooter returning to Greece, of a view of heaven and a glimpse of the Euxine, do not very naturally remind us of each other. There are also some instances of carelessness in the style. But such blemishes, though proper to be adverted to, take away little from the reputation of a work, the excellence of which lies in solidity of matter rather than in grace of manner.

There is one reflection which the perusal of Major Rennel's illustrations forcibly obtrudes upon us. The *Anabasis* of Xenophon is the most authentic portion of profane history that the world possesses; and he who should seriously deny its credibility would justly be deemed incapable of estimating the weight

of moral evidence. Yet Major Rennel has shown that there are many difficulties in Xenophon's narrative, and several inaccuracies. Is the *Anabasis*, therefore, to be rejected as a fable, or should its reputation continue to flourish unimpaired? There is no one, we believe, who will refuse to admit, that with all the difficulties that darken some parts of it, and the inaccuracies that are to be found in others, it is still a most authentic record. Yet there exists a class of writers, who affect to disprove the credibility of the sacred narrative by the obscurities and apparent inaccuracies, which, with a mischievous diligence, they have endeavoured to detect in it. The obscurities on which they dwell only prove our ignorance; and the seeming inaccuracies are such merely on account of our imperfect acquaintance with the manners, the geography, and the events of a remote age. But even were the case otherwise, even were the alleged inaccuracies real, by what evasion of scepticism do they give unhesitating credence to Xenophon, and Thucydides, and Tacitus, and yet question the truth of the Scriptural records. The principle of their infidelity goes directly to subvert the credit of all profane history: but man is listened to with a candour which is not vouchsafed to the voice of Heaven.

ART. VII.—EMBASSY TO CHINA.

1. *Journal of the Proceedings of the late Embassy to China; comprising a correct Narrative of the public Transactions of the Embassy, of the Voyage to and from China, of the Journey from the Mouth of the Pei-ho to the Return to Canton; interspersed with Observations on the Face of the Country, the Polity, Moral Character, and Manners of the Chinese Nation. The whole illustrated with Maps and Drawings.* By Henry Ellis, Third Commissioner of the Embassy. 4to. pp. 526. Murray. London, 1817.
2. *Narrative of a Voyage in his Majesty's late Ship Alceste to the Yellow Sea, along the Coast of Corea, and through its numerous hitherto undiscovered Islands, to the Island of Lewchew; with an Account of her Shipwreck in the Straits of Gaspar.* By John M'Leod, Surgeon of the Alceste. 8vo. pp. 288. Murray. London, 1817.

MOST of our readers are aware that the embassy of which we are now to give some account, was suggested to the East India Company, and ultimately to his Majesty's ministers, by a misunderstanding which arose in the year 1814, between the supercargoes at Canton and the body of merchants appointed by the Chinese

government to conduct the limited trade which they deign to carry on with foreign nations : and, in order to place the immediate objects of the mission in a clearer point of view, we shall begin by recapitulating, from the several publications which have fallen into our hands, a few facts with respect to the grounds of our quarrel with the local authorities now mentioned, as well as with respect to the general and commercial relations which subsisted between the two countries, at the time Lord Amherst arrived in the Eastern Sea.

It can scarcely then be necessary to mention that the trade, and the small degree of intercourse arising from it, which is kept up between the Chinese and the foreign merchant at Canton, are altogether a matter of mere connivance or sufferance on the part of the former ; that there is no commercial treaty to define the limits and adjust the terms of their transactions with the various strangers who visit their shores ; and that even the East India Company, the most powerful mercantile association in the world, have no privileges to encourage, and no rights to protect them, more than the lowest adventurer from Portugal or America. On the contrary, with the characteristic pride of semi-barbarians, the government of China professes to take no notice of such an insignificant affair as foreign commerce ; and the arrangements connected with it, accordingly, are never understood to engage the Imperial attention, or to be discussed in the councils of the lofty mandarins. To secure the public peace, indeed, as well as the payment of duties on goods exported and imported, and to have a class of men who might be responsible for all frauds, brawls, or actual violence, chargeable upon foreigners, the court of Peking, about the middle of last century, condescended to create a kind of corporate society called the Cong-hang, or Hong ; consisting of ten or twelve wealthy merchants, who, upon the conditions just stated, namely, the payment of all dues, and the maintenance of public order, were to enjoy the exclusive privilege of trading with Europeans. It is with this Hong, or body of security-merchants, accordingly, that all the commercial business is transacted ; and, as the terms of buying and selling, the rate of shore-dues, and custom-house imposts, depend almost entirely upon their caprice, or their views of temporary interest, the supercargoes, who represent the East India Company, have an extremely difficult part to act ; as they must study, at the same moment, to conciliate the prejudices and to resist the impositions of these privileged persons. In such circumstances, occasional ruptures and frequent altercation are altogether unavoidable ; and, in many instances, the only choice left with the supercargoes on the spot, and their employers at home, has been either to abandon the trade at once, or to flatter, frighten,

and bribe the gentlemen of the Hong into reasonable terms. Foreign commerce, it will be readily believed, is a matter of greater consequence to the Celestial Empire, for this is the epithet which the Chinese usually apply to their country, and more particularly to the people of Canton, than they are willing to allow; and we find, accordingly, that whenever the English threaten to relinquish all intercourse with them, and prepare to abandon their factory, the local functionaries usually withdraw from their high ground, and accede, for the time, to almost any proposal which may be made, as the basis of a renewed traffic and a good understanding.

Things had proceeded in this disagreeable, uncertain manner, a considerable number of years, amidst many complaints, remonstrances, and explanations; when, in 1814, the hostility of the Canton government was excited to a high pitch, by the violation of neutrality, on the part of the British, in the case of an American vessel, which was captured by his Majesty's ship *Doris*, within the undisputed limits of the Chinese dominions. Mr. Ellis is decidedly of opinion that the capture of the American was altogether unwarrantable; but adds, at the same time, that other seizures of the ships of that nation, justified by the acknowledged principles of maritime law in Europe, were also complained of by the Canton government; who called upon the chief and the select committee of supercargoes to redress the injury by an immediate dispatch of all his Majesty's ships to England; following up this demand with a refusal to supply them with provisions, and with an evident demonstration to attempt their expulsion by main force. In vain did the committee represent that they had no power over his Majesty's ships; and that therefore they could not, and ought not, to be held responsible for the conduct of their commanders. The Viceroy of Canton, as might have been expected, continues Mr. Ellis, refused to admit the separation of authority; naturally preferring, as the responsible persons for all acts committed by British subjects, a body of merchants resident on the spot, to superior authorities placed at such a distance that an appeal to them seemed almost nugatory. He endeavoured, therefore, to enforce compliance with his requisition, as to the removal of the men of war, by a series of acts all more or less embarrassing to the supercargoes; prohibiting Chinese of all descriptions from serving in the English factory; returning the addresses of the committee unopened; and imprisoning, with every mark of ignominy, a native interpreter who had been employed to carry the portrait of the Prince Regent to the minister at Peking. The inflexible determination manifested by the Viceroy, in the acts now enumerated, compelled the supercargoes to have recourse to the decisive measure of putting a stop to the

trade; a measure, as our author justly remarks, pregnant with injury to both parties, with an immediate loss of revenue to the local government, and with the greatest commercial and financial embarrassment to the East India Company, should it fail of success. The very desperation of the measure required the utmost firmness in carrying it into effect; and in this the supercargoes were not wanting. A regular negotiation upon the points at issue was allowed by the Viceroy. Mandarins of rank were appointed to meet Sir George Staunton (deputed from the select committee for that purpose) on a footing of equality: and the result was the removal and satisfactory explanation of the subjects of complaint. In the course of these discussions, however, the supercargoes found much reason to be dissatisfied with the conduct of the Hong merchants, the chief of whom appeared to be deeply involved in the security of the American ships; and various intrigues were brought to light, the object of which was to subject the whole trade with England to the complete controul of the Chinese. Suspicions, too, on both sides, were so far from being set at rest, that the authorities at Canton, in corresponding with the government at Peking, express uneasiness at the refractory conduct of the British, and suggest the expediency of publishing edicts to prevent a more intimate intercourse with Christians in any part of the empire; whilst the supercargoes, on the other hand, felt so little secure of continuing unmolested in the conduct of their commercial affairs, as to state to the directors, in the beginning of the following year, their decided conviction, "that had they succeeded in avoiding the disputes of 1814, the strong measures they were then obliged to adopt must have been recurred to in a year or two more; and it was their clear opinion, repeatedly expressed in their minutes and letters, that it had become highly expedient to send a mission to the Emperor, either from Bengal or England, in order to obtain due protection and security for the British trade."

Conceiving, as Mr. Ellis observes, that the truth was concealed from the Emperor, the directors naturally concluded that a redress of grievances might be obtained by an immediate application to his supreme authority; and much stress was laid by them on the indisputable fact that the trade with the company is of the greatest importance, not only to the province of Canton, but to the imperial revenues at large. "Although the solicitation of additional privileges was generally disclaimed by the directors, their views on this occasion were extended to two objects of new and important concession. First, the employment of such Chinese merchants as the supercargoes might think fit; and, secondly, the establishment of a direct intercourse with Peking, either by means of a resident minister, or by written addresses to some

tribunal; a confirmation of the several points contended for and gained by the supercargoes in their recent negotiation with the Viceroy, embraced all the other expectations of the directors from the proposed embassy. They also suggested, that this opportunity might be taken to make suitable explanations respecting the seizure of American vessels by his Majesty's ship *Doris*."

After repeated conferences between Ministers and the gentlemen of Leadenhall-street, as to the composition of the embassy, it was finally agreed that, "as impression was the great instrument by which the objects of the embassy were to be obtained," Lord Amherst should be appointed Ambassador Extraordinary and Plenipotentiary by the Prince Regent; and that Mr. Elphinstone and Sir George Staunton, members of the factory at Canton, should, one or both of them, join his lordship as commissioners, with the view of guiding his determinations by their local knowledge and intimate acquaintance with the language of the country. "And I," says Mr. Ellis, "was named secretary of embassy, and furnished with dormant credentials as minister plenipotentiary, to be used only in the event of the death or absence of the ambassador. My name was also introduced into the instrument of full powers, and it was understood that in case of the absence of Mr. Elphinstone or Sir George Staunton, I was to succeed to the vacancy in the commission." To the persons now mentioned, we may add that the Honourable Jeffery Amherst, son of the ambassador, was appointed to act as page; Mr. Hayne, as private secretary; Mr. Abel, as surgeon and naturalist; the Rev. John Griffiths, as chaplain; Mr. Havel, as artist; and Dr. Lynn, with Mr. Maurice, Mr. Poole, and some others, were named to different other departments. It is hardly necessary to specify that Lord Amherst had already filled the high situation of ambassador at the court of Sicily; and that Mr. Ellis had been employed in a successful negotiation with the King of Persia.

Matters being thus arranged, the embassy sailed from Spithead, on the 8th of February, 1816; and, diverging a little from their direct course, reached Rio Janeiro on the 21st of March. Here Mr. Ellis betakes himself to description. The mountains in South America are very lofty, and so is his style in this particular part; and as he meets with very little in China to rouse his imagination to the poetical pitch, we shall, once for all, give a specimen of his fine writing.

"The morning found us nearly in an amphitheatre of mountains, at at the distance of seven miles. An opening between two extremes of land marked the entrance of the harbour; on the right is the fort of Santa Cruz, on the left that of Saint Lucie. The ranges presented in most places conical summits, and although one has especially obtained

the appellation of Sugar Loaf, it is rather from its superior precipitous height than from being singular in its shape. At this distance the beauty of the scenery is principally derived from the extent and impressive variety of the forms assumed by the different ranges. The entrance to the harbour seemed about three quarters of a mile in breadth; and ranges of mountains, whose relative distances were marked by the position of the clouds resting on their summits, formed the back ground. On approaching nearer to the entrance, the scene became indescribably sublime and beautiful; the mountains that had formed the amphitheatre, on a nearer view, divided themselves into islands and separate headlands; several were thickly, though perhaps, not loftily, wooded. Fortifications, detached houses, villages, and convents, occupied different positions; the eye wandered in rapturous observation over an endless variety of picturesque combinations, presenting a totality of wonderful scenery, detached parts of which were within the reach of the painter, but the general effect must equally defy pictorial and verbal description. In variety of expression, the scene somewhat resembled the harbour of Constantinople, but the features of nature are here on a grander scale." "The death of the Queen of Portugal, which occurred yesterday, has communicated a character of *noisy and luminous melancholy* to the harbour and environs of the town. Guns are fired every five minutes from the ships and batteries, and the convents and churches are illuminated." "On the 25th we visited the Russian consul, Mr. Langsdorf, who resides during the hot season in a cottage near the summit of the Corcovado hill, vulgarly called Lord Hood's Nose. The whole of the road from the commencement of the ascent to the summit, presented a succession of beautiful scenery. An immense ravine, richly and imperviously wooded, occupied the bottom, and the ascent rose in undiminished verdure and fertility to all the sublimity of mountain magnificence. The total failure of the rains this season has taken much from the brilliancy of the verdure, and the variety of the flowers with which the earth is usually covered; enough, however, still remained to saturate the unaccustomed eye. The earth, air, and water, are in this country ever teeming with new productions: the elements are ever generating, and nature never rests from the exercise of her creative faculties. Here and there, a house was seen peeping from the midst of the woody ravine, as if to show that no place was secure from the tread of adventurous man. When near the summit, we observed an European lady, with her nurse and child, in a recess of the rock; her dress, appearance, and occupation (that of reading), presented, from their civilized combination, a most striking contrast to the uncultivated grandeur of the scene which surrounded us. The lady proved to be Mrs. Langsdorf, &c. On the road we overtook a boy of the Battecoadoo tribe in the service of Mr. L.: he was described as possessing much of the characteristic untameability of his tribe, aboriginal in the Brazils. Faithful to his trust, disposed to service, but ever ready to resort to the impenetrable wilds of his native woods for security against oppression, or attempt upon his personal freedom."

Mr. Ellis, however, soon gives up his heroics; and it is but fair to

add that his journal is written in a chaste, unpretending style; containing facts, dates, incidental remarks, and very little more. The boy, however, it will be acknowledged, is a rare non-descript.

Mr. M'Leod likewise favours us with a few observations on Rio Janeiro, and describes persons and things in a very lively manner. The embassy, it should seem, was not received with much hospitality by the Portuguese government; having been positively refused a house to accommodate Lord Amherst and his suite. This deficiency was, however, amply supplied by the attention of Mr. Chamberlayne, the British minister; and as the Queen had just died, and preparations were going on for her interment, some allowance must be made for the apparent neglect which is charged by both our authors upon the court of the Brazils.

"All places of public entertainment," says the surgeon, "were of course shut; and the only *spectacle* during our stay, was the funeral of the Queen, which took place by torch-light; all the military that could be collected, both horse and foot, lining the streets (which were illuminated) from the palace to the convent of Ajuda. The hearse and state coaches were drawn up at the grand entrance, covered with black cloth, and near them the chief mourners, who were eight of the nobles, on horseback; their dress was the ancient Portuguese costume of mourning: each had a large broad-brimmed hat rather slouching down upon the shoulders; a long black cloak or robe, with the star of some order affixed to it: conveying to the mind of an English spectator the whimsical combination of a coal-heaver, a priest, and a knight."

We pass by the Cape of Good Hope and the island of Java, both of which settlements were visited by the embassy in their outward passage, and accompany them to the coast of China, which they reached about the middle of July. A dispatch, forwarded to the Emperor at Pekin, announcing the arrival of Lord Amherst, was graciously received; and the satisfaction of his Majesty, and his desire to see the Ambassador without loss of time, formed the substance of the reply, which was communicated to his Lordship through the official mandarins. Visits were exchanged between the gentlemen composing the embassy and the people on shore; they had drunk to each other's healths in tea and cherry brandy; and every thing, indeed, was pleasant, and looked propitious, till they entered upon the discussion of the unfortunate ceremonial, or *Ko-tou*, which was to be performed in the presence of his Imperial Majesty, by the representative of our Sovereign. As the failure of the embassy has been ostensibly ascribed to the determined refusal on the part of Lord Amherst to comply with the practice of the Chinese court, we may mention, in this stage of our progress, that the *Ko-tou* consists in making nine prostrations of the body: that is, in kneeling three several

times, and bowing three times till the head comes in actual contact with the ground, at each kneeling. This, it appears, is a part of the Tartar etiquette, introduced by the present family at the conquest; and it is most pertinaciously insisted upon, as an indispensable and decorous act of reverence to the reigning prince, whom they choose to style the Son of Heaven, the Head of the Celestial Empire, and the King of all the Kings of the Earth. Lord Macartney, in 1793, succeeded, indeed, in bringing about a compromise with the ministers of that mighty personage, and in evading the direct performance of Ko-tou; but the Russian ambassador, Count Golovkin, who in 1805 attempted to procure an audience, without submitting to the ceremonial in question, failed completely of success, and was compelled to return, almost without having been permitted to enter into negotiation on that weighty affair. It was impossible, as Mr. Ellis justly remarks, with a knowledge of the circumstances attending the dismissal of the Russian embassy, at so recent a period, to overlook the possibility of a similar dispute occurring on the present occasion; for although the precedent of Lord Macartney's embassy gave us in some degree a prescriptive right to require its renewal, there was some reason to apprehend that the more general usage of the empire, to which, in fact, Lord Macartney's embassy formed an exception, might be insisted upon. The private opinion of this gentleman, accordingly, is that although the ceremony of prostration might be repugnant to individual feeling and to the practice of modern European courts, yet, viewed as a usage belonging to oriental barbarism, it could scarcely be deemed advisable to sacrifice the more important objects of the embassy to any supposed maintenance of dignity, by resisting upon such a point of etiquette. But as this was a question most especially dependent upon the circumstances of the moment, and the disposition of the Chinese court, in other respects, it was left by his Majesty's ministers to the discretion of the Ambassador, aided as his judgment would be, by the opinion of Mr. Elphinstone and Sir George Staunton.

Upon meeting with Sir George, accordingly, on the coast of China, and before the embassy had actually landed, Lord Amherst requested his opinion upon the expediency of complying with the Chinese ceremonial of Ko-tou; when the former put a letter into his Lordship's hands, "declaring, in very distinct terms, his opinion of the injurious effects upon the Company's interests, at Canton, likely to arise from the performance of the ceremony; incompatible, as he verbally expressed himself, with personal and national respectability. Sir George was disposed to consider the mere reception of the embassy as not worth being purchased by the sacrifice. He, however, adverted to the pos-

sibility of conditions being required by us, which, if complied with, would remove the objections; but such compliance on the part of the Chinese was, in his opinion, extremely improbable." But notwithstanding this decided judgment pronounced by Sir George, Mr. Ellis still adheres with considerable firmness to the opposite side of the question; and, accordingly, from the beginning to the end of his volume, we are presented with occasional remarks and reflections, the uniform object of which is to impress upon the mind of the reader, that the embassy would probably have been attended with greater success, if the Ko-tou had been performed. Thus, for instance, several days after Sir George had given his opinion as mentioned above, Mr. Ellis says,

"I put into Lord Amherst's hand, for his and Sir George's perusal, a memorandum respecting the ceremony. My great object in these observations has been to bring our minds to view compliance or refusal as matters of expediency, and to clear the question of all personal feelings which might lead us into a course of proceeding not quite in unison with the sentiments of the authorities at home. I have, however, such perfect reliance on Sir George Staunton's judgment and local experience, that I shall not hesitate in giving way on every point connected with Chinese usages and feelings, where my individual opinion might lead to a different conclusion."

Now, we cannot conceal our astonishment that, after knowing the facts connected with the Dutch embassy in 1794, Mr. Ellis should have hesitated one moment as to the expediency of refusing most peremptorily to make the Ko-tou. The Chinese, particularly the higher orders of them, are a people of the most arrogant, insolent, and overbearing manners, affecting a superiority over all other nations, whom they are pleased to consider as their vassals and tributaries; but, like other swaggerers, they are uniformly found to recede from their pretensions exactly as these pretensions are questioned or opposed; and, what is more, they are found to respect and use kindly the subjects of foreign countries, in proportion as they are treated by the latter with firmness and even with contempt. Yield to a mandarin, and he will tread you in the dust; look him hard in the face, and he will make you a bow; kick him out of your house, and he will be your humble servant in all time coming. Thus we find that the English and Russians, who would not condescend to observe the Tartar prostrations, were used with civility and respect; whilst the Dutch, who did every thing they were desired, were loaded with every species of contumely and studied indignity. For the information of those who have not Barrow's Travels in China at hand, we shall quote a paragraph or two from his introductory chapter; which will, we think,

set this matter in a proper light, and at the same time suggest considerations for those who are disposed to blame Lord Amherst for declining to follow the Dutchmen's example. In the year already mentioned, Mr. Titsingh and Mr. Van Braam were nominated ambassadors by the commissaries-general at Batavia, for the purpose of congratulating the Emperor of China on the sixtieth anniversary of his accession; and these two personages lost no time in repairing to Canton, determined, says Mr. Barrow, to avail themselves of the hints thrown out in M. Grammont's letter (a missionary at Peking), and thereby to avoid splitting on the same rock, which they took for granted the British ambassador had done; and following up these views, we find that "they cheerfully submitted to every humiliating ceremony required from them by the Chinese, who, in return, treated them in a most contemptuous and indignant manner."

"At Canton they were ordered to assist in a solemn procession of mandarins to a temple in the neighbourhood, and then, before the Emperor's name, painted on cloth, and suspended above the altar, to bow their heads nine times to the ground, in token of gratitude for his great condescension in permitting them to proceed to his presence, in order to offer him tribute. They submitted even to the demands of the state officers of Canton, that the letter written by the commissaries-general at Batavia, to the Emperor of China, and translated there into the Chinese language, should be opened, and the contents read by them; and that they should farther be allowed to make therein such alterations and additions as they might think proper. The chief ambassador, resolving not to be wanting in any point of civility, requested to know when he might have the honour of paying his respects to the Viceroy; and received for answer that the customs of the country did not allow a person in his situation to come within the walls of the Viceroy's palace, but that one of his officers should receive his visit at the gate; which *visit to the gate* was literally made. Mr. Van Braam, in relating this circumstance in his journal, observes that 'the Viceroy assured his Excellency, he ought not take his refusal amiss, as the same terms had been prescribed to Lord Macartney the preceding year.' M. Van Braam knew very well that Lord Macartney never subjected himself to any such refusal; and he knew, too, that the same viceroy accompanied his Lordship, in a great part of his journey from the capital; that he partook of a repast, on the invitation of Lord Macartney, at the British factory; when, for the first time, both M. Van Braam and the supercargoes of all the European nations, had been permitted to sit down in the presence of one of his rank.

"At Peking they were required to humiliate themselves at least thirty different times, at each of which they were obliged, on their knees, to knock their heads nine times against the ground, which M. Van Braam in his journal, very coolly calls performing the salute of honour '*faire le salut d'honneur*.' And they were finally dismissed,

with a few paltry pieces of silk, without having been once allowed to open their lips on any kind of business; and without being permitted to see either their friend, or any other European missionary, except one, who had special leave to make them a visit of half an hour, the day before their departure, in presence of ten or twelve officers of government. On their arrival in this capital, they were lodged literally in a stable; under the same cover, and in the same apartment, with a parcel of cart horses. M. Van Braam's own words are, '*Nous voila donc, a notre arrivée dans la celebre residence imperiale, logés dans une espece d'ecurié. Nous serions nous attendus a une pareille aventure!*'

"In their journey they were harassed beyond measure; sometimes they were lodged in wretched hovels, without furniture and without cover; sometimes they were obliged to pass the night in the open air when the temperature was below the freezing point; frequently for four-and-twenty hours they had nothing to eat. Van Braam observes that, owing to the fatigues of the journey, the badness of the victuals, their early rising and exposure to the cold, he lost about five inches in the circumference of his body. Being rather corpulent, and not very expert at performing the Chinese ceremony at their public introduction, his hat happened to fall on the ground, upon which the old Emperor began to laugh. 'Thus,' says he, 'I received a mark of distinction and predilection, such as never ambassador was honoured with before. I confess,' continues he, 'that the recollection of my sufferings from the cold, in waiting so long in the morning, was very much softened by this incident.'

To complete this picture of arrogance and contempt on the part of the Chinese, and of the humiliation and indignity in which the poor Hollander makes so conspicuous a figure, we have only to transcribe an extract from the Emperor's letter, addressed, outside, to the *King of Holland*, and, inside, to the Council of India, or the Commissaries General.

"I have received from Heaven the sceptre of this vast empire. I have reigned for sixty years with glory and happiness; and have established the most profound peace upon the four seas* of the said empire, to the benefit of the nations bordering upon them. The fame of my majesty, and proofs of my magnificence, have found their way into every part of the world, and they constitute the pride and the pleasure of my vast dominions.—I consider my own happy empire and other kingdoms as one and the same family; the princes and the people are, in my eye, the same men. I condescend to shed my blessings over all, strangers as well as natives; and there is no country, however distant, that has not received instances of my benevolence. Thus all nations send to do me homage, and to congratulate me, incessantly.

* This expression alludes to the ancient opinion that China was surrounded by the sea, and that the rest of the world was made up of islands. Yet, though they now possess a tolerable notion of geography, such is their inveterate adherence to ancient opinion, that they prefer retaining the most absurd errors, rather than change one single sentiment or expression that Confucius has written.

New and successive ambassadors arrive, some drawn in chariots over land, and others traverse, in ships, the immensity of the seas. I feel a lively joy in observing the anxiety with which they flock together from every quarter, to contemplate and admire the wise administration of my government. I experience the most agreeable satisfaction in participating my happiness with foreign states. I applaud, therefore, your government, which, although separated from mine by an immense ocean, has not failed to send me congratulatory letters, accompanied with tributary offerings. Having perused your letters, I observe that they contain nothing but what I consider as authentic testimonies of your great veneration for me; from whence I conclude that you admire my mode of governing. In fact, you have great reason to applaud me. Since you have carried on your trade at Canton—and it is now many years—strangers have been well treated in my empire; and they have individually been the objects of my love and affection. I might call to witness the Portuguese, the Italians, the English, and other of the same sort of nations, who are all equally esteemed by me, and have all presented me with precious gifts. All have been treated, on my part, after the same manner, and without any partiality. I give abundantly, even when those things I received from them are of no value. My manner of doing these things is undoubtedly known in your country."

After such a vile reception, and degrading treatment, of the Dutch embassy, we may naturally ask, with Mr. Barrow, what advantages can reasonably be expected to accrue from a servile and unconditional compliance with the ceremonies, or other submissions, required by this haughty government! It is clear, as we have already remarked, that their exactions are always proportioned to the complying temper of the persons with whom they have to treat. Van Braam, and his colleague, not only carried presents for the ministers of state, but even quietly suffered these gentlemen to trick them out of all the curious and valuable articles intended for the Emperor, and to substitute others in their place, of a mean and common description. They not only complied with the usual ceremony of saluting the Emperor in person, but even submitted to prostrate themselves, at least fifty times, on their way to the capital, before the *name* of his Majesty, painted on a piece of silk; which degrading form of obeisance they likewise condescended to observe in the presence of the prime minister. In short, the Dutch did every thing, submitted to every thing, and suffered every thing, which the Chinese thought proper to enjoin or inflict: and yet, so far from succeeding, they were only laughed at; turned off in disgrace; refused food and lodging; and used, in every respect, like the low, mean, pusillanimous creatures, to the condition of which they had consented to debase themselves.

But it may be said, in reply, that there is a great difference

between the representatives of a Dutch factory and the Ambassador Plenipotentiary of the Sovereign of England; and that even the haughty Chinese, who acted so contemptuously towards the former, would have been inclined, even for their own sakes, to receive the latter with civility and respect. This remark is plausible, but it does not apply to the mandarins and *chin-chaes* of the celestial empire, who know little of either England or Holland in any other point of view than as large mercantile establishments; and who seem to take pleasure in asserting national superiority, and in manifesting undisguised contempt in the face of every man who does not believe in Confucius. It is unnecessary, however, to spend time in forming conjectures, and in drawing inferences, founded on remote events, or general views of the Chinese character; for their treatment of Lord Amherst, or rather their disposition to treat him contemptuously, differed very little, so far as it was allowed to proceed, from the reception already described, which was vouchsafed to Messieurs Titsingh and Van Braam. For instance, the mandarins showed no small degree of studied neglect in the manner of receiving and returning his visits; demanded a copy of the Prince Regent's letter to the Emperor; proposed alterations in the wording of it, especially the terms "Sir, my Brother;" observed that the King of England himself, were he in China, would consider it his duty to comply with the wishes of the Emperor; and that the Ambassador ought to feel himself the minister of their Emperor, and therefore bound to obey his commands. When at Tong-chow, too, the Imperial Commissioners, who were sent to induce his Lordship to comply with the Tartar ceremony, acted in the most insolent and domineering manner possible. Even the *deputies* of these commissioners showed a degree of haughtiness, scarcely equalled by that which was directed against Van Braam. When, for example, they entered the apartment, our countrymen advanced to pay the first compliments.

"I was in front," says Mr. Ellis, "and my salutation was not only unreturned, but almost, by gesture, repulsed. These mandarins held on their insolent course to the chamber of reception, and availed themselves of our polite retiring to usurp the first seats. As might be expected, the conversation was short: on their part, a formal communication was made, that the Koong-yay, and Moo-ta-jin (the Imperial commissioners), had been deputed to instruct the Ambassador in the performance of the Tartar ceremony. Lord Amherst, in reply, with much dignity and moderation, restraining the feelings which their conduct was calculated to excite, confined himself to remarking, that he should be ready to discuss that, and other points, when he met the Koong-yay. The second in rank here abruptly said, that they were sent to know his sentiments upon the point now at issue. Lord Amherst repeated his assertion, that he should communicate his sentiments to the

Koong-yay and the Moo-ta-jin. The same person observed, that affairs connected with the ceremonies of the Celestial Empire were weighty, and of primary importance: the first speaker added, that twelve to-morrow would be the hour; and, with a degree of unparalleled insolence, quitted the room, accompanied by his companions, totally neglecting Lord Amherst, and those whom they had come to visit."

But this is not all. Next day his Lordship and the British Commissioners, Sir G. Staunton and Mr. Ellis, went ashore to meet the Imperial Envoys, Ho, Moo-ta-jin, Soo, and Kwang; the first of whom bore the title, already named, of Koong-yay, or Duke, and was related to the family on the throne.

"There being no appearance of offering chairs, Mr. Morrison observed, that his Excellency would converse when seated: to this the Koong-yay replied, that he intended to stand, and that the Ambassador must also remain standing: to this Lord Amherst did not object. The Koong-yay then informed his Excellency that he and Moo-ta-jin had been sent to see him perform the Tartar ceremony. To this Lord Amherst not having immediately returned an answer, the Koong-yay inquired what was his intention. Lord Amherst replied, that he had been deputed by his Sovereign to the Emperor of China, for the purpose of manifesting the sentiments of regard and veneration entertained towards his Imperial Majesty; and that he had been instructed to approach his Imperial presence with the ceremonial which had proved acceptable to Kien-lung, the illustrious father of the Emperor. The Koong-yay replied, 'what happened in the fifty-eighth year belonged to that year, the present is the affair of this Embassy, and the regulations of the Celestial Empire must be complied with: there is no alternative.' Lord Amherst said he had entertained a confident hope that what had proved acceptable to Kien-Lung would not have been refused by his Imperial Majesty. The Koong-yay, with vehemence, asserted, *'That as there is but one sun, there is only one Tawhang-te: he is the universal sovereign, and all must pay him homage.'* He continued to insist that the Tartar ceremony must be performed, and that, as several years had elapsed since the last ceremony, they were sent to see the Ambassador perform it correctly; observing, that, as we read Chinese books, we must be aware of the greatness of the Emperor, of his being sovereign of the universe, and that he was consequently entitled to this homage. The Koong-yay here looked as if he meant to break up the conference; Lord Amherst therefore asked if he was not to see him again. The Koong-yay replied that he never paid visits, and that the present discussion was the same as if held in the Emperor's presence. He added, that the Ambassador must either comply with the Tartar ceremony, or be sent back: his lips were quivering with rage at the instant."

In this spirit, and with these pretensions, did the conference proceed; and it was not until the British Ambassador had expressed his willingness to return rather than perform the Ko-tou,

and had actually put the Prince Regent's letter into the *Koong-yay's* hand, to deliver to the Emperor, that the mandarins be-
thought themselves of common civility. In truth, it admits not
of a single doubt, that had Lord Amherst been as pliant as Van
Braam, the English embassy would have been subjected to as
many indignities, and dismissed with as little ceremony, as the
Dutch mission in 1794. The Chinese commissioners exacted as
much, and expected as much, on the late occasion, as they did
in the case now mentioned. They put forth their pretensions in
the very same way, and urged compliance on the very same
grounds; and Lord Amherst owes the small portion of respect
which was paid to him at Peking, and on his return homewards,
to his firmness in resisting their claims, and in setting their pre-
tensions at naught.

In giving this sketch of Chinese insolence and absurdity, we
have, however, rather anticipated the events detailed in the
narrative, as they respect the progress of the negotiations,
and the various terms and proposals, relative to the observance
of the said Tartar ceremony. No sooner, then, had the em-
bassy reached Tien-sing, a town on the Peicho, situated a few
days' journey from the capital, than Lord Amherst perceived
that measures were in contemplation to induce him to perform
the prostrations of Ko-tou, and to submit to other humiliating
ceremonies, preparatory to his public presentation. An imperial
banquet was getting up, for the purpose of entertaining the Am-
bassador and suite; in the course of which it was intended that
Lord Amherst should practise the salute of honour, and acquire
expertness in the various genuflections and prostrations to be ex-
hibited in the palace at Peking. On the 13th of August, accord-
ingly, the members of the embassy proceeded, with suitable
state, to the hall where the entertainment was to be given, and
where they were received by the mandarins in their robes of ce-
remony. "After a few polite expressions of their hope that we
had met with no obstruction on our way thither, Kwang opened
the subject of the ceremony by saying, that the entertainment
we were that day to receive was expressly commanded, and, in-
deed, given by the Emperor; that, therefore, the same ceremo-
nies would be performed by them, and expected from us, as if
we were in the Imperial presence."

Lord Amherst, as we have already remarked, had been fur-
nished with no special instructions as to the observance of the
ceremony, further then to follow generally the precedent supposed
to be established by the reception of Lord Macartney; it being
left almost entirely to his own discretion, guided by the opinion
of the official persons at Canton, whether or not to comply to the
full extent with the ceremonial demanded by the Chinese govern-

ment. When, however, his Lordship declared to the mandarins now assembled his determination of adhering to the example of 1793, the Imperial commissioners had the hardihood to maintain that our former ambassador had done every thing, in point of ceremony, that had been required of him; and especially had performed the ceremony of the Ko-tou, as well in the presence of the Emperor, as at other times. Soo-ta-jin even went so far as to affirm that he himself remembered seeing Lord Macartney perform it when at Canton; and appealed to Sir George Staunton, as having been present, and able to give evidence of the facts now asserted. As this appeal was obviously intended to create a personal altercation with Sir George, the averment of the lying mandarin was allowed to pass uncontradicted; and Lord Amherst once more contented himself with assuring them, that it was his intention to approach the Imperial presence, with the same demonstrations of veneration as he would use towards his Britannic Majesty. Upon this manifestation of firmness, on the part of the Ambassador, some expressions dropped from the mandarins, tending to convey a threat that the embassy would not be received. It was then said by Lord Amherst that, however mortifying it might be to his feelings, he must decline the honour intended him by the entertainment; and that, on his arrival at Peking, he should be prepared to submit, in writing, the reasons of his refusal to his Imperial Majesty. "What! reject the Emperor's bounty," exclaimed the mandarins! His Lordship did not proceed to extremities. He passed with the Chinese negotiators into the dining apartment, paying respect upon entering, to a table screened with yellow silk, and having a burning taper or censer upon it; which, as this was an Imperial banquet, was conceived to represent to these favoured subjects of the Celestial Empire, the actual presence of the Son of Heaven. Lord Amherst bowed nine times, in unison with the prostrations of the mandarins, who religiously performed the whole Ko-tou.

After dinner the discussion was once more renewed. The Chinese commissioners professed not to understand the nature of the ceremonial Lord Amherst proposed to substitute for the Ko-tou, and requested he would go through it in their presence. He had distinctly stated that his intention was to kneel upon one knee, and to make his obeisance of nine bows in that posture; adding, that it could not be performed by him before any other person but the Emperor himself. At this moment, Sir George Staunton happily suggested that Lord Amherst's son should perform the ceremony before him, in order to assist their conceptions as to the mode of obeisance to be adopted in the presence chamber at Peking. The mandarins were so far satisfied; but, persisting in the contemptible wish to have reverence paid to

their own persons, as the representatives of majesty, they proceeded to request that the boy should practise the ceremony nine times before them. This was of course refused, and the conference broke up.

The embassy had no small reason to be satisfied with the result of this day's negotiation. They had successfully resisted the very demand, the refusal to comply with which had occasioned the failure of the Russian ambassador, and his immediate return to the coast; whilst the compliance with it, on the other hand, had led to all the contemptuous and degrading treatment which was inflicted upon the Dutch in their memorable trip to Peking. But all was not yet over with our countrymen: they had still to encounter the pertinacity and insolence of Ho and Moo, at Tongchow, of which we have already given a striking specimen. Teased, day after day, by mandarins of various orders, who seemed to relieve one another, for the express purpose of subduing his mind by importunity, Lord Amherst consented to perform the Tartar ceremony, on one of two conditions; "either, that a subject of his Imperial Majesty should perform the same before the Prince Regent's picture; or that a formal declaration should be made by the Emperor that any Chinese ambassador who hereafter appeared at the English court, should, if required, perform the Ko-tou before our sovereign." The mandarins would not, however, accede to these terms; whilst with their characteristic meanness and disregard of truth, they hinted to his Lordship that he might comply with their wishes in China, and make any report he pleased on his return to England. Treating such a proposal with the contempt which it deserved, the Ambassador would, notwithstanding, we think, have at length yielded to the unceasing solicitation of the Imperial commissioners, and have actually performed the Ko-tou; being impressed with the conviction that the success of the embassy, more particularly as connected with the interests of the East India Company, would be materially promoted by gratifying the Emperor. In fact the Koong-yay took especial care to excite this expectation in the minds of our countrymen; insomuch that, when Lord Amherst adverted to the expediency and desirableness of having a direct communication established between the chief of the British factory at Canton and some board at Peking, he readily acceded to the propriety of such an arrangement, adding, "Comply with the Tartar ceremony, I am your friend at Peking." His Lordship accordingly, upon whom threatenings and compulsory measures had produced no effect, was on the very point of being melted into compliance by these appearances of confidence and friendship. "He gave an opinion," says Mr. Ellis, "that unless Sir George still considered compliance, under present circumstances, injurious to the

Company's interests, he was disposed, with a view of averting the probable evil consequences of rejection under irritated feelings, and contemplating the prospect held out of effecting the ulterior objects of the embassy, to comply with the Emperor's wishes to the extent of performing the ceremony in his presence." Sir George, having consulted the gentlemen of the factory separately, found that compliance was regarded by them all as highly injurious to the Company's interests. They maintained that the respectability of the factory at Canton, and consequently their use and efficiency, rested entirely upon the belief entertained by the Chinese, of their inflexible adherence to principles once assumed—a belief which must necessarily be subverted by concession on so weighty a point, and on such an important occasion. Concession was accordingly given up; and a note containing the firm and unalterable determination of the embassy, to that effect, was handed to the Koong-yay, as Duke Ho, the prime minister.

Negotiation being now at an end, nothing remained of the task imposed upon the mandarins but to hurry on Lord Amherst, bag and baggage, to Peking; the conveyance being so contrived, withal, as to separate the members of the embassy from one another, and all of them from their luggage. After travelling the whole night on a rough road, formed of huge masses of granite, they were pushed on, without being allowed a moment's rest, to the Imperial residence of Yuen-min-yuen, in the neighbourhood of Peking.

"The carriage stopped under some trees," says our author, "and we ourselves were conducted to a small apartment belonging to a range of buildings in a square; mandarins of all buttons were in waiting; several princes of the blood, distinguished by clear ruby buttons and round flowered badges, were among them; the silence, and a certain air of regularity, marked the immediate presence of the Sovereign. The small apartment, much out of repair, into which we were huddled, now witnessed a scene I believe unparalleled in the history of diplomacy. Lord Amherst had scarcely taken his seat when Chang delivered a message from Ho, the Koong-yay, informing him that the Emperor wished to see the Ambassador, his son, and the commissioners, immediately. Much surprise was naturally expressed; the previous arrangement for the eighth of the Chinese month (the following day) was adverted to, and the utter impossibility of his Excellency appearing in his present state of fatigue, inanition, and deficiency of every necessary equipment, was strongly urged. Some other messages were interchanged between the Koong-yay and Lord Amherst, who, in addition to the reasons already given, stated the indecorum and irregularity of his appearing without his credentials. In his reply to this, it was said that, in the proposed audience, the Emperor merely wished to see the Ambassador, and had no intention of entering upon business. Lord Amherst having persisted in expressing the inadmissibility of the pre-

position, and in transmitting, through the Koong-yay, a humble request to his Imperial Majesty that he would be graciously pleased to wait till to-morrow, Chang and another mandarin finally proposed that his Excellency should go over to the Koong-yay's apartments, whence a reference might be made to the Emperor. Lord Amherst, having alleged bodily illness as one of the reasons for declining the audience, readily saw that, if he went to the Koong-yay's, this plea would cease to avail him, and positively declined compliance. This produced a visit from the Koong-yay, who, too much interested and agitated to heed ceremony, stood by Lord Amherst, and used every argument to induce him to obey the Emperor's commands. Among other topics, he used that of being received with our own ceremony, using the Chinese words, 'ne muntihlu,' your own ceremony. All proving ineffectual, with some roughness, but under pretext of friendly violence, he laid hands upon Lord Amherst to take him from the room; another mandarin followed his example. His Lordship, with great firmness and dignity of manner, shook them off, declaring that nothing but the extremest violence should induce him to quit that room for any other place but the residence assigned to him; adding, that he was so overcome by fatigue and bodily illness as absolutely to require repose. Lord Amherst further pointed out the gross insult he had already received, in having been exposed to the intrusion and indecent curiosity of crowds, who appeared to view him rather as a wild beast than the representative of a powerful sovereign: at all events, he entreated the Koong-yay to submit his request to his Imperial Majesty, who, he felt confident, would, in consideration of his illness and fatigue, dispense with his immediate appearance. A message arrived soon after the Koong-yay's quitting the room, to say that the Emperor dispensed with the Ambassador's attendance; that he had further been pleased to direct his physician to afford his Excellency every medical assistance that his illness might require. The Koong-yay himself soon followed, and his Excellency proceeded to the carriage. The Koong-yay not disdaining to clear away the crowd, the whip was used by him to all persons indiscriminately; buttons were no protection; and however indecorous, according to our notions, the employment might be for a man of his rank, it could not have been in better hands. The house of Sung-ta-jin, selected for residence, was exceedingly commodious, and pleasantly situated, with flowers and trees near the principal apartments. Its aspect was so agreeable that we could not but look forward, with some satisfaction, to remaining there a few days. Such, however, was not to be our fate; before two hours had elapsed, a report was brought that opposition was made by the Chinese to unloading the carts; and soon after the mandarins announced that the Emperor, incensed by the Ambassador's refusal to attend him according to his commands, had given orders for our immediate departure. The order was so peremptory that no alteration (alternative?) was proposed: in vain was the fatigue of every individual of the embassy pleaded: no consideration was allowed to weigh against the positive commands of the Emperor. Chang at one time said, that even compliance with the Tartar ceremony would now be unavailing: in the course of the day,

however, he somewhat altered his language, saying that all this annoyance had arisen from our pertinacity upon the point at issue, and hinted that submission might still be of use: he had the audacity to deny that the Emperor had ever signified his consent to receive us on our own terms. The only act of civility we experienced during the day was a handsome breakfast sent by the Emperor; which was most acceptable, as many of the party had tasted nothing since the preceding day. At four o'clock Lord Amherst got into his chair: and thus, to all outward appearance, has the embassy terminated. I have forgotten to mention that the Emperor's physician actually visited Lord Amherst, immediately on his arrival at Sung-ta-jin's, and to his report of the alleged indisposition being a mere pretext, the Emperor's sudden ebullition of rage may partly be attributed. For my own part, I cannot refrain from thinking that the promise given at Tong-chow was a mere deception, and that the real intention was either to bring us into the Emperor's presence, under circumstances so inconvenient and indecorous as to render it perfectly indifferent what ceremony we went through, or, by confusion and personal violence, to compel the performance of the Koutou: or else the Emperor, anticipating Lord Amherst's refusal of immediate attendance, may have proposed it as a pretext for his dismissal. If this latter supposition be correct, the success has been complete; for the proposal was so unreasonable, and the manner in which it was pressed so insulting, that neither public duty nor personal honour would have allowed Lord Amherst to act otherwise than he did. The English gentlemen who were witnesses to these transactions must have found great difficulty in restraining their indignation from proceeding to action, when they saw the brutal rudeness and insulting demeanor with which the representative of their sovereign was treated; and there could have been but one feeling—a hope that hereditary rank and official dignity might never again be placed at the mercy of the caprice of a despot, exasperated by resistance."

Thus were the Ambassador and his suite dismissed, and exposed to the fatigue and discomfort of another night journey, on their return to Tong-chow, which may be called the port of Peking. As our people were not allowed to enter the latter city, either in their advance or retreat, they saw nothing of it but the suburbs; which Mr. Ellis describes as being very extensive, and not inelegant. They saw indeed the walls of Peking, which are built of mud, stone, and brick, and have some wooden guns mounted to fill up a range of paltry embrasures. The town itself is situated in a plain; and its lofty walls, with their numerous bastions and stupendous towers, says our author, certainly give it an imposing appearance, not unworthy the capital of a great empire. After a shocking ride in carts, on a hard paved road, where "each jolt seemed sufficient to destroy life," and under torrents of rain, which combined, as Mr. Ellis expresses it, "with the Imperial displeasure to annoy them," our unfortunate travellers reached Tong-chow, at three o'clock in the morning. Hither they were

followed, in the course of the day, by the mandarin Chang; who informed Lord Amherst that the chin-chaes were at hand with certain presents from the Emperor to the Prince Regent. These dignitaries soon appeared, bearing with them the intended presents, consisting of a large *joo-yee*, or sceptre, formed of a stone allied to agate, greenish white in colour, and symbolically expressive of contentment. The handle of the *joo-yee* is flat, not very unlike that of a ladle; the top is of a circular shape, something like the leaf of the water-lilly. There were also a mandarin necklace, a few beads of coral, with a red ornament set round with pearls; and, lastly, a few embroidered purses. The articles selected by the Imperial commissioners, in return, were the pictures of the King and Queen, a case of maps, and some coloured prints. It is perhaps worthy of being mentioned, as a proof of the Ambassador's firmness in maintaining the dignity of his character, and the respect due to his sovereign, that when the pictures of their Majesties were taken out of the packages, his Lordship made a point of publicly saluting them, in the same manner as had been practised by him to the yellow curtain at Tien-sing. This levelling doctrine was not agreeable to the mandarins; who thus saw the same obeisance paid to the King of England as to the Son of Heaven and Lord of the Celestial Empire. In return, however, those bigoted nobles embraced an early opportunity of testifying their indignation; for when a beggar stood up as Lord Amherst passed by, a mandarin instantly ordered the man to sit down; the British Ambassador being no longer considered as deserving of respect even from the lowest class of society.

A few days after the embassy left Tong-chow, the Emperor published several edicts explaining to his people the reasons why he had dismissed the English so precipitately. He dwells chiefly, of course, upon their stubbornness in not consenting to perform the *Ko-tou*; but mentions, at the same time, that he was not aware that the Ambassador had travelled all the night preceding the day on which he commanded his attendance. For this concealment, as well as for misrepresenting some things which occurred at Tong-chow, Ho and Moo were degraded, and otherwise severely punished; whilst Soo and Kwang are subjected to similar marks of the Imperial displeasure, for allowing Lord Amherst to proceed one step, after having refused to perform *Ko-tou*, previous to the entertainment given at Tien-sing. We give an extract from one of these Imperial edicts, as affording a fair specimen of Chinese truth and modesty.

"The English ambassadors, upon their arrival at Tien-sing, have not observed the laws of politeness, in return for the invitation of the Emperor. At Tong-chow, they gave assurances of readiness to perform the prostration and genuflection required by the laws of good manners

of the country, and arrived at the Imperial country-house; and when we were upon the point of repairing to the Hall to receive the embassy, the first as well as the second ambassador, under pretence of ill health, would not appear. We in consequence passed a decree that they should be sent away upon their return. We, however, reflected that as these ambassadors, in not observing the laws of politeness, were blameable towards the Sovereign of their country, who, from an immense distance, and over various seas, had sent to offer us presents, and to present with respect his letters, indicating a wish to show us due consideration and obedience, contempt was improper, and against the maxim *to show lenity to our inferiors*; in consequence, from amongst the presents of the said King, we chose the most trifling and insignificant, which are four maps, *two portraits*, ninety-five engravings; and, in order to gratify him, have accepted them. We in return, *as a reward*, presented to the said King, &c. When the ambassadors received the said gifts they became exceeding glad, and evinced their repentance, &c. Upon their arrival at Canton, you, Tsiang and Tung, will invite them to a dinner, in compliance with good manners, and will make the following speech to them:

“Your good fortune has been small: you arrived at the gates of the Imperial house, and were unable to lift up your eyes to the face of Heaven (the Emperor). The great Emperor reflected that your King sighed after happiness (China), and acted with sincerity. We therefore accepted some presents, and gifted your King with various precious articles: you must return thanks to the Emperor for his benefits; and return with speed to your kingdom, that your King may feel a respectful gratitude for these acts of kindness. Take care to embark the rest of the presents with safety, that they may not be lost or destroyed.”

“Respect this.”

We have no intention of following the embassy on its return to Canton; which occupied four months, and, with the exception of one day's journey through the celebrated pass of Meeling, was performed on a succession of rivers and canals, constituting the most extensive inland navigation in the world. Mr. Ellis's journal, accordingly, from the 1st of September, 1816, till the 1st of January, 1817, is the most tiresome thing imaginable; containing little more than dates, hours of sleeping, sailing, and eating, with a few descriptions of picturesque objects, woods, mountains, and pagodas. We have no objection to the minuteness of the diary, when ascending the Pet-ho; for most readers will take an interest in the repeated conferences and discussions, between the Ambassador and the mandarins, which terminated at length in the rejection of the embassy at Peking; but two hundred quarto pages of details, confined to occurrences in a boat, or sights on the banks of a river, prove either that Mr. Ellis was determined to make a volume at all hazards, or that he is totally destitute of bowels of compassion for those who must read through a book before they can venture to speak of it. The motto which

he quotes from Bacon does not apply to his case. Lord Verulam indeed says that "it is a strange thing that in sea voyages, where there is nothing to be seen but sky and sea, men should make diaries: but in land travel, wherein so much is to be observed, for the most part they omit it; as if chance were fitter to be registered than observation: let diaries therefore be brought in use." But considering that Mr. Ellis, during the whole time he was in China, with the slight exception already noticed, and the two hurried night journeys between Tong-chow and Peking, was hardly ever out of a junk (from which he could see little more than sky and water), we think it would not have been easy to light on another passage in Bacon's works so foreign to the point as that which he has chosen to transcribe. Nor was he permitted to go ashore, even for the purpose of exercise, but with a couple of Chinese soldiers at his heels, with their bamboo bayonets; and when, on any occasion, he succeeded in entering the suburbs of a town—for the gates of the towns themselves were locked hard and fast against the embassy—he was chased back into his boat, by order of a mandarin. And even of the little he saw, Mr. Ellis was not quite qualified to describe the whole; for, as to trees, he confesses that he is as ignorant as a cockney; and in the department of mineralogy too, he appears to have still much to learn. We know not, for example, what he means by *porphyritic granite*; and his opinions, as to the collocation and distribution of rocks, in the Mee-ling mountains, are not easily reconcileable with the received theories of geologists, whether Huttonian or Wernerian.

From Nankin downwards the vigilance of the guards was indeed somewhat relaxed; and the gentlemen of the embassy were occasionally allowed to land, and advance a short way into the fields. The city now mentioned, although very much decayed, retains numerous proofs of ancient magnificence. Its extent is almost incredible, did we not know that the Chinese enclosed in their towns, not only fields and gardens, but even hills, for pasture and a supply of water. From the outer gateway to the inner wall, which surrounds the portion of the city still inhabited, the distance is six miles; and the whole space from gate to gate was crossed by paved roads, one of which, leading from the outer gate, bears marks of having been a street. We agree, however, with the travellers in thinking it extremely improbable that the whole area was ever built upon; yet we may readily imagine, as they observe, that it was crowded with villas, and that princes and nobles enjoyed the fine climate of this neighbourhood in luxurious indolence, where now the peasants at long intervals, engaged in cultivating their grounds, are the only remains of population, in by far the greater part of the former capital of the celestial dominions.

Of the present state of China we are not supplied with any new materials, for forming either a correct or a general opinion. Mr. Ellis in most things agrees with Mr. Barrow: neither author having perceived any direct tokens of an overflowing population, nor of the misery and degradation which usually accompany that condition of society. Nor does either of these travellers believe in the prevalence of infanticide; they in fact saw nothing to warrant the accounts, so generally received throughout Europe, relative to child murder: on the contrary, the people, taken in the mass, looked well fed and well clothed, and were surrounded with an air of comfort, not always to be seen in the kingdoms of the West. They appeared also very hospitable and cheerful, particularly in country parts; and on no occasion did they manifest any hostile intention, or wish to annoy. Yet, they seem callous and indifferent to the sufferings or danger of one another; and nothing struck our tars with so much surprise as to see the Chinese boatmen, near Canton, looking, without emotion, at their companions struggling for life in the water, and without making any effort to rescue them from their perilous situation.

The mandarins, again, are haughty, mean, cowardly, and utterly regardless of truth. Even the Imperial commissioners pressed Lord Amherst to tell a falsehood; and it is now past all doubt that Ho and Moo, the former a duke and minister of state, told a series of lies to the Emperor, as to the proceedings at Tongchow. There seems, indeed, to be very little honour amongst them; and various precautions are accordingly employed by the government to guard against extortion and mal-administration. The period of their employment is limited; they are excluded from holding an office in the province where they are born, and are prohibited from contracting a marriage within the bounds of their jurisdiction.

The Emperor, as Son of Heaven and father of his people, exercises both the legislative and executive departments of government; and, as far as we can judge, the latter branch of his authority is mildly administered. Punishment, when not capital, is regarded as a token of paternal affection; and the culprit, accordingly, returns thanks, or makes obeisance, to him who handles the rod, or more properly, the bamboo lath, with which his face is slapped the statutory number of times.

Religion appears at a very low ebb, if we are to judge from the deserted state of the temples, and the poverty of the priesthood. Confucius supplied them with moral sayings, and practical rules of life: their ostensible worship consists in a species of Sabaism, or adoration of external nature; whilst the creed of the more learned amongst them approaches closely to a phi-

losophical atheism. It would be found, we think, upon a little investigation, that the tenets of the Brahmins in India, and the speculations which employ the minds of the disciples of Fo, have the same origin, and have undergone too nearly the same process of corruption. The priests in China are distinguished by an idiotic expression of countenance; assumed, Mr. Ellis thinks, to counterfeit either profound abstraction, or an overwhelming inspiration.

The Chinese are indifferent looking soldiers. When their artillerymen fire a gun, they cautiously apply a light to the match, and instantly run back a great many yards, fall on their faces, and lay squat till the tube has sent forth its contents. Mr. Ellis saw some infantry dressed so as to imitate tigers, whom he, not unappropriately calls 'monsters of the guard.' Most of them seemed frightened at their own arms.

We leave Mr. Ellis by echoing his concluding question; Where, in the scale of nations, are the Chinese to be placed? Are they to be classed with the civilization of the West, or do they belong to the simi-barbarism of the East? Inferior to Turks, Persians, or Indians, in military knowledge, they infinitely surpass them in the arts of peace; and there is a species of vicious regularity in their government, morals, and science, which, while it gives them a claim to positive civilization, still leaves them far behind the nations of Europe. The observation of Solomon that "there is nothing new under the sun," applies, with the sense a little altered, to the history of China. Less barbarous than those around them, the people of that great empire have maintained a perpetuity of laws, manners, and maxims; and as each succeeding dynasty of kings supported the civil institutions of their predecessors, the tide of conquest has repeatedly passed over the greater part of China, and yet left it unchanged. The increasing numbers of Europeans, and the gradual progress of the British arms, in upper India, will probably, in a short time, bring them into contact with a higher species of civilization; and it is rather a striking fact, that at the very moment our ambassadors were approaching to Pekin, a Chinese army was advancing to the frontiers to assist the soldiers of Nepaul to repel the British troops. The language, the science, and religion of Europe, would prove a blessing to all ranks; and the period is perhaps not very distant when the Celestial Empire shall derive illumination from those whom they now esteem the barbarians of the West, and when the Son of Heaven and Lord of all the Sovereigns of the Earth shall perform the Ko-tou to those very persons whom he now chooses to dominate his vassals and tribute-bearers.

We now proceed to give a short account of Mr. M'Leod's

book, which contains some notices relative to a people not at all known in Europe, and to a group of islands which we suspect would not be much improved by intercourse with Europeans. We may preface the few extracts we are about to make, by recalling to the memory of our readers that, whilst Lord Amherst and his party were engaged in their inland voyage to and from Peking, the *Alceste*, Captain Maxwell, and the *Lyre*, Captain Hall, sailed into the less frequented parts of the Yellow Sea, and along the coast of Corea. We regret that our limits will not permit us to follow our countrymen in the track of their various discoveries; and particularly to accompany them in their visit to the people of Great Lewchew—the most primitive, innocent, and benevolent creatures, that share our common nature. The description of their kindness, and simple modes of life, is truly romantic and enchanting. Their humanity and warm-heartedness do honour to mankind; and the hard nationality of British seamen, and their contempt of foreigners, were here melted down into affection and esteem. Finding that the ships wanted repairs, they fitted up the garden of a temple as a sort of arsenal, and understanding that wood was required for spars, they felled fir trees, floated them down the river, and towed them alongside. The principal persons, moreover, determined to entertain the officers of both his Majesty's ships, and invited them ashore for that purpose.

"At the landing place," says Mr. M'Leod, "the party were met by some of the chiefs who had been most in the habit of visiting the ships, each of whom taking one of the officers by the hand, led him through an immense collection of spectators to the gate of a public building, where the old gentleman already mentioned attended to welcome them into the house.—Many loyal and friendly toasts applicable to both countries were given and drank with enthusiasm. As they had hitherto generously supplied the ships with fresh provisions, vegetables, and fruit, and constantly refused any kind of payment, either in money, or by way of barter, the captains thought this a proper opportunity to offer, as a mark of their personal regard, some presents to the chiefs, consisting of various wines, cherry brandy, English broad-cloths, a telescope, and other things: and on this ground only they were accepted; reserving it to themselves, at the same time, to make what personal return they might think proper to this interchange of friendship.

"On our arrival at Lew-chew, our cases of sickness, though not numerous, were severe; and to the kindness of the natives may, in a great measure, be attributed their recovery. They were not only comfortably lodged, but the higher class of people daily attended, inquiring into their wants, giving additional *coogas*, or eggs, and other delicacies, to those whose cases more particularly required them, and paying a cheerful attention to the whole; for theirs was a substantial

not a cold or ostentatious charity. A young man, whose case had long been hopeless, died here. On that night, a coffin was made by our own carpenters, whilst the natives dug a grave, in the English manner, in a small burial ground, under some trees near the landing place. Next morning we were astonished to find a number of the principal inhabitants clad in deep mourning (white robes with black or blue sashes) waiting to attend the funeral. The Captain came on shore with the division of the ship's company to which the man had belonged, and proceeded to the garden where the body lay. His messmates bore the coffin covered with the colours; the seamen ranged themselves two and two in the rear of it; next were the midshipmen; then the superior officers; and last of all the Captain, as is usual in military ceremonies of this kind. The natives, who had been watching attentively this arrangement, and observing the order of precedence to be inverted, without the least hint being given, but with that unassuming modesty and delicacy which characterize them, when the procession began to move, placed themselves in front of the coffin, and in this order marched slowly to the grave. The utmost decency and silence prevailed whilst the funeral service was performing by the chaplain, although there was a considerable concourse of people, and afterwards they marched back, but in different order to the garden. Here they took directions for the shape of a stone to be placed at the head of a tomb, which, as a mark of respect, they had already begun to erect over the grave. This was soon finished; and the shape of the English letters being drawn with Indian ink, they, notwithstanding the simplicity of their tools, cut out with much neatness the following epitaph:

“ ‘ Here lies &c.’ ”

“ The day after the interment they went to the tomb with their priests, and performed the funeral service according to the rites of their own religion. There is no act of these excellent and interesting people which the mind has not pleasure in contemplating and recollecting. Not satisfied with having smoothed the path of death, they carried their kind regards even beyond the grave.

“ The period of our departure being now fixed, all the stores were embarked on the evening of the 26th of October. The next morning, as the ships unmoored, the Lew-chews, as a mark of respect, arrayed themselves in their best apparel, and, proceeding to the temple, offered up to their gods a solemn sacrifice; invoking them to protect the *Engelus*, to avert every danger, and restore them in safety to their native land. Immediately after this solemnity, our particular friends crowded on board to *shake hands*, and say *farewell*; whilst the tears which many of them shed evinced the sincerity of their attachment. We stood out to sea-ward; and the breeze being favourable, this happy island soon sunk from the view: but it will long be remembered by the officers and men of the *Alceste* and *Lyre*, for the kindness and hospitality of its inhabitants have fixed upon every mind a deep and lasting impression of gratitude and esteem.”

After leaving these friendly islanders, Captain Maxwell directed his course for the shores of Canton, in expectation of

meeting with the embassy, which, he knew, was to return by that port. Here his Majesty's ships were very unwelcome visitors indeed; and an attempt was made to play off upon the commanders those vexatious tricks, and that species of contemptible chicanery, for which the mandarins are justly noted. They first promised to send a pilot to conduct the ships up the river, and afterwards came on board to laugh at Captain Maxwell for believing them; informing him, at the same time, that the Ambassador had been sent away from Pekin in disgrace; that he would soon arrive here; when he should be sent on board and dismissed, with all the English ships, from the country, and so forth. They had already seized an Indiaman, the General Hewitt, on the pretence of being a tribute-ship, and had thrown the commanding officers into prison, after having spit in the faces of those whom he had sent with a memorial to the Viceroy. Captain Maxwell, after threatening to throw them overboard for an insolent expression, demanded a pass to proceed up the river; telling them that, if it did not appear in forty-eight hours, he should take it for granted that leave was given. The two days passed, however, and no pass made its appearance. To have waited longer for an explicit answer would, as Mr. M'Leod remarks, have been in vain. The Chinese are a people who, by early education, and constant habits, are *manœuvrers*, and always enjoy a much higher satisfaction in obtaining any purpose by fraud, trick, and over-reaching, than by honourable means. The King's representative, however, was in their power; and this circumstance rendered a decision on the case still more difficult; but it was equally clear that the government which had attempted to dishonour the flag would not respect the Ambassador; and experience has fully proved that the tame submission of other nations has only added to the arrogance, and cherished the insolence, of the Chinese. Captain Maxwell said nothing, but gave orders to weigh anchor, and to examine the locks and flints of the guns. The next day the *Alceste* continued her progress up the river to a point where it is contracted to about the breadth of the Thames at London.

“ The fortifications on this pass were formerly insignificant, and allowed to remain in a very dismantled state; but lately they have been repaired, and strengthened with much care. An additional battery of forty guns has been built rather further up, and on the same side with old Annan-hoy: 110 pieces of cannon, of different calibres, are at present mounted on these forts, including that of the island of Wang-tong, opposite; the whole three being within half gun-shot of each other, with a garrison, at this time, of about 1200 men. As we advanced, some war junks formed a line off Chum-pee, and were soon after joined by several more, making, altogether,

seventeen or eighteen. They carry, on an average, six guns, with from sixty to eighty men. About this time (five o'clock) a loquacious linguist came on board from the mandarins, and desired, in a high domineering tone, that the ship should be directly anchored, and that, if we presumed to pass up the river, the batteries would instantly sink her. Captain Maxwell calmly replied, that he would first pass the batteries, and then hang him at the yard-arm, for daring to bring on board a British man-of-war so impudent a message: his boat was then cut adrift, and himself taken into custody. The junks now commenced firing blank cartridge, which we returned with three guns from the ship; affecting to consider this as a mere salute. On the next tack we passed close to these warriors, who remained quiet till we opened Chum-pee, when that fort, little Annan-hoy, and the junks now under weigh, began to fire with shot. At this moment, the wind being light and baffling, we were obliged to drop anchor in Anson's Bay, in order to hold the ground we had gained, and show that they had not driven us back; and, in the act of wearing for this purpose, we gave the Admiral of the junks a single shot only, by way of a hint. This first shot was fired by the Captain's own hand; that, in the event of the Chinese demanding those who fired, instead of those who ordered, he might fully place himself in the situation of being individually responsible for all consequences. They immediately ceased firing; and their junks anchoring near us, all remained quiet till a little after eight o'clock, when a light breeze sprung up, which enabled us to lay our course, and the anchor was again weighed. The moment this was observed by the junks, they beat their gongs, fired guns, and threw up sky-rockets, to give the alarm, and, in an instant, the batteries were completely illuminated, displaying lanterns as large as moderate sized balloons, (the finest mark imaginable for us), commencing also a warm but ill-directed fire from both sides. Steering a steady course, the ship maintained a slow and regular fire, as the guns could be got to bear, with yawing her. At last, when within pistol-shot of the angle of their battery, and just before they could get all their guns to bear into the ship, a whole broadside, with cool aim, was poured in among them, the two and thirty-pounders rattling the stones about their ears in fine style, and giving them, at the same time, three *roaring* cheers. This salvo was decisive at this particular point: their lights disappeared in a twinkling, and they were completely silenced: but from the island opposite they still continued their fire; the balls which passed over and around us striking new Annan-hoy, which had thereby the full benefit of their own as well as our shot."

Now what was the consequence of these bold measures? In the first place, the General Hewitt, which, as we have already stated, had been detained as a tribute-ship, was instantly permitted to load, and supplied with a cargo of tea; and, secondly, a high mandarin, attended by one of the Hong merchants, was sent by the Viceroy, the very day after the brush with the batteries, to wait upon Captain Maxwell, to welcome him into the river, and to compliment him with all possible politeness. It

appears, therefore, that this *head-thumping* ceremony produced both tea and civility; and it is, in all probability, as the surgeon remarks, the only mode of *ko-touting* by which we shall ever receive either, on reasonable terms, from the Chinese. When the late Admiral Drury was induced to make a *show of force* at Canton, but was withheld by circumstances from proceeding to actual hostilities, there was no end to their gasconading; they considered his retiring as a great victory; and it is celebrated as such by an inscription in one of their pagodas.

It will be recollected that an edict had been forwarded to the Viceroy at Canton, commanding him to give the Ambassador a dinner, and to address to him a speech sent for the purpose, beginning with, "Your good fortune has been small: you could not lift up your eyes to Heaven," &c. The Emperor's letter to the Prince Regent was to be delivered on the same occasion, entitled a "Mandate to the King of England;" and it was chiefly with the view of receiving this precious epistle that Lord Amherst consented to an interview. The purport of the speech having transpired at Canton, before the Embassy had arrived, his Lordship communicated, through his secretary, a hint to the Viceroy, cautioning him not to make use of any improper language, as it might call forth replies which would be unpleasant. The meeting having taken place, upon a principle of perfect equality, as to the ceremonials observed on either side, the Emperor's letter, contained in a bamboo case covered with yellow silk, was presented to the Ambassador; after which, the Viceroy, having gone through his complimentary questions of "What age are ye?" and others of equal importance, spoke as follows, Mr. Morrison being the interpreter. "By the favour of the Emperor you have traded to this country for more than an hundred years, very much to your advantage." Tell him, said Lord Amherst, "the advantage is mutual." The Viceroy replied, "No, the advantage is very much on your side." "Repeat to him," said his Lordship, "that the advantage is *strictly* mutual." From the dignified and independent manner in which this was spoken, and perceiving also a determination to repulse every thing bordering on impertinence, the Viceroy seemed to quite awed and disconcerted; the thread of his discourse was broken, and he could proceed no farther than to say that the "subject was a disagreeable one;" when the Ambassador rising up, wished him a very good morning, and retired from the hall in the same state in which he entered it. This distant and dignified behaviour, coupled with the powerful oratory of the Alceste's thirty-two pounders,—the shot of which were weighed at Canton with great solemnity,—will improve the breeding of the Chinese, and actually make them our friends, much more effec-

tually than a thousand repetitions of the ko-tou. The good effects of it, indeed, have been felt already.

On the 20th of January the Embassy left Canton, receiving due honour from the Chinese ships and forts, and on the 18th of the following month they were shipwrecked in the Straits of Gaspar. The details of the wreck, the occupation of an island by the crew, and their defence against the Malays, who blockaded, and were making preparations to attack them; the good conduct of the men, and the resolute steady demeanour of Captain Maxwell; the arrangements to convey Lord Amherst and suite to Java, and the dispatch from thence of a ship to carry off the *Alceste's* company, are narrated by Mr. M'Leod in such a manner as to excite the greatest interest and sympathy in the occurrences which he describes. We must likewise satisfy ourselves with merely referring to the amusing accounts descriptive of the Javanese, and of the state of their island, contained in both the volumes now before us. Mr. Ellis put himself to considerable pains in order to become acquainted with the manners of this people, their political views, their manufactures, and agricultural productions; and he communicates his discoveries with candour and intelligence.

The embassy once more put to sea on the 12th of April, in the ship *Cæsar*, Capt. Taylor, only to run the imminent risk of dying by fire, in the middle of the Indian Ocean, instead of by water in the Straits of Gaspar. One morning the ship was discovered to be on fire; and it was not till after the greatest exertion, for nearly an hour, that the raging element was subdued.

The only other wonders set forth in these books of travels are Bonaparte and a Boa-Constrictor. There were two of the latter species put on board a ship at Borneo, but as one of them had sprawled into the sea, and was drowned, there was now only one on its passage to England. The live stock provided for his use, in the *Cæsar*, consisted of six goats of the ordinary size; five being considered as a fair allowance for as many months.

"At an early period of the voyage we had an exhibition of his talent in the way of eating, which was publicly performed on the quarter-deck, upon which he was brought. The sliding door being opened, one of the goats was thrust in, and the door of the cage shut. The poor goat, as if instantly aware of all the horrors of its perilous situation, immediately began to utter the most piercing and distressing cries, butting instinctively at the same time, with its head towards the serpent, in self-defence. The snake, which at first appeared scarcely to notice the poor animal, soon began to stir a little, and turning its head in the direction of the goat, it at length fixed a deadly and malignant eye on the trembling victim, whose agony and terror seemed to increase; for previous to the snake seizing its prey, it shook in every limb, but still continued its unavailing show of attack, by butting

at the serpent, which now became sufficiently animated to prepare for the banquet. The first operation was that of darting out his forked tongue, and at the same time rearing a little his head; then suddenly seizing the goat by the fore leg with his mouth, and throwing him down, he encircled him in an instant in his horrid folds. So quick, indeed, and so instantaneous was the act, that it was impossible for the eye to follow the rapid convolutions of his elongated body. It was not a regular *screw-like* turn that was formed, but resembling rather a knot; one part of the body overlaying the other, as if to add weight to the muscular pressure, the more effectually to crush his object. During this time he continued to grasp with his mouth, though it appeared an unnecessary precaution, that part of the animal which he had first seized. The poor goat in the mean time continued its feeble and half-stifled cries for some minutes, but they became more and more faint; and at last it expired. The snake, however, retained it for a considerable time in its grasp after it became motionless. He then began cautiously and slowly to unfold himself, till the goat fell dead from its monstrous embrace; when he began to prepare himself for the feast. Placing his mouth in front of the head of the dead animal, he commenced by lubricating with his saliva that part of the goat; and then taking its muzzle into his mouth, which had, and indeed always has, the appearance of a raw lacerated wound, he sucked it in as far as the horns would allow. These protuberances opposed some little difficulty, not so much from their extent as from their points: however, they also in a short time disappeared, that is to say, externally; but their progress was still to be traced very distinctly on the outside, threatening every moment to protrude through the skin. The victim had now descended as far as the shoulders; and it was an astonishing sight to observe the action of the snake's muscles when stretched to such an unnatural extent,—an extent which must have utterly destroyed the muscular power in any animal that was not, like himself, endowed with very peculiar faculties of expansion and action at the same time. When his head and neck had no other appearance than that of a serpent's skin, stuffed almost to bursting, still the working of the muscles were evident, and his power of suction, as it is erroneously called, unabated: it was, in fact, the effect of a contractile muscular power, assisted by two rows of strong hooked teeth." . . . "The whole operation of completely gorging the goat occupied about two hours and twenty minutes; at the end of which time the tumefaction was confined to the middle part of the body or stomach; the superior parts, which had been so much distended, having resumed their natural dimensions. He now coiled himself up again, and lay quietly in his torpid state for about three weeks or a month; when, his last meal appearing to be completely digested and dissolved, he was presented with another goat, which he devoured with equal facility."—"As we approached the Cape of Good Hope, this animal began to droop, as was then supposed, from the increasing cold of the weather, and he refused to kill some fowls that were offered to him. Between the Cape and St. Helena he was found dead in his cage; and, on dissection, the coats of his stomach were discovered to be excoriated and perforated

by worms. Nothing remained of the goat except one of the horns, every other part being dissolved."

On the 27th of May, the embassy reached the Cape of Good Hope, and touched at St. Helena exactly a month after. The exterior of the island is described as having much of that appearance which induced Madame Bertrand to call it the birth-place of the demon of Ennui; but the interior, it is added, is not destitute of beauties, there being many pleasant spots situated in its different valleys.—

"Bonaparte had, for a considerable time, been very retired and difficult of access, but he was perfectly disposed to see Lord Amherst; and on the day previous to our departure, his Lordship rode out there, accompanied by the gentlemen of his suite. He was introduced by General Bertrand with not a little form, and had, as well as Mr. Ellis, a very long private conversation previous to the introduction of the other gentlemen; who, in the mean time, were attended by Generals Bertrand, Montholon, and Gourgand, in the next room. At last, they also were ushered in; and a ring having been formed by the Marshal round the principal personage of the groupe, Lord Amherst presented to him first Captain Maxwell, to whom he bowed very civilly, and said his name was not unknown to him; observing, he had commanded on an occasion where one of his frigates, *La Pomone*, was taken in the Mediterranean. '*Vous etiez tres mechant.* Eh bien! Your government must not blame you for the loss of the *Alceste*, for you have taken one of my frigates.' He said he was very happy to see young Jeffery Amherst; and good-humouredly asked him what presents he had brought with him from China, and so forth. The author of this narrative he interrogated about the time he had served, and whether he had been wounded; repeating the last question in English. Proceeding next to Mr. Abel (who was introduced as naturalist), he inquired if he belonged to the Royal Society, or any of the public institutions, or was a candidate for that honour; asking if he had been happy in this voyage, in making any discoveries in natural history which could add to our stock of knowledge on that subject; whether he knew Sir Joseph Banks, whose name he said was a passport in France, and his wishes always attended to even during war. Mr. Cooke's name induced him to ask if he was a descendant of the celebrated navigator; observing, 'You had a Cook who was indeed a great man.' He requested to know, on Dr. Lynn being presented, at what university he had studied? 'At Edinburgh,' was the reply. 'Edenboorg!' he repeated; and went on to interrogate him whether he was a Brunonian in practice; or if he bled and gave as much mercury as our St. Helena doctors. Mr. Griffiths, the chaplain, was next introduced, whom Bonaparte termed *l'Aumonier*, and pronouncing also in English, *clair-gee-man*. 'Well, Sir,' he continued, 'have you found out what religion the Chinese profess?' Mr. Griffiths replied it was somewhat difficult to say, but it seemed a sort of Polytheism. Not appearing to understand the meaning of this word spoken in English, Bertrand remarked, '*Pluralité de Dieux.*' 'Ah, pluralité de Dieux,' said he; 'do they believe in

the immortality of the soul?' 'I think they have some idea of a future state,' was the reply. 'Well,' said Bonaparte, 'when you go home you must get a good living; I wish you may be made a prebendary, Sir.' Proceeding to Mr. Hayne, he also questioned him in some general way; and having now completed the circle, and said something to every body, he courteously bowed to each of the party as they retired; who all felt much gratified at the opportunity of the interview. Although there was nothing *descending* in his manner, yet it was affable and polite; and, whatever may be his general habit, he can behave himself *very prettily* if he pleases."

Mr. Ellis thinks that Bonaparte declaimed rather than conversed, and that he seemed anxious to impress his sentiments upon his auditors, as if for the purpose of being repeated.

"His style," says he, "is highly epigrammatic, and he delivers his opinions with the oracular confidence of a man accustomed to produce conviction: his mode of discussing great political questions would in another appear *charlatanerie*, but in him is only the development of the empirical system, which he universally adopted. He used metaphors and illustration with great freedom, borrowing the latter chiefly from medicine: his elocution was rapid, but clear and forcible; and both his manner and language surpassed my expectations. The character of his countenance is rather intellectual than commanding, and the chief peculiarity is in the mouth, the upper lip apparently changing in expression with the variety and succession of his ideas. In person Bonaparte is so far from being extremely corpulent, as has been represented, that I believe he was never more capable of undergoing the fatigues of a campaign than at present. I should describe him as short and muscular, not more inclined to corpulency than men often are at his age."

We have already given our opinion as to the wisdom and policy of the conduct pursued by Lord Amherst, at the court of Peking: and it must appear, we think, that, on any future misunderstanding with the local authorities at Canton, strong measures and the application of positive force, in case of resistance, will best answer the purpose of maintaining our character and furthering our interests.

ART. VIII.—*Histoire de l'Astronomie Ancienne*. Par M. Delambre, Chevalier de Saint Michel, et de la Légion d'Honneur; Secrétaire perpétuel de l'Académie Royale des Sciences pour les Mathématiques, &c. *History of Ancient Astronomy* 2 vols. 4to. with 17 folding plates. Paris, 1817.

THE science of astronomy is not merely interesting in itself, as an object of speculation and research; or on account of its

tendency to aid and exalt our conceptions of Nature's God, but on account of its essential importance to geography, navigation, gnomonics, and chronology, departments of knowledge so practically valuable in every civilized country. Proportioned to this high estimate of the science, will be the interest we shall take in tracing its origin and progress; and hence it is, that few sciences have had so many historians as that to which our attention is now to be directed. The historians of astronomy, however, have not been so considerable in value as in number; and it would, perhaps, be difficult to name more than three or four, whose works could be consulted with any prospect of deriving either pleasure or information from the perusal.

The History of Astronomy published by Costard, in 1767, evinces throughout considerable erudition and a very respectable knowledge of the subject; but it has many features of offensive peculiarity, and is defective in arrangement and taste.

Weidler's History of Astronomy, published in 1741, is a laborious catalogue of the works of astronomers of all ages and countries. It is a collection in many respects useful to consult; but it is defective in discrimination; and its author seldom attempts to point out, from among a variety of sources, those to which a student may most advantageously apply.

Montucla, the industrious and ingenious author of the *Histoire des Mathématiques*, in four quarto volumes, has devoted a very fair proportion of his work to the subject of astronomy. Yet, it has happened, as was naturally to be expected, considering the multifarious topics of his research, that he has often taken his information at second-hand, and has therefore become involved in mistakes, which he would, doubtless, have avoided, had the attention, which in his undertaking was scattered over a diversity of subjects, been concentrated upon one.

In 1804, Dr. Robert Small published, in an octavo volume, "An Account of the Astronomical Discoveries of Kepler; including an Historical Review of the Systems which had successively prevailed before his time." This is a work of considerable ability, by which the author has judiciously filled the chasm that subsisted between the ancient and the modern astronomy, and traced the process by which Kepler freed himself from the influence of erroneous hypothesis, and established, before the publication of Bacon's *Novum Organum*, the legitimate connexion of theory and experiment; "of experiments suggested by theory, and of theory submitted without prejudice, to the test and decision of experiments."

But this performance, as is evident, was limited in its object. Bailly's *Histoire de l'Astronomie*, more celebrated by far than any we have yet named, has no such limitation. It is comprised in

five quarto volumes; of which the first, which made its appearance in 1775, is devoted to ancient astronomy; the two next, published in 1779, to modern astronomy; and the remaining two, which appeared in 1787, to the Indian and Oriental astronomy. In this work the author has exhibited a very extraordinary union of science, taste, and eloquence: he has traced the labours of the principal astronomers in every age, with a masterly, and often with an impartial hand. But he has more than once deviated from historical truth, that he might introduce some favourite hypothesis; and he incessantly suffers his imagination to escape from the control of his judgment. His favourite whimsey is thus characterized by Dalember:—"Le rêve de Bailly, sur ce peuple ancien, qui nous a tout appris, excepté son nom, et son existence, me paraît un des plus creux qu'on ait jamais eu; mais cela est bon à faire des phrases....J'aime mieux dire avec Boileau, en philosophie comme en poésie, *Rien n'est beau que le vrai.*"

It is evident, then, that notwithstanding what has already been effected in this department of inquiry, there is still room in it for new efforts; and that a history of astronomy that shall be scientific, perspicuous, and impartial, is entitled to a welcome reception among mathematicians. For such an undertaking M. Delambre is remarkably well qualified. He is regarded as the best Greek scholar among French mathematicians; and is, therefore, most able to examine correctly the writings of the early astronomers which have come to us in that language. He has, besides, devoted himself to the theory and practice of astronomy for the greater part of a long and active life: and the numerous valuable productions which he has presented to the world exhibit at once a sound judgment and a correct taste. He is more methodical and less garrulous than Lalande; and he does not, like some of his countrymen, incessantly affect originality and abstruseness. He has adopted a medium, useful as it is perspicuous, between the exclusively analytical and the exclusively geometrical methods; availing himself of the one or the other, as may best suit the inquiry before him. He has attempted to comprise in his history all that appeared interesting in reference to astronomy, whether in printed books or in such manuscripts as he could procure; and has given of the whole a fair and copious extract. Neither Weidler in his History, nor Lalande in the first volume of his "Astronomie," and in his bibliographical sketches, has cited any author, whose writings Delambre has not analyzed with perspicuity and attention. The two volumes now published bring down the history, in this manner, to the time of Theon of Alexandria, and include an account of his Commentary on the works of Ptolemy. These will be followed by the astronomy of the middle ages, now in the press; and subsequent volumes, it is

proposed, shall trace the developement of astronomical knowledge to modern times.

In the earlier portions of the history, M. Delambre exhibits fewer of the crude notions of the ancients, than some of his predecessors.

“ Je n'appelle pas science la collection de quelques faits si frappans, qu'ils n'ont pu échapper à aucun observateur, ni quelques conséquences faciles à déduire, et qui ne supposent tout au plus qu'une opération arithmétique. Je n'appelle pas science, la simple revue du ciel étoilé et sa distribution en certains groupes auxquels on a imposé des noms arbitraires, non plus que la division du zodiaque en 27 ou 28 maisons indiquées par le cours de la lune, ou en douze signes qui répondent aux douze mois de l'année. Tout cela est si facile, qu'on a dû le trouver partout où l'on a voulu, et ce n'est guère la peine de rechercher quel est le peuple qui s'en est avisé le premier; ce doit être le plus ancien, et l'on n'aurait aucune raison valable pour refuser ces connaissances aux patriarches.

“ Ce que j'appelle *science astronomique*, c'est une théorie qui lie tous ces faits mieux observés, qui en donne la mesure plus précise, qui fournit les moyens de calculer tous les phénomènes, qui sait en conclure les distances et les vitesses des corps célestes, leurs marches, leurs rencontres, leurs éclipses, et qui sait assigner les tems et la manière différente dont ces phénomènes s'offriront aux habitans des divers pays.”

Pursuant to these sentiments, generally, M. Delambre comprizes in the first volume the history of astronomical science among the ancient Chaldeans, Egyptians, Chinese, and Indians. The works which he examines and analyzes for this purpose, are those of Autolycus, Euclid, Aratus, Aristarchus, Manetho, Eratosthenes, Empedocles, Archimedes, Hipparchus, Geminus, Achilles Tatius, Cleomedes, Lucretius, Theodosius, Menelaus, Hypsicles, Manilius, Strabo, Posidonius, Cicero, Hyginus, Seneca, Pliny, Censorinus, Macrobius, Simplicius, Martianus Capella, Proclus Diadochus, Arrian, Isidorus, Cassiodorus, Firmicus, Thius, Barlaam, and Venerable Bede. There are also copious extracts from the Chinese Annals, the Asiatic Researches, the Indian Arithmetic of Planudes, the Lilawuti, and the Bija Ganita. Farther, we are presented with about twenty pages of quotations from Hesiod, Homer, Virgil, Ovid, Horace, and Lucan; of which we conceive more than half might have been omitted in consistency with our author's notions of what constitutes science, or deserves to be recorded.

The second volume is occupied principally with accounts of the works of Ptolemy and his Commentator, Theon, which would alone furnish us with a methodical and complete treatise on the Greek astronomy. To facilitate the comprehension of these, M. Delambre has prefixed a treatise on the Greek arithmetic, a

chapter on the construction and computation of the table of chords, and another on the Greek trigonometry, plane and spherical, drawn entirely from the works of Ptolemy, but presented in a more natural order. The remainder of the second volume contains descriptions of the analemma, and of several ancient dials, as those of Phædrus, of Berosus, &c.

Having thus described in general terms the contents of M. Delambre's two volumes, we shall proceed to select and comment upon as many particulars, as our space will allow to be introduced.

In his first chapter the author gives a concise view of all that was known in astronomy, before the establishment of the Alexandrian school; or, we should rather say, of all that can be collected respecting the knowledge which prevailed before that æra; for we think it is not quite logical to infer that the notions of the ancients were vague and wide from truth, simply because such are the accounts of them that have reached us. If future ages should have no better descriptions of the modern astronomy than what could be gathered from our historians and poets, how inadequate a conception must they form! Bailly, it is evident, had an hypothesis, and that a very strange one, to establish; but we cannot help suspecting that M. Delambre's disapprobation of it has impelled him towards a contrary extreme. Without instruments of observation except of the rudest kind, and without any trigonometrical rules, astronomical knowledge must, of necessity, have been very imperfect; yet it need not have been so contemptible as this learned author is inclined to represent it. Candour, however, induces us to remark, that though we cannot go so far as M. Delambre, in depreciation of the ante-alexandrian astronomers, yet that we accord fully with him in believing that the necessary imperfection both of their theory and their practice, causes the "sphere of Eudoxus," and similar matters which have laid the foundation of earnest and sometimes angry discussions, to contribute absolutely nothing, in point of utility, either to astronomy or to chronology.

We find five of the planets mentioned so early as the time of Eratosthenes, more than a century before the Christian æra. He speaks of "Jupiter, or *Φαίρον*, large; *Φαέδων*, not large; the third is Mars, or *Πυροειδής*, the colour of fire, not large; Phosphorus, or Venus, of a white colour, and the largest of all the stars; the fifth, Mercury, or *Στίλβων*, brilliant, but small." Phaëton, says M. Delambre, can only be Saturn.

Achilles Tatius, who wrote a commentary on Aratus about three hundred years before Christ, speaks thus of the names and order of the planets among the Egyptians:

"It is by euphemism that the Egyptians call Saturn *Φαίρον*, apparent, seeing it is the most obscure of the planets. The Egyptians also call

it *Nemesis*. The second planet is Jupiter, which the Greeks call *Φαίδον*, and the Egyptians *Osiris*. The third is Mars, which among the Greeks is *Πυρρῆς*, and among the Egyptians the star of Hercules. The fourth is Mercury; nor must it pass unnoticed that it is the fourth; for there are strange differences in the manner of placing Mercury, Venus, and the Sun. Mercury is *Στίλβων* among the Greeks, and the star of Apollo among the Egyptians. The fifth is the planet Venus, which the Greeks call *ἑσπέρης*, precursor of Aurora. The Sun is the *fourth* according to the Egyptians, and the *sixth* according to the Greeks. The *seventh* is the Moon."

Here it is observable that Eratosthenes and Tattius interchange the names of Saturn and Jupiter. The two modes of distributing Mercury and Venus, also deserve attention.

The astronomical system expounded by Cicero was that of Posidonius, of whom he was a disciple. M. Delambre quotes a passage on the planets from Cicero's treatise *De Naturâ Deorum*, which, however, is too well known to every man of reading, to leave any necessity for our transcribing it at large. He speaks of

Saturn, *Φαυρον*, farthest from the earth, period 30 years nearly.

Jupiter, *Φαίδον*, nearer the earth, 12 years.

Mars, *Πυρρῆς*, 24 months, 6 days.

Mercury, *Στίλβων*, 1 year.

Venus, *ἑσπέρης*, and Lucifer, 1 year.

We need not waste any time in showing how widely these periods of revolution deviate from those which are furnished by modern astronomy.

To Pythagoras and the system which has been universally regarded as his, our author certainly devotes too little space.

"Pythagoras," says he, "born 540 years before J. C. studied among the Egyptians, and the Persian Magi, among the Chaldeans and the Bramins. He passes for the first who placed the sun as the centre of the world; but this point is sufficiently obscure."

It may be so; but it would have been a suitable exercise of M. Delambre's learning and ingenuity, to attempt its elucidation. From a very little time employed in bringing together the different testimonies of early philosophers and historians, respecting the astronomical dogmas of Pythagoras, it will appear that they included the distribution of the celestial sphere, the obliquity of the ecliptic, the roundness of the earth, the existence of the antipodes, the sphericity of the sun, and even that of the stars; and some persons have imagined that they have traced indications of an acquaintance with the principle of attraction. This last we regard as an overstrained conception; but if the other notions, or the majority of them, were held and taught by Pythagoras, why might not he also teach that the sun was the centre of the planetary system? The answer to this question need not, we

think, be left to conjecture and speculation. Aristotle, in his second book, *de Cælo*, c. 13. expresses himself thus :

"It now remains for us to speak concerning the earth, where it is placed, whether it be moveable or fixed, and what is its form. With regard to its situation all do not hold the same opinion ; for most persons, that is to say, all those who maintain that the whole heavens move round, are of the belief that it [the earth] is placed in the centre. But those Italians who are called Pythagoreans are of an opposite persuasion : they affirm that *Pyr* is in the centre ; and that the earth, being itself one of the stars, circling [or revolving] about that centre, produces night and day." *—Aristotle, it is true, did not understand the system which he has here so distinctly described. He regarded the word *πυρ* as synonymous with *αἴθρ*, and, blending this misconception with some of his own peculiarities, set himself very sedulously to refute the whole. Plutarch approached nearer the truth in this respect : he considered the *pyr*, not as the synonyme of *ether*, but of *helius* ; and accordingly described the Pythagoreans as believing "the *Pyr* [in this sense of the word] to be in the centre of the universe, and the earth to be neither fixed nor central, but in continual motion round the *Pyr*." Plutarch also speaks of Philolaus, a teacher of the Pythagorean doctrines, as maintaining that "the earth was carried circularly about the *Pyr*:" he again mentions Aristarchus and Seleucus as exhibiting the same doctrine, "the first only on conjecture, but the latter reducing it to demonstration." And from Aristarchus himself we learn, by a passage still extant, that "the *Helius* remains immoveable ; but the earth is carried round the *helius* as round the circumference of a circle of which it occupies the centre." The only tenable ground on which to question these testimonies, is Aristotle's mistake as to the meaning of *Pyr*. But we apprehend there are few Greek scholars who are not aware that the appellatives *Titan*, *Pyr*, and *Helius*, were successively given in Greece to the sun ; *Helius* succeeding to *Pyr*, just as *Selene* succeeded to *Mene* as the denomination of the moon. And here, by the way, if we did not think the matter sufficiently established without it, we should refer to the *Pyrrhic* dance as furnishing traditionary evidence of the same astronomical doctrine. "The *Pyrrhic* dance (says Bryant) was originally an Egyptian dance, practised by the priests, round a large fire, in honour of the SUN." But we cannot pursue this discussion, having advanced so little in our selections from the work before us : M. Delambre, should he see these pages, may perhaps be induced to investigate more fully the claims of Pythagoras.

* — εναντιως οι περι της Ιταλιας, καλουμενοι δε Πυθαγορειοι, λεγουσιν οτι μιν γαρ το μετω ΠΥΡ ειπαι ΦΑΟΣ, τῷ δὲ γῆ, ἐν τῷ αἰρει οὐραν, κυκλῳ φερεται περὶ το μαστι, τὸ κατὰ τι και ἡμεραν ποιουν.

Considering with what logical accuracy Euclid has arranged, and with what mathematical strictness he has demonstrated, the propositions in plane and solid geometry, it is natural to turn with eagerness to any performance of his on the subject of astronomy. Such a one we have still extant under the title of *Φαινόμενα*. This is the most valuable and complete depository extant of the astronomical knowledge that existed in Greece about three hundred years before the Christian æra: yet it exhibits no marks of that powerful genius which in his "Elements" maintains its full title to the homage of geometers after the lapse of more than two thousand years. The following is an extract.

"It is observable that all the stars rise invariably at the same point of the horizon; that those which rise together on one day of the year, rise together all the other days; that those which set together, in like manner continue to set together; and that in their motions they always retain the same respective distances. Now, this can only obtain with respect to objects which turn by a circular motion, when the eye is placed at the centre of the sphere which is constituted of all those circles, as is demonstrated in optics. We must suppose, therefore, that the motion of the stars is circular; that they are enched in a solid sphere, the eye being at an equal distance from all the points of the spherical surface.

"In the middle, between the two bears, there may be seen a star, which does not change its place, but turns in the place where it is fixed; and since that star is always at an equal distance from any one star whatever among those which turn about it; we must infer, therefore, that the stars describe parallel circles which have that star for their pole."

Astronomers without instruments, except of the rudest kind, would naturally conclude that the star α *Polaris* was precisely at the pole: and, admitting this, all that Euclid subsequently advances is arranged in a manner at once methodical, perspicuous, and perfectly geometrical. He lays down and demonstrates, though sometimes by very tedious processes, a series of propositions relative to the position of the earth with regard to the stars, the motion of stars in circles at different distances from the pole, the risings and settings of different points of the zodiac, &c. M. Delambre makes from the whole these obvious deductions:

"On peut dire que tous ces théorèmes sont la métaphysique de la trigonométrie sphérique, et que la pratique n'en retire aucun fruit. On voit qu'Euclide avait réfléchi sur le mouvement diurne, mais qu'il ne l'avait pas observé; ses idées auraient pris un autre cours. Ou bien on peut dire que jusque-là on n'avait observé que des levers et des couchers; que ces théorèmes sont les résultats d'observations qu'on ne savait pas encore calculer, et qu'Euclide a voulu démontrer qu'ils étaient des corollaires du mouvement sphérique uniforme. Ainsi tout cela prouve la non-existence de la Trigonométrie."

Euclid gives the term *horizon* to the "plane which passes through our eye and cuts the celestial sphere, separating the visible from the invisible hemisphere." This term is not to be found in any earlier author. Euclid also denotes the zenith by the phrase *the pole of the horizon*, and the ecliptic by the phrase *oblique circle of the zodiac*.

M. Delambre has presented to his readers a synopsis of the *optics* of the same author; but on this, though in some respects interesting, we cannot now allow ourselves to dwell.

Eratosthenes is usually regarded as the founder of accurate astronomy. He was called to Alexandria by Ptolemy Euergetes, who consigned to him the direction of his library. Eratosthenes was a poet, grammarian, and philosopher, as well as a geographer, geometer, and astronomer; and he probably devoted the smallest portion of his time to astronomy. He is said to have placed flat circular rings in the portico of the Alexandrian museum, for the purpose of astronomical observations. According to the description of them preserved by Ptolemy the astronomer, they were an assemblage of different circles, not much unlike our armillary sphere; which, indeed, derives its origin from them. The principal circle served as a meridian: the equator, the ecliptic, and two colures, constituted an interior assemblage that turned on the poles of the equator. There was another circle which turned on the poles of the ecliptic, and which was furnished with vanes diametrically opposite to each other; its concave side nearly touched the ecliptic, and carried an index to point out the division at which it stopped. The instrument, of which this appears to have been the general construction, was applied to various uses: among others, it served to determine the equinoxes, after the following manner. The equator of the instrument being posited, with great care, in the plane of the celestial equator, the observer ascertained, by watching, the moment when neither the upper nor the lower surface was illuminated by the sun; or rather, which was less liable to error, when the shadow of the anterior convex portion of the circle completely covered the concave part, on which it was projected. This instant of time was, evidently, that of the equinox. If this did not happen at all, although the sun shone, two observations were selected in which the shadow was projected on the concave part of the circle in opposite directions; and the mean of the interval between these observations was considered as the moment when the sun was on the equator.

This was, doubtless, a very ingenious, though not very accurate, mode of determining that important astronomical datum. Cleomedes tells us that Eratosthenes made use also of the *scaphium*, (that is, of the hollow hemisphere of Berosus,) and thereby ascertained that at Alexandria, on the day of the summer solstice, the

sun's zenith distance was $\frac{1}{6}$ of the circumference, or $7^{\circ} 12'$. This does not vary more than half a degree from the truth; a remarkable approximation, considering the rudeness of the instrument employed. Eratosthenes also found the distance, between the tropics to be $\frac{1}{3}$ of the circumference, or, in our measures, $47^{\circ} 42' 39''$; half of which gives $25^{\circ} 51' 19\frac{1}{2}''$ for the obliquity of the ecliptic: this, again, is within half a degree of the truth.

The attempt of Eratosthenes to determine the dimensions of the earth is so universally known, that there can be no occasion for us to describe it.

We must now pass to Archimedes, a contemporary of Eratosthenes, a man of the most profound and inventive genius, both as a mathematician and a mechanic; and whose invention of the *planetarium*, Ovid commemorates in the well-known lines,

“Arte Syracusiâ suspensus in aëre clauso
Stat globus, immensi parva figura poli.”

Claudian, in a lively epigram, thus alludes to the same invention:

“Jura poli, rerumque fidem, legesque deorum
Ecce Syracusus transtulit arte senex.
Inclusus variis famulatur spiritus astra,
Et vivum certis moribus urget opus;
Percurrit proprium mentitus signifer annum;
Et simulata novo Cynthia mense redit:
Jamque suum volvens audax Industria mundum
Gaudet, et humanâ sidera mente regit.”

Archimedes's *planetarium*, therefore, exhibited not only the motions of the sun and moon, but those of the starry sphere.

The only treatise of Archimedes now extant which exhibits any marks of his astronomical acquirements, is his *Υαμμήτης*, or *Arenarius*; a kind of mathematical recreation, in which he proposes to demonstrate that the number of grains of sand is not infinite, as is usually supposed. He undertakes, indeed, to prove that the numerical denominations which he has indicated in his books to Zeuxippes, are more than sufficient to express the grains of sand that would compose a globe, not only as large as our earth, but as the whole world. He supposes that the circumference of the earth is not more than 3 million stadia; that the diameter of the earth is greater than that of the moon, and less than that of the sun; that the diameter of the sun is 300 times that of the moon; and, moreover, that the apparent diameter of the sun is greater than the side of the inscribed chiliagon; that is, greater than $\frac{360}{1000}^{\circ}$ or $21' 36''$. He then proceeds thus:

“I have used every effort to determine, by means of instruments, the angle which comprehends the sun and has its summit at the eye of the observer: but this is not easy; for neither our eyes, nor our hands

nor any of the means which it is possible for us to employ, have the requisite precision to obtain this measure. This, however, is not the place to enlarge on such a subject. It will suffice, to demonstrate that which I have advanced, to measure an angle which is not greater than that which includes the sun's apparent diameter, and has its summit in our eyes; and then to take another angle which is not less than that of the sun, and which equally has its summit in our eyes. Having, therefore, directed a long ruler on a horizontal plane towards the point [of the horizon] where the sun ought to rise, I place a small cylinder perpendicularly on this ruler. When the sun is on the horizon and we look at it [without injury], I direct the ruler towards the sun, the eye being at one of its extremities, and the cylinder is placed between the sun and the eye in such a manner that it entirely conceals the sun from view. I then remove the cylinder farther from the eye until the sun begins to be perceived by a thin stream of light on each side of the cylinder.

"Now, if the eye perceived the sun from a single point, it would suffice to draw from that point tangential lines to the two sides of the cylinder. The angle included between these lines would be a little less than the apparent diameter of the sun; because there is a ray of light on each side. But as our eyes are not a single point, I have taken another round body not less than the interval between the two pupils, and placing this body at the point of sight at the end of the ruler, and drawing tangents to the two bodies, of which one is cylindric, I obtained the angle subtended by the sun's [apparent] diameter. Now the body which is not less than the preceding distance [between the pupils] I determine thus: I take two equal cylinders, one white, the other black, and place them before me, the white farthest off, the other near, so near indeed as to touch my face. If these two cylinders are less than the distance between the eyes, the nearer cylinder will not entirely cover the one that is more remote, and there will appear on both sides some white part of that remoter cylinder. By different trials we may find cylinders of such magnitude that the one shall completely conceal the other: we then have the measure of our view [the distance between the pupils], and an angle which is not smaller than that in which the sun appears. Now, having applied these angles successively to a quarter of a circle, I have found that one of them was less than its 164th part, and the other greater than its 200th part. It is therefore evident that the angle which includes the sun, and has its summit at our eye, is greater than the 164th part of a right angle, and less than the 200th part of a right angle."

By this process Archimedes found the sun's apparent diameter to be between $27'$ and $32' 56''$. It is not a little remarkable, considering the obvious inaccuracy of the method, that the maximum limit thus obtained, differs only $\frac{1}{4}$ of a minute from $32' 35.6''$, the largest angle actually subtended by the sun's diameter, and which is observed in the beginning of January, when the sun is nearest to the earth. But this quotation from the *Arenarius* is extremely curious, also, on other accounts. We may learn from

it, first, that Archimedes, with all his fecundity of genius, and with all the variety of his inventions, had no means of diminishing the effect of the sun's rays upon his eyes, and therefore performed this interesting experiment when the sun was in the horizon, that his eyes might sustain its light without inconvenience. It proves to us, farther, as M. Delambre remarks, that

"There was not then any instrument known to Archimedes, which he thought capable of giving the diameter of the sun to within 4 or 6 minutes; since he found it necessary to devise means at which he stopped after an attempt not very satisfactory. We see, further, that he carried his angles, or their chords, over a quarter of a circle. He does not say expressly that this arc had been divided; to render his language accurately it is simply requisite to say that, having carried one of the chords 200 times over upon the arc, he found it exhausted; and that the other chord could only be applied $16\frac{1}{2}$ times upon the quadrant.

"We see, also, that Archimedes had not the means of computing the angle at the vertex of an isosceles triangle of which he knew the base and the two equal sides. He was obliged to recur to a graphical operation as uncertain as the observation itself. Thus he was entirely ignorant, even of rectilinear trigonometry; and he had not any notion of computing the chords of circular arcs."

Surely these facts are calculated to render somewhat questionable the descriptions given by Plutarch, and other historians, of the wonderful mechanical inventions of this great man. Nothing seems more natural to a practical mechanic than the estimation of an angle by two rods moveable upon a joint, like a pair of compasses; yet here we have it not.

M. Delambre proceeds to describe the other contents of the *Arenarius*: but he omits one passage which is, doubtless, connected with the history of astronomy, since it exhibits a property equivalent to that which was assumed as the fundamental property of logarithms.

"If numbers are continually proportional, increasing from unity, and if two terms of such progression are multiplied together, the product will be a term of that progression, placed so many terms from the greatest factor, as the smallest is from unity: and this same product will be distant from unity so many terms, less by one, as the terms together are from unity."

This property slumbered 1850 years without being applied to any more extensive use than the enumeration of the sands in an imaginary globe, when it was seized by Napier, and extended, in his admirable invention of logarithms, to *all* numbers, whether they were terms of an assumed geometrical progression, or not. That which constituted the chief difficulty, and, at the same time,

the principal excellency of Napier's invention, was the mode of intercalation for all intermediate terms.

A very interesting portion of M. Delambre's first volume is devoted to *Hipparchus*. We can do nothing more here than present a very brief synopsis of the results of his examination. One of the first cares of Hipparchus, as a practical astronomer, was to rectify the length of the year, which, before his time, had been ascertained to consist of 365 days and 6 hours. By comparing one of his own observations at the summer solstice, with a similar observation made 145 years earlier by Aristarchus of Samos, he shortened the year about 7 minutes; which, however, was not sufficient. The cause of the mistake seems to rest with Aristarchus, not with Hipparchus; for the observations of Hipparchus compared with those of modern times give 865 d. 5 h. 48 m. 49 $\frac{1}{4}$ s. for the duration of the year; a result which exceeds the truth by little more than a second. Hipparchus is also the first who announced and demonstrated the means of computing all triangles, whether plane or spherical. He constructed a table of chords, which he applied to nearly the same usés as we do our tables of sines. He made much more numerous observations than any of his predecessors, and conducted them accurately. He established the theory of the sun in a manner respecting which Ptolemy 230 years afterwards found nothing essential to change. He determined the first lunar inequality, and gave to the motions of the moon those of its apogee and of its nodes: Ptolemy modified them but slightly. Hipparchus also prepared the way for the discovery of the second inequality of the moon: and from his observations it was that the fact of the precession of the equinoxes was first inferred. He employed the transit of the stars over the meridian to find the hour of the night; and invented the planisphere, or the means of representing the concave sphere of stars on a plane, and thence deducing the solutions of problems in spherical astronomy with considerable exactness and facility. To him we owe the happy idea of marking the positions of towns and cities as we do those of the stars, by circles drawn through the poles perpendicularly to the equator, that is, by latitudes and longitudes. This constitutes him the father of scientific or mathematical geography. From his projection it is that our maps and nautical charts are now principally constructed; and his rules for the computation of eclipses were long the only ones employed for determining the differences of meridians.

But that for which Hipparchus has been most of all celebrated is his catalogue of the stars. The appearance of a new star in his time, caused him to form the grand project of enabling future astronomers to ascertain whether the general picture of the heavens was always the same. This he aimed to effect by at-

tempting the actual enumeration of the stars. The magnitude and difficulty of the undertaking did not deter this indefatigable astronomer: he prepared and arranged an extensive and valuable catalogue of the fixed stars, which subsequently served as the basis of that of Ptolemy. So great, indeed, is his merit in this respect, that the enthusiastic language with which Pliny characterizes his genius may rather be admired than censured.*

M. Delambre gives a table of more than 100 stars drawn from the catalogue of Hipparchus; and compares their right ascensions and declinations with the results of his own computations. He terminates his analysis of the labours of Hipparchus, in language, which, in justice both to that astronomer and to himself, we think it right to quote,

“Quand on réunit ce qu'il a inventé ou perfectionné, et qu'on songe au nombre de ses ouvrages, à la quantité de calculs qu'ils supposent, on trouve dans Hipparque un des hommes les plus étonnans de l'antiquité, et le plus grand de tous dans les sciences qui ne sont pas purement spéculatives, et qui demandent qu'aux connoissances géométriques ou réunisse des connoissances de faits particuliers et de phénomènes dont l'observation exige beaucoup d'assiduité et des instrumens perfectionnés. La constance et l'assiduité ne dépendent que de l'homme; mais les instrumens perfectionnés ne peuvent être l'ouvrage que d'un long tems, et des efforts continués de beaucoup d'hommes industrieux.

“Depuis ce grand astronome, la science a été près de 300 ans stationnaire: Ptolémée est le seul à qui l'astronomie ait eu de véritables obligations. Ptolémée lui-même n'eut pas de successeur chez les Grecs. Il faut parcourir un intervalle de 800 ans pour trouver chez les Arabes une petite découverte, et la détermination plus précise de mouvement de précession; après quoi la science redeviendra stationnaire jusqu'à Copernic, Tycho, et Kepler, fondateurs de l'astronomie moderne.

“Ainsi dans tous les auteurs dont nous allons parcourir les ouvrages, depuis Hipparque jusqu'à Ptolémée, nous ne trouverons que des commentateurs ou des abrégiateurs: heureux si, dans leurs compilations, nous rencontrons quelques idées tirées d'auteurs plus anciens dont les ouvrages sont perdus!”

Concurring, as we do, with M. Delambre in these sentiments, we shall not be tempted to select much more from his first volume; though some of his disquisitions, especially those on the astronomy of the Chinese and Indians, will be read with interest by either the theoretic or the practical astronomer. We may notice, however, as we pass along, 1. That Geminus (about 70 years before Christ) was the first who taught that the moon received its light from the sun; assigning as a reason for it, that *the perpendicular drawn to the line which joined the horns of the illuminated part of the sun's disc, was always directed to the sun,*

* Hist. Nat. lib. ii. cap. 26.

2dly. That Cleomedes, who lived in the time of Augustus, conjectured that *the moon was the cause of the tides*; taught that *the moon's rotation about its axis occupied the same time as its synodic revolution*; and exhibited the true notion of astronomical refraction, though in the shape of a conjecture which he thought simply probable. 3dly. That Theodosius and Menelaus made some rather important additions to the doctrine of the sphere and of spherical triangles.

Some of our readers will be surprised to learn that M. Delambre devotes four or five pages to the works of our *Venerable Bede*. This great man, (for such we will venture to call him, notwithstanding the astonishment that it may excite among our Parisian neighbours,) in an age of ignorance and darkness, scattered some light upon the regions of science, as well as those of literature and theology. In his works, there is a book *de Arithmeticiis numeris*, a dialogue *de Computo*; a book *de Arithmeticiis propositionibus*, another *de Argumentis Lunæ*, &c. He teaches the construction of Almanacks, and the determination of ecclesiastical feasts, the construction of dials, the return of eclipses after 55 years, (a little exceeding three times the period of 18 years and 11 days), the times of revolution of the planets, their stations, retrogradations, &c. the latter, however, vaguely. Bede also gives a curious table by which his readers may estimate the time of the day by the length of their shadows in any month of the year. The table is inaccurate; but it is valuable as it evinces the aim of its author at utility.

M. Delambre, after relating these and a few other particulars, and quoting one palpable blunder, adds—"On pent juger par ce passage, de l'érudition astronomique du *vénérable*." We regret to notice this sneer, and hope the time is not very remote when it will be disapproved, even in France. Blessed be God! (for we regard it as matter of fervent gratitude) the name of Bede is venerated in England! not merely on account of his labours in the diffusion of literary light and knowledge, though we know how to estimate his character in that respect; but because he regarded all literary and scientific attainments as subservient to the higher purpose of promoting true goodness, and thus increasing the sum of true happiness; and, more than all, because he was the **FIRST MAN IN ENGLAND** that translated and published some parts of the Bible, (*—ὡς καλῶς ποιεῖτε προσέχοντες, ὡς λυχνὴ φαίνοντι ἐν αὐχμηρῶι τοπῶι, ὡς ἐν ἡμέρᾳ διαυγασίῃ, καὶ φωσφόρος ἀνατείλει ἐν ταῖς καρδίαις ὑμῶν—**) in the language of his native country. If M. Delambre will point out to us the name of the man, who either in the age of Bede, or for

* M. Delambre is fond of the Greek language, and will, we trust, appreciate the real beauty of this passage. REV.

three centuries after, conferred an equal benefit upon his countrymen, we will gladly let him share with Bede the epithet VENERABLE.

We meet with a similar instance of vulgar prejudice, in what our author says of Isidorus, bishop of Seville. He tells us from this writer "that the sphere of the heavens turns with such rapidity, that if the stars did not turn in a contrary direction to retard the motion, the world would soon fall into ruin;" and then adds, "*Je ne sais où le bon évêque avait pris cette idée, digne des philosophes Grecs.*" By-and-by, however, he furnishes a solution to his own difficulty: "*On voit qu'un astronome peut se dispenser de lire saint Isidore, qui prend toutes ces autorités dans les saints-pères et les apôtres.*" This, to be sure, was childish enough: but is the Chevalier Delambre equally solicitous to expose puerile fancies, when he finds them elsewhere than in the writings of the "venerable" and "*le bon évêque?*" To judge of this let the reader turn to his account of the opinions of Cicero. That eloquent philosopher, after describing the uniformity of motion in the heavenly bodies, adds, as the chevalier informs us, "*Cette constance et cette uniformité ne peuvent se comprendre sans une intelligence: les astres doivent donc être mis au rang des dieux.*" Such is the doctrine; where is the exposure of its puerility? Not in the volumes of our learned author; he presents this whimsey "*digne des philosophes Grecs,*" or Roman, with all the mildness of sober history, and allows his readers to infer that, however he may be inclined to ridicule the mistakes of priests and bishops, he is aware of the respect due to those of a Roman orator.

The second volume of M. Delambre's History commences, as we have already hinted, with disquisitions on the Arithmetic of the Greeks, the construction of the table of chords, and plane and spherical trigonometry, as they existed among the Greeks. The first of these dissertations was given originally by our author in Peyrard's edition of the works of Archimedes; the others are prepared expressly for the present work, and serve to show at once the difficulties with which the Greek mathematicians had to encounter, and the perseverance and ingenuity with which they attempted to surmount those difficulties. These introductory essays occupy 66 pages. The succeeding 450 pages are devoted to the different works of Ptolemy, viz. his Syntax, his Optics, his Planisphere, Analemma, Geography, and Astrology. The analysis of these works of Ptolemy is copious, and in the main, candid and faithful. He describes explicitly his manner of reasoning in the establishment of his system (now too well known to need any fresh explication), his processes of investigation and computation, and the instruments which he either invented or improved. He points out his errors as well as his excellencies; occasionally exhi-

hits the improved processes of the moderns with regard to Ptolemy's topics of research; and fairly estimates the obligations of astronomy as it now exists, to this great ornament of the Alexandrian school. It is impossible for us to follow our author in this very valuable portion of his work without far overstepping all reasonable limits: but we can unhesitatingly refer to it as abounding with curious and instructive information. Ptolemy, it is well known, has been accused of plagiarism, especially in reference to his catalogue, which seems to have been taken principally from Millæus. But be this as it may, there remain to him researches and discoveries which, as M. Delambre remarks, will always cause him to be classed among astronomers of the first order.

"Such is the discovery of the evection or of the second inequality of the moon. From an idea of Hipparchus, he has, first of any, established the theory and computed the tables of all the planets, and determined, with a precision sufficiently remarkable, the ratios of the radii of their epicycles to their mean distances; that is to say, in other terms, the ratio of their mean distances to the mean distance of the earth from the sun. His theory, imperfect as it was, reigned fourteen hundred years; it has been adopted by the Arabs, transmitted to the Persians, to the Tartars, and, finally, to the Indians, who have disfigured and disguised it. The equidistant centres of the earth, the excentric, and the equant, and the flattened orbits of the moon and Mercury, have led to the idea of the ellipse and its foci. Thus Ptolemy prepared the way for Kepler, who, in his turn, prepared the way for Newton. Ptolemy's writings are the only ones in which is preserved for us the knowledge of the labours of Hipparchus. From the ideas which that great astronomer had very obscurely explained in a treatise on the planisphere, Ptolemy was induced to write a new treatise on the same subject, to which he annexed a work on the analemma, where we find the first substitution of the sines for the chords. He is the author of the most complete treatise on Geography which has come down to us; he wrote on music; he composed a work on the three dimensions of bodies, in which we find the first suggestion of the three rectangular co-ordinates. To him, lastly, we owe the discovery of the astronomical refraction, and precise tables of refraction in water and in glass; that is to say, the sole vestiges of experimental philosophy which we have been able to discover in the writings of the Greeks."

Ptolemy's theory of refraction is, in truth, more complete than that of any other author from his time down to that of Cassini. His experiments are exceedingly curious, and, considering that the instruments which he employed were only divided into half degrees, the correspondence of his results with those even of Newton, greater than could be expected. The medium ratio of the sine of incidence to that of refraction, from Ptolemy's experiments on rays passing from air into water, is 4 to 3.06936: the

same, according to Newton, is 4 to 2·99492. Ptolemy's experiments on the refraction, from air into glass, give 3 to 2·02152; Newton's give 3 to 1·93048. Newton chose *rain* water: Ptolemy simply tells us, that the water which he employed had always the same density. Newton, again, employed *common* glass; but the common glass of his time might not be, as to refractive power, entirely similar to that used by Ptolemy.

We can now only venture upon a very few results, which we shall draw from Ptolemy's geography. The longitudes of places, as exhibited in this work, are exceedingly incorrect, in some cases varying between 10° and 20° from the truth. His latitudes are less erroneous: we shall select a few, beginning with Alexandria, to which M. Delambre gives the appellation of "the metropolis of ancient geography."

	According to		Difference
	Ptolemy	the Moderns	
Alexandria	$31^{\circ} 0'$	$31^{\circ} 13'$	$0^{\circ} 13'$
Syene	23 50	24 5	0 15
Jerusalem	31 10	31 48	0 38
Athens	37 15	37 58	0 43
Rome	41 40	41 54	0 14
Nice	43 26	43 41	0 15
Arles	43 20	43 41	0 21
Londinion: London	54 0	51 31	2 29
Eboracou: York	57 20	53 58	3 22
<i>Ἰδρα ὁρῶν</i> : Bath	53 40	51 22	2 18
<i>Ὀλις ἱσπῶν</i> : Lisbon	40 15	38 42	1 33
<i>Μονς Καλπε</i> : Gibraltar ..	36 4	36 6	0 2
<i>Λυγδυνῶν</i> : Lyons	45 50	45 46	0 4
<i>Συρραγοβῆων</i> : Amiens	52 30	49 54	2 36
<i>Ραρέμας</i> : Rouen	50 0	49 26	0 34
Colonia: Cologne	51 30	50 55	0 35
Massilia: Marseilles	43 6	43 18	0 12

Here we see that the latitudes of Alexandria, Syene, Nice, Gibraltar, Marseilles, and other places at which it is known that the ancients had observatories, were ascertained in the time of Ptolemy, to within a quarter of a degree: the latitudes of other places deviate much farther from the true result.

In the time of Ptolemy the most southerly known parallel of the earth passed through the part of Ethiopia distinguished by the name of Agisymba; that parallel being the tropic of Capricorn. What was then called the island of *Thule*, was the northern known extremity: the parallel of Thule was 63° from the equator, or 31500 stadia of 500 to a degree. What is the place in modern geography, to which the ancients gave the name *Thule*,

is not positively decided. Virgil, when depicting the widely-extended power of Augustus, says,

——“tibi serviat ultima Thule.”*

Pomponius Mela, in his treatise *de Situ Orbis*, gave the name of *Orcaades* to the Orkney Islands; and attempts to mark the position of Thule by the observation “*Belgarum littori opposita*.”† and if, as Camden conjectures, *Belgarum* was by mistake put for *Bergarum*, then *Zetland*, to which *Bergæ* or *Bergen* in Norway lies opposite, will be the Thule to which Pomponius Mela referred. A passage in Tacitus's life of Agricola serves, we think, to establish this conjecture. He describes Agricola as the first person who discovered the Orkneys; and, when speaking of those islands, says, “*dispecta est et Thule*,”‡ “and Thule was seen,” which evidently points to one of the *Zetland* Isles, as the ancient Thule. No other islands than Fair Isle, Foula, or some part of the main land of *Zetland* near *Fitfull Head*, or *Sumburgh Head*, can possibly be seen in a northerly direction from the Orkneys. Now, *Sumburgh Head*, and even *Foula*, is in less than 60° of north latitude: and it appears, we understand, from the astronomical observations of Dr. Gregory and Captain Colby during the last summer, that the latitude of the extreme point northerly beyond *Lambaness* does not exceed $60^{\circ} 50'$. So that, if *Saxavord Hill*, *Ronas Hill*, or some other among the majestic hills and cliffs of the north of *Zetland*, could be seen from Orkney, instead of *Fitfull Head*, *Foula*, &c. (which, however, is quite impossible), still Ptolemy's estimate of 69° for the latitude of Thule would err, in excess, more than two degrees.

We close our account of M. Delambre's *History of Ancient Astronomy*, with a feeling of cordial respect for the talents, erudition, and scientific zeal of its author. We have pointed out a few omissions and defects; and we may remark still further, that the author is, in some cases, not sufficiently explicit in distinguishing his own language and opinions from the translated language and doctrines of the ancient astronomers whose works he is analyzing, while, in other cases, he lays himself open to the charge of prolixity. We are, however, aware that prolixity is not measured by the same scale in France as it is in England. In that country there are facilities for the composing, reading, and circulation of books, which among us are, altogether, unknown: so that what we should be tempted to regard as prolix, our continental neighbours may consider as only adequately detailed and elucidated. The history before us has solid and substantial merits, that infinitely counterbalance the defects to which

* Georg. lib. i. 30.

† Pomp. Mela, *de Situ Orbis*, lib. iii.

‡ Tacitus in Agricola, § 2.

we have adverted: and we sincerely wish its learned author health and activity to carry through the undertaking he has so well begun. We are especially solicitous to see his developement of the history and progress of *physical* astronomy; because we have always understood that if, with respect to the discoveries of men of different countries in the last two centuries, there be one philosopher in France more likely than another to hold the balance of historical deduction in the hand of impartiality, that philosopher is the Chevalier Delambre.

ART. IX.—*Rob Roy*. By the Author of "*Waverley*," "*Guy Mannering*," and "*The Antiquary*." 3 vols. 12mo. pp. 1008. Longman and Co. London, 1818.

ALL who are acquainted with the local history and traditions of Scotland will recollect something of the character of Rob Roy. There were, we believe, two persons of that name; of whom the more modern one, whether related to the other we know not, was hanged at Edinburgh, about the middle of last century, for carrying off, illegally and clandestinely, sundry herds of cattle, and a beautiful heiress. Rob, the hero of this tale, was a noted freebooter in the reign of Queen Anne, and of the first George, and combined, in his actions, a good deal of the romantic daring of our Robin Hood, with the more selfish and vindictive ferocity of an Indian chief, or an Algerine pirate. In the troublous times which preceded and followed the Revolution, the authority of law was greatly relaxed in the northern parts of this island. The system of clanship, or feudal power, was already, in a great measure, broken up, whilst the enforcement of justice, as emanating from the crown, was as yet very little known, and still less respected, among the barbarians of the mountains. In this state of things, Robert M'Gregor Campbell, commonly called Rob Roy, or Robert the Red, exercised, in the districts bordering upon the Highlands, the apparently incompatible functions of a robber and of a protector: that is to say, he engaged, upon the payment of a certain tribute, denominated *black mail*, to protect the property, and to make up the losses, of every individual who consented thus to purchase his good offices; whilst he regarded the corn and cattle of all others as fair and lawful plunder, to be seized, destroyed, or carried away, as occasion might offer, by the numerous partizans who owned his command. It is even said that Government found it expedient to connive, for a time, at such exactions, and usurpation of authority; thinking it better,

perhaps, to permit the existence of one robber, who acted under the semblance of principle, than to have to check the devastation of a hundred, who would submit to no terms or conditions.

In the little work now before us, however, *Rob Roy* is not seen figuring as a collector of black mail, nor as a stealer of black cattle, nor as a performer of desperate and bloody exploits against the unprotected agriculturists of Perthshire and Lenox. On the contrary, he is introduced to us as the confidential agent of certain families in the northern parts of England and Scotland, who, at the period in which the action is thrown, were making preparations for the rising which took place in 1715, under the Earls of Mar and Derwentwater, to support the pretensions of the Chevalier de St. George. Rob, in common with the great body of Highlanders, was strongly attached to the cause of the royal exiles; and, accordingly, to promote the views of their principal adherents in Britain, we find him every where present, either to give information to their friends, or to mislead their enemies,—to use, in short, his ears or his tongue, his legs or his dirt, as circumstances might require. In one word, this novel is connected with the insurrection of 1715, in the same way, although not quite so closely, as "*Waverley*" is with the events of the year 1745. The characters, however, in the two pieces, with some points of resemblance, no doubt, are radically different; for although Diana Vernon, the heroine of this, is as devoted and man-like, as much a Jacobite, and a Tory, as Flora M'Ivor, the heroine of the former, yet the two ladies, in almost every other respect, are totally unlike. The Scottish damsel is, indeed, tranquil and composed, but she appears throughout to labour under a settled melancholy, and the most painful presentiments; whereas the Northumbrian maid is full of glee and light-heartedness; satirical, disdainful, and regardless of modes and forms; mistress of her own actions, and the censor of all others. The reader, however, will have an opportunity of judging by and by.

Imagining that the tale was to turn almost entirely upon Celtic affairs and Highland squabbles, we were not a little surprised to find ourselves, in the very outset, invited to give our opinion on the domestic plans, and counting-house projects, of a merchant in Crane Alley. Mr. Osbaldistone, of the firm of Osbaldistone and Tresham, who seems to have run mad about merchandise, purely for its own sake, had sent his son to Bourdeaux, to study the mysteries of trade, under an accommodating Frenchman, of the name of Duborg; but finding reason to suspect that, after four years' residence abroad, the young man was not likely to make any progress in the science of buying and selling, he recalls him to England, with the view of reading him a lecture, and of subjecting him to a formal examination. Accordingly, whilst

the old gentleman is conducting a scrutiny into his memorandum-book, and cross-questioning him upon the various entries and remarks which are set down in it, lo! out drops a piece of blotted paper; which goes directly to convict Mr. Francis of having attempted poetry, at the very time he ought to have been studying the course of exchange, and the various prices of French produce. We must mention, before we proceed further, that Frank is the teller of his own story, and that the whole, indeed, of this narrative is supposed to flow from his pen, and to be addressed to the son of his father's partner, William Tresham, Esq.—The appearance of the verses, entitled “To the Memory of Edward, the Black Prince,” excited very unpleasant feelings in the mind of the old merchant; for being, as his son describes him, a religious man, and of the dissenting persuasion, he considered such pursuits as equally trivial and profane. He read the lines accordingly, sometimes with an affectation of not being able to understand the sense,—sometimes in a mouthing tone of mock heroic,—always with an emphasis of the most bitter irony; and, as the verses and the criticism are possessed of considerable merit, we give them at length.

“O for the voice of that wild horn,
On Fontarabian echoes borne,
The dying hero's call,
That told imperial Charlemagne,
How Paynim sons of swarthy Spain
Had wrought his champion's fall.”

“‘*Fontarabian echoes!*’ continued my father, interrupting himself: ‘the Fontarabian Fair would have been more to the purpose.—*Paynim?*—What’s Paynim.—Could you not say Pagan as well, and write English, at least, if you must needs write nonsense.’

“Sad over earth and ocean sounding,
And England’s distant cliffs astounding,
Such are the notes should say
How Britain’s hope, and France’s fear,
Victor of Cressy and Poitier,
In Bourdeaux dying lay.”

“‘Poitiers, by the way, is always spelled with an *s*, and I know no reason why orthography should give place to rhyme.’

“‘Raise my faint head, my squires,’ he said,
‘And let the casement be display’d,
That I may see once more
The splendour of the setting sun
Gleam on thy mirror’d wave, Garonne,
And Blaye’s empurpled shore.’

“‘Garonne and sun is a bad rhyme. Why, Frank, you do not even understand the beggarly trade you have chosen.

"Like me, he sinks to glory's sleep,
His fall the dews of evening steep,
As if in sorrow shed.
So soft shall fall the trickling tear,
When England's maids and matrons hear
Of their Black Edward dead.

"And though my sun of glory set,
Nor France, nor England shall forget
The terror of my name;
And oft shall Britain's heroes rise,
New planets in these southern skies,
Through clouds of blood and flame.

"A cloud of flame is something new—Good-morrow, my masters all, and a merry Christmas to you!—Why, the bellman writes better lines.' He then tossed the paper from him with an air of superlative contempt, and concluded,—'Upon my credit, Frank, you are a greater blockhead than I took you for.' (Vol. i. pp. 35—38.)

Frank, notwithstanding, seized this opportunity to assure his father that he would not be a merchant; that he could not submit to the drudgery of such a life; and that he mortally disliked it, both in principle and detail. This information irritated, of course, the old trafficker to a very great degree, and determined him to send the refractory youth to pass some time with his uncle, in Northumberland, and to invite to Crane Alley the cleverest of his brother's sons, to occupy the place at the desk, and, ultimately, that in the firm, which had been intended for the poetical Mr. Francis. In pursuance of this plan, the young Londoner is supplied with a good horse and fifty guineas, and ordered to commence his journey forthwith. Nothing of much consequence occurred in his movement northwards, except that he travelled a part of the way with a timid suspicious creature, who seemed to have under his charge something of great value, well secured in a portmanteau. It afterwards comes out that this person, named Morris, had been sent by government with a large sum of money, for the use of the troops then stationed in Scotland; and it is left to the reader to infer, or rather, indeed, it is afterwards plainly stated, that Rob Roy, in the prosecution of his Jacobitical views, had assisted in relieving this pusillanimous messenger of his golden load. Behold, then, our travellers arrived at Darlington, in the Bishoprick of Durham, where we get the first peep at the Caledonian freebooter, under the appellation of Robert Campbell.

"There was, in the days of which I write, an old-fashioned custom upon the English road, which I suspect is now obsolete, or practised only by the vulgar. Journeys of length being made on horseback, and, of course, by brief stages, it was usual always to make a halt

upon the Sunday in some town where the traveller might attend divine service, and his horse have the benefit of the day of rest, the institution of which is as humane to our brute labourers as profitable to ourselves. A counterpart to this decent practice, and a remnant of old English hospitality, was, that the landlord of a principal inn laid aside his character of publican upon the seventh day, and invited the guests who chanced to be within his walls to take a part of his family beef and pudding. This invitation was usually complied with by all whose distinguished rank did not induce them to think compliance a derogation; and the proposal of a bottle of wine after dinner, to drink the landlord's health, was the only recompence ever offered or accepted.

"I was born a citizen of the world, and my inclination led me into all scenes where my knowledge of mankind could be enlarged; I had, besides, no pretensions to sequester myself on the score of superior dignity, and, therefore, seldom failed to accept of the Sunday's hospitality of mine host, whether of the Garter, Lion, or Bear. The honest publican, dilated into additional consequence by a sense of his own importance, while presiding among the guests on whom it was his ordinary duty to attend, was in himself an entertaining spectacle; and around his genial orbit, other planets of inferior consequence performed their revolutions. The wits and humourists, the distinguished worthies of the town or village, the apothecary, the attorney, even the curate himself, did not disdain to partake of this hebdomadal festivity. The guests, assembled from different quarters, and following different professions, formed, in language, manners, and sentiments, a curious contrast to each other, not indifferent to those who desired to possess a knowledge of mankind in its varieties.

"It was upon such a day, and such an occasion, that my timorous acquaintance and I were about to grace the board of the ruddy-faced host of the Black Bear, in the town of Darlington, and bishoprick of Durham, when our landlord informed us, with a sort of apologetic tone, that there was a Scotch gentleman to dine with us.

"A gentleman?—what sort of a gentleman?" said my companion, somewhat hastily, his mind, I suppose, running upon gentlemen of the pad, as they were then termed.

"Why, a Scotch sort of a gentleman, as I said before," returned mine host; "they are all gentle, ye mun know, though they ha' narra shirt to back; but this is a decentish hallion—a canny North Briton as e'er crossed Berwick-bridge—I trow he's a dealer in cattle."

"Let us have his company, by all means," answered my companion; and then, turning to me, he gave vent to the tenor of his own reflections. "I respect the Scotch, sir; I love and honour the nation for their sense of morality. Men talk of their filth and their poverty, but commend me to sterling honesty, though clad in rags, as the poet saith. I have been credibly assured, sir, by men on whom I can depend, that there was never known such a thing in Scotland as a highway robbery."

"That's because they have nothing to lose," said mine host, with the chuckle of a self-applauding wit.

“‘No, no landlord,’ answered a strong deep voice behind him, ‘it’s e’en because your English gangers and supervisors, that you have sent down benorth the Tweed, have ta’en up the trade of thievery over the heads of the native professors.’”

“‘Well said, Mr. Campbell,’ answered the landlord; ‘I did not think thou’dst been sa near us, mon. But thou kens I’m an outspoken Yorkshire tyke—And how go markets in the south?’”

“‘Even in the ordinar,’ replied Mr. Campbell; ‘wise folks buy and sell, and fools are bought and sold.’”

“‘But wise men and fools both eat their dinner,’ answered our jolly entertainer; ‘and here a comes—as prime a buttock of beef as e’er hungry mon stuck fork in.’” (Vol. i. p. 69—73.)

“On the subject of politics, Campbell observed a silence and moderation which might arise from caution. The divisions of Whig and Tory then shook England to her very centre, and a powerful party, engaged in the Jacobite interest, menaced the dynasty of Hanover, which had been just established on the throne. Every ale-house resounded with the brawls of contending politicians, and as mine host’s politics were of that liberal description which quarrelled with no good customer, his hebdomadal visitants were often divided in their opinion as irreconcilably as if he had feasted the Common Council. The curate and the apothecary, with a little man, who made no boast of his vocation, but who, from the flourish and snap of his fingers, I believe to have been the barber, strongly espoused the cause of high church and the Stuart line. The exciseman, as in duty bound, and the attorney, who looked to some petty office under the crown, together with my fellow-traveller, who seemed to enter keenly into the contest, staunchly supported the cause of King George and the Protestant succession. Dire was the screaming—deep the oaths! Each party appealed to Mr. Campbell, anxious, it seemed, to elicit his approbation.

“‘You are a Scotchman, sir; a gentleman of your country must stand up for hereditary right,’ cried one party.

“‘You are a Presbyterian,’ assumed the other class of disputants; ‘you cannot be a friend to arbitrary power.’”

“‘Gentlemen,’ said our Scotch oracle, after having gained, with some difficulty, a moment’s pause, ‘I have na much dubitation that King George weel deserves the predilection of his friends; and if he can haud the grip he has gotten, why, doubtless, he may make the gauger, here, a commissioner of the revenue, and confer on our friend, Mr. Quitman, the preferment of solicitor-general; and he may also grant some good deed or reward to this honest gentleman who is sitting upon his portmanteau, which he prefers to a chair: And, questionless, King James is also a grateful person, and when he gets his hand in play, he may, if he be so minded, make this reverend gentleman arch-bishop of Canterbury, and Dr. Mixit chief physician to his household, and commit his royal beard to the care of my friend Latherum. But as I doubt mickle whether any of the competing sovereigns would give Rob Campbell a tass of aquavivæ if he lacked it, I give my vote and interest to Jonathan Brown, our landlord, to be

the King and Prince of Skinkers, 'conditionally that he fetches us another bottle as good as the last.' " (Vol. i. p. 82—85.)

In a different part of this narrative we have a description of Rob Roy's person, which gives a very lively representation of the northern bandit.

"Rather beneath the middle size than above it, his limbs were formed upon the very strongest model that is consistent with agility, while, from the remarkable ease and freedom of his movements, you could not doubt his possessing the latter quality in a high degree of perfection. Two points in his person interfered with the rules of symmetry,—his shoulders were so broad, in proportion to his height, as, notwithstanding the lean and lathy appearance of his frame, gave him something the air of being too square in respect to his stature; and his arms, though round, sinewy, and strong, were so very long as to be rather a deformity. I afterwards heard that this length of arm was a circumstance in which he prided himself; that when he wore his native Highland garb, he could tie the garters of his hose without stooping; and that it gave him great advantage in the use of the broad-sword, at which he was very dexterous. But certainly this want of symmetry destroyed the claim he might otherwise have set up to be accounted a very handsome man; it gave something wild, irregular, and, as it were, unearthly to his appearance, and reminded me, involuntarily, of the tales which Mubel used to tell of the old Picts, who ravaged Northumberland in ancient times, who, according to her traditions, were a sort of half-goblin, half-human beings, distinguished, like this man, for courage, cunning, ferocity, the length of their arms, and the squareness of their shoulders."

Proceeding to Osbaldistone Hall, the residence of his uncle, Sir Hildebrand, Frank encountered his kinsman by the way, engaged in a fox chase; and as it was here he first met with Miss Vernon, the *prima donna* of the piece, we must allow him to describe her in his own words:—

"The fox, hard run, and nearly spent, first made his appearance from the copse which clothed the right-hand side of the valley. His drooping brush, his soiled appearance, and jaded trot, proclaimed his fate impending; and the carrion crow, which hovered over him, already considered poor Reynard as soon to be his prey. He crossed the stream which divides the little valley, and was dragging himself up a ravine on the other side of its wild banks, when the headmost hounds, followed by the rest of the pack at full cry, burst from the coppice, followed by the huntsman, and three or four riders. The dogs pursued the trace of Reynard with unerring instinct; and the hunters followed with reckless haste, regardless of the broken and difficult nature of the ground. They were tall, stout young men, well mounted, and dressed in green and red, the uniform of a sporting association, formed under the auspices of old Sir Hildebrand, Osbaldistone. My cousins! thought I, as they swept past me. The next reflection was, what is my reception likely to be among these worthy successors of

Nerved? and how improbable is it, that I, knowing little or nothing of rural sports, shall find myself at ease, or happy, in my uncle's family. A vision that passed me interrupted the reflections.

"It was a young lady, the loveliness of whose very striking features was enhanced by the animation of the chase and the glow of the exercise, mounted on a beautiful horse, jet black, unless where he was flecked by spots of the snow-white foam which embossed his bridle. She wore, what was then somewhat unusual, a coat, vest, and hat, resembling those of a man, which fashion has since called a riding-habit. The mode had been introduced while I was in France, and was perfectly new to me. Her long black hair streamed on the breeze, having in the hurry of the chase escaped from the ribbon which bound it. Some very broken ground through which she guided her horse with the most admirable address and presence of mind, retarded her course, and brought her closer to me than any of the other riders had passed. I had, therefore, a full view of her uncommonly fine face and person, to which an inexpressible charm was added by the wild gaiety of the scene, and the romance of her singular dress and unexpected appearance. As she past me, her horse made, in his impetuosity, an irregular movement, just while, coming once more upon open ground, she was again putting him to his speed. It served as an apology for me to ride close up to her, as if to her assistance. There was, however, no cause for alarm; it was not a stumble, nor a false step; and if it had, the fair Amazon had too much self-possession to have been deranged by it. She thanked my good intentions, however, by a smile, and I felt encouraged to put my horse to the same pace, and to keep in her immediate neighbourhood. The clamour of "Whoop, dead, dead!" and the corresponding flourish of the French-horn, soon announced to us that there was no more occasion for haste, since the chase was at a close. One of the young men whom we had seen approached us, waving the brush of the fox in triumph, as if to upbraid my fair companion.

"I see," she replied,—"I see; but make no noise about it; if Phoebe," she said, patting the neck of the beautiful animal on which she rode, "had not got among the cliffs, you would have had little cause for boasting."

"They met as she spoke, and I observed them both look at me and converse a moment in an under tone, the young lady apparently pressing the sportsman to do something which he declined shyly, and with a sort of sheepish sullenness. She instantly turned her horse's head towards me, saying,—"Well, well, Thornie, if you wont, I must, that's all.—Sir," she continued, addressing me; "I have been endeavouring to persuade this cultivated young gentleman to make enquiries at you, whether, in the course of your travels in these parts, you have heard any thing of a friend of ours, one Mr. Francis Osbaldistone, who has been for some days expected at Osbaldistone Hall?"

"I was too happy to acknowledge myself to be the party enquired after, and to express my thanks for the obliging enquiries of the young lady.

"In that case, sir," she rejoined, "as my kinsman's politeness seems

to be still slumbering, you will permit me (though I suppose it is highly improper) to stand mistress of ceremonies, and to present to you young Squire Thorncliff Osbaldistone, your cousin, and Die Vernon, who has also the honour to be your accomplished cousin's poor kinswoman." (Vol. i. p. 93—98.)

Having reached the hall, under the guidance of Diana, Mr. Francis was shown into a large antique chamber, to wait the approach of Sir Hildebrand. The Baronet, however, was in no haste to appear, and the young visitor was left awhile to amuse himself with the portraits of his ancestors, and the bustle which attended the preparations for dinner. Twelve blue-coated servants burst into the room, with much tumult and talk, each rather employed in directing his comrades than in discharging his own duty. All tramped, kicked, plunged, shouldered, and jostled, doing as little service, with as much noise, as could well be imagined. At length, while the dinner, after various efforts, was in the act of being arranged upon the board, the cracking of whips, and "clamour much of men and dogs," announced the arrival of those for whose benefit the preparations were made. The hubbub among the servants was rather increased than diminished as this crisis approached,—some called to make haste, others to take time,—some exhorted to stand out of the way, and make room for Sir Hildebrand and the young Squires,—some to close round the table, and be in the way. At length the door opened, and in rushed curs and men, eight dogs, the domestic chaplain, the village doctor, the six brothers, and their father.

"If Sir Hildebrand Osbaldistone was in no hurry to greet his nephew, of whose arrival he must have been informed for some time, he had important avocations to allege in excuse. 'Had seen thee sooner, lad,' he exclaimed, after a rough shake of the hand, and a hearty welcome to Osbaldistone Hall, 'but had to see the hounds kennelled first. Thou art welcome to the hall, lad—here is thy cousin Percie, thy cousin Thornie, and thy cousin John—your cousin Dick, your cousin Wilfred, and—stay, where's Rashleigh—aye, here's Rashleigh—take thy long long body aside, Thornie, and let's see thy brother a bit—your cousin Rashleigh.—So thy father has thought on the old hall, and old Sir Hildebrand at last—better late than never—Thou art welcome, lad, and there's enough—Where's my little Die—aye, here she comes—this is my niece Die, my wife's brother's daughter—the prettiest girl in our dales, be the other who she may—and so now let's to the sirloin.'—"

"To gain some idea of the person who held this language, you must suppose, my dear Tresham, a man aged about sixty, in a hunting suit which had once been richly laced, but whose splendour had been tarnished by many a November and December storm. Sir Hildebrand, notwithstanding the abruptness of his present manner, had, at one period of his life, known courts and camps; had held a commission in

his army which encamped on Hounslow Heath previous to the revolution, and, recommended perhaps by his religion, had been knighted about the same period by the unfortunate and ill-advised James II. But his dreams of further preferment, if he ever entertained any, had died away at the crisis which drove his patron from the throne, and since that period he had spent a sequestered life upon his native domains. Notwithstanding his rusticity, however, Sir Hildebrand retained much of the exterior of a gentleman, and appeared among his sons as the remains of a Corinthian pillar, defaced and overgrown with moss and lichen, might have looked, if contrasted with the rough, unhewn masses of upright stones in Stonehenge, or any other druidical temple. The sons were, indeed, heavy unadorned blocks as the eye would desire to look upon. Tall, stout, and comely, all and each of the five eldest seemed to want alike the Promethean fire of intellect, and the exterior grace and manner, which, in the polished world, sometimes supplies mental deficiency. Their most valuable moral quality seemed to be the good-humour and content which was expressed in their heavy features, and their only pretence to accomplishment was their dexterity in the field-sports, for which alone they lived. The strong Gyas, and the strong Cloanthus, are not less distinguished by the poet, than the strong Percival, the strong Thorncliff, the strong John, Richard, Wilfred Osbaldistones, were by outward appearance.

“But, as if to indemnify herself for an uniformity so uncommon in her productions, Dame Nature had rendered Rashleigh Osbaldistone a striking contrast in person and manner, and, as I afterwards learned, in temper and talents, not only to his brothers, but to most men whom I had hitherto met with. When Percie, Thornie, and Company, had respectively nodded, grinned, and presented their shoulder, rather than their hand, as their father named them to their new kinsman, Rashleigh stepped forward, and welcomed me to Osbaldistone Hall, with the air and manner of a man of this world. His appearance was not in itself prepossessing. He was of low stature, whereas all his brethren seemed to be descendants of Anak; and, while they were handsomely formed, Rashleigh, though strong in person, was bull-necked and cross-made, and, from some early injury in his youth, had an imperfection in his gait, so much resembling an absolute halt, that many alleged that it formed the obstacle to his taking orders, the church of Rome, as is well known, admitting none to the clerical profession who laboured under any personal deformity. Others, however, ascribed this unsightly defect to a mere awkward habit, and contended, that it did not amount to a personal disqualification from holy orders.

“The features of Rashleigh were such, as, having looked upon, we in vain wish to banish from our memory, to which they recur as objects of painful curiosity, although we dwell upon them with a feeling of dislike, and even of disgust. It was not the actual plainness of his face, taken separately from the meaning, which made this strong impression. His features were, indeed, irregular, but they were by no means vulgar; and his keen dark eyes, and shaggy eye-brows, redeemed his face from the charge of common-place ugliness. But there was in these eyes an expression of art and design, and, on provocation, &

ferocity tempered by caution, which nature had made obvious to the most ordinary physiognomist, perhaps with the same intention that she has given the rattle to the poisonous snake. As if to compensate him for these disadvantages of exterior, Rashleigh Osbaldistone was possessed of a voice the most soft, mellow, and rich in its tones that I ever heard, and was at no loss for language of every sort suited to so fine an organ. His first sentence of welcome was hardly ended, ere I internally agreed with Miss Vernon, that my new kinsman would make an instant conquest of a mistress whose ears alone were to judge his cause. He was about to place himself beside me at dinner, but Miss Vernon, who as the only female in the family, arranged all such matters according to her own pleasure, contrived that I should sit betwixt Thorncliff and her, and it can scarce be doubted that I favoured this more advantageous arrangement.

“ ‘I want to speak with you,’ she said, ‘and I have placed honest Thornie betwixt Rashleigh and you on purpose. He will be—

Featherbed ’twixt castle wall
And heavy brunt of cannon ball ;

while I, your earliest acquaintance in this intellectual family, ask of you how you like us all ?’

“ ‘A very comprehensive question, Miss Vernon, considering how short a while I have been at Osbaldistone Hall.’

“ ‘O, the philosophy of our family lies on the surface—there are minute shades distinguishing the individuals, which require the eye of an intelligent observer ; but the species, as naturalists, I believe, call it, may be distinguished and characterized at once.’

“ ‘My five elder cousins then, are, I presume, of pretty nearly the same character.’

“ ‘Yes, they form a happy compound of sot, game-keeper, bully, horse-jockey, and fool ; but, as they say there cannot be found two leaves on the same tree exactly alike, so these happy ingredients, being mingled in somewhat various proportions in each individual, make an agreeable variety for those who like to study character.’

“ ‘Give me a sketch, if you please, Miss Vernon.’

“ ‘You shall have them all in a family-piece, at full length—the favour is too easily granted to be refused. Percie, the son and heir, has more of the sot than of the game-keeper, bully, horse-jockey, or fool.—My precious Thornie is more of the bully than the sot, game-keeper, jockey, or fool—John, who sleeps whole weeks amongst the hills, has most of the game-keeper—The jockey is most powerful with Dickon, who rides two hundred miles by day and night to be bought and sold at a horse-race—And the fool predominates so much over Wilfred’s other qualities, that he may be termed a fool positive.’

“ ‘A goodly collection, Miss Vernon, and the individual varieties belong to a most interesting species ; but is there no room on the canvas for Sir Hildebrand ?’

“ ‘I love my uncle,’ was her reply : ‘I owe him some kindness (such it was meant for at least), and I will leave you to draw his picture yourself, when you know him better.’

“ ‘Come,’ thought I to myself, ‘I am glad there is some forbearance; after all, who would have looked for such bitter satire from a creature so young and so exquisitely beautiful?’

“ ‘You are thinking of me,’ she said, bending her dark eyes on me, as if she meant to pierce through my very soul.

“ ‘I certainly was,’ I replied with some embarrassment at the determined suddenness of the question, and then endeavouring to give a complimentary turn to my frank avowal. ‘How is it possible I should think of any thing else, seated as I have the happiness to be?’

“ She smiled with such an expression of concentrated haughtiness as she alone could have thrown into her countenance. ‘I must inform you at once, Mr. Osbaldistone, that compliments are entirely lost upon me; do not, therefore, throw away your pretty sayings—they serve fine gentlemen who travel in the country, instead of the toys, beads, and bracelets, which navigators carry to propitiate the savage inhabitants of newly discovered countries. Do not exhaust your stock in trade—you will find natives in Northumberland to whom your fine things will recommend you—on me they would be utterly thrown away, for I happen to know their real value.’

“ I was silenced and confounded.

“ ‘You remind me at this moment,’ said the young lady, resuming her lively and indifferent manner, ‘of the fairy tale, where the man finds all the money which he had carried to market suddenly changed into pieces of slate. I have cried down and ruined your whole stock of complimentary discourse by one unlucky observation. But, come, never mind it—You are belied, Mr. Osbaldistone, unless you have much better conversation than these *fadcurs*, which every gentleman with a toupet thinks himself obliged to recite to an unfortunate girl, merely because she wears silk and gauze, while he wears superfine cloth with embroidery. Your natural paces, as any of my five cousins might say, are far preferable to your complimentary amble. Endeavour to forget my unlucky sex; call me Tom Vernon, if you have a mind, but speak to me as you would to a friend and companion; you have no idea how much I shall like you.’ (Vol. i. p. 112—122.)

Rashleigh, who was ostensibly employing his time in studies for the church, but who was, in fact, directing the whole efforts of his powerful mind to the furtherance of his political projects, as an adherent of the Stuarts, was the person selected to succeed Frank in Crane Alley. He had acted as preceptor to Miss Vernon, and had evidently contracted an affection for her; and for this reason, perhaps, among others, he contrived to get information lodged, with a neighbouring justice, against his cousin, as the supposed robber of Morris, the King’s Messenger. The characters of Justice Inglewood, and of his clerk, Joseph Jobson, are very amusing, and not unnatural; but we have not room for extracts illustrative of these heroes of the law. Suffice it to say, that, through the influence of Miss Vernon over the mind of the black-hearted Rashleigh, and the timely appearance of Rob

Roy, Mr. F. Osbaldistone is acquitted.—Passing over a variety of events, in which the character and motives of the St. Omer's student are finely shadowed forth, we find him, at length, on his way to London; where, as Miss Vernon predicted, he embraced the first opportunity, afforded by the absence of old Osbaldistone, to get the whole property of the mercantile establishment into his hands, and to decamp with it for Scotland, in order to assist the Highland insurgents. This event led to the departure of Frank from the residence of Sir Hildebrand, to recover, if possible, his father's fortune in the country to which Rashleigh had carried it. The scene is accordingly transferred from Northumberland to the west of Scotland—to Glasgow, and the highlands of Perthshire in particular. But before we accompany our juvenile hero on his hurried journey into what was then deemed almost a foreign land, we must make the reader acquainted with his guide, or travelling companion, Andrew Fair-service. This personage, a native of North Britain, and gardener at Osbaldistone Hall, is introduced to our notice in the following dialogue:—

“As I sauntered on, I found the gardener hard at his evening employment, and saluted him, as I paused to look at his work. ‘Good even, my friend.’

“‘Gude e'en—gude e'en t' ye,’ answered the man, without looking up, and in a tone which at once indicated his northern extraction.

“‘Fine weather for your work, my friend.’

“‘It's no that muckle to be complained of,’ answered the man, with that limited degree of praise which gardeners and farmers usually bestow on the very best weather. Then raising his head, as if to see who spoke to him, he touched his Scotch bonnet with an air of respect, as he observed, ‘Eh! gude safe us!—it's a sight for sair een, to see a gold-laced jeistiecor in the Ha' garden sae late at e'en.’

“‘A gold-laced what, my good friend?’

“‘Ou a jeistiecor*—that's a jacket like your ain, there. They hae other things to do wi' them up yonder—unbuttoning them to make room for the beef and the bag-puddings, and the claret-wine, nae doubt—that's the ordinary for evening lecture on this side the Border.’

“‘There's no such plenty of good cheer in your country, my good friend, as to tempt you to sit so late at it.’

“‘Hout, sir, ye ken little about Scotland; it's no for want of good rivers—the best of fish, flesh, and fool hae we, by sybos, ingans, turneeps, and other garden fruit. But we hae mense and discretion, and are moderate of our mouths; but here, frae the kitchen to the ha', its fill and fetch mair frae the tae end of the four and twenty till the t'other. Even their fast days—they ca' it fasting when they hae the best o' fish frae Hartlepool and Sunderland by land carriage, forbye trouts, gilse, salmon, and ai' the lave o't, and so they make their

* “Perhaps from the French *justaucorps*.”

very fasting a kind of luxury and abomination; and then the awfu' masses and matins of the puir deceived souls—but I shouldna speak about them, for your honour will be a Roman, I see warrant, lik the lave.'

" 'Not I, my friend; I was bred an English presbyterian, or a dissenter.'

" 'The right hand of fellowship to your honour, then,' queth the gardener, with as much alacrity as his hard features were capable of expressing, and, as if to shew that his good will did not rest on words, he plucked forth a huge horn snuff-box, or mull, as he called it, and proffered me a pinch with a most fraternal grin.

" Having accepted his courtesy, I asked him if he had been long a domestic at Osbaldistone Hall?

" 'I have been fighting with wild beasts at Ephesus,' said he, looking towards the building, " for the best part of these four and twenty years, as sure as my name's Andrew Fairservice.'

" 'But, my excellent friend, Andrew Fairservice, if your religion and your temperance are so much offended by Roman rituals and southern hospitality, it seems to me that you must have been putting yourself to an unnecessary penance all this while, and that you might have found a service where they eat less, and are more orthodox in their worship. I dare say it cannot be want of skill which prevented your being placed mere to your satisfaction.'

" 'It doesna become me to speak to the point of my qualifications,' said Andrew, looking round him with great complacency: 'but nae doubt I should understand my trade of horticulture, seeing I was bred in the parish of Dreepdaly, where they raise lang-kale under glass, and force the early nettles for their spring kale.—And, to speak truth, I hae been flitting every term these four and twenty years; but when the time comes, there's aye something to saw that I would like to see sawn,—or something to maw that I would like to see mawn,—or something to ripe that I would like to see ripen,—and sae I e'en daiker on wi' the family frae year's end to year's end. And I wad say for certain, that I am gaun to quit at Candlemas, only I was just as positive on it twenty years ayne, and I find mysel still turning up the mounds here, for s' that. Forbye that, to tell your honour the even down truth, there's nae better place ever offered to Andrew. But if your honour wad wush me to ony place where I wad here pure doctrine, and hae a free cow's grass, and a cot, and a yard, and mair than ten pounds of annal fee, and where there's nae leddy about the town to count the apples, I see hold mysel muckle indebted to you.'

" 'Bravo, Andrew; I perceive you'll lose no preferment for want of asking patronage.'

" 'I canna see what for I should; it's no a generation to wait till ane's worth's discovered, I trow.'

" 'But you are no friend, I observe, to the ladies.'

" 'Na, by my troth, I keep up the first gardener's quarrel to them. They're fasheous bargans—aye crying for apricocks, pears, plums, and apples, summer and winter, without distinction o' seasons; but we hae nae slices o' the spare rib here, be praised for't! except suld

Martha, and she's weel aneugh pleased wi' the freedom o' the berry-bushes to her sister's weans, when they come to drink tea in a holiday in the house-keeper's room, and wi' a wheen codlings now and then for her ain private supper.

" ' You forget your young mistress.' "

" ' What mistress do I forget?—whae's that? ' "

" ' Your young mistress, Miss Vernon.' "

" ' What! the lassie Vernon—She's nae mistress o' mine, man. I wish she was her ain mistress; and I wish she mayna be some other body's mistress or its lang—She's a wild slip that.' "

" ' Indeed! ' said I, more interested than I cared to own to myself, or to shew to this fellow—' why, Andrew, you know all the secrets of this family.' "

" ' If I ken them, I can keep them,' said Andrew; ' they winna work in my wame like barm in a barrel, I se warrant ye. Miss Die is—but its neither beef nor brose o' mine.' "

" And he began to dig with a great semblance of assiduity.

" ' What is Miss Vernon, Andrew? I am a friend of the family, and should like to know.' "

" ' Other than a gude ane, I'm fearing,' said Andrew, closing one eye hard, and shaking his head with a grave and mysterious look—' something gleed—your honour understands me.' "

" ' I cannot say I do,' said I, ' Andrew; but I should like to hear you explain yourself; ' and therewithal I slipped a crown-piece into Andrew's horn-hard hand. The touch of the silver made him grin a ghastly smile, as he nodded slowly, and thrust it into his breeches pocket; and then, like a man who well understood that there was value to be returned, stood up, and rested his arms on his spade, with his features composed into the most important gravity, as for some serious communication. ' Ye maun ken, then, young gentleman, since it imports you to know, that Miss Vernon is—' "

" Here breaking off, he sucked in both his cheeks, till his lanthorn jaws and long chin assumed the appearance of a pair of nut-crackers; winked hard once more, frowned, shook his head, and seemed to think his physiognomy had completed the information which his tongue had not fully told.

" ' Good God! ' said I, ' so young, so beautiful, so early lost! ' "

" ' Troth, ye may say sae—she's in a manner lost, body and saul; forbye being a papist, I se uphaid her for—and his northern caution prevailed, and he was again silent.

" ' For what, sir? ' said I, sternly. ' I insist on knowing the plain meaning of all this.' "

" ' Ou, just for the bitterest jacobite in the haill shire.' "

" ' Pshaw! a jacobite?—is that all? ' "

" Andrew looked at me with some astonishment, at hearing his information treated so lightly; and then muttering, ' It's the warst thing I ken about the lassie, howsoe'er,' he resumed his spade, like the King of the Vandals, in Marmontel's late novel." (Vol. i. p. 131—140.)

Andrew seems to have made up his mind to leave Osbaldistone

Hall, from perceiving that matters were fast approaching to a crisis, and that some desperate attempt would speedily be made to reinstate the Stuarts. The priests, and the Irish officers, and the papist cattle, who have been dodgering abroad because they durst na bide at home, were, he observed, fleeing thick in Northumberland; and these corbies (ravens) dinna gather without they smell carrion. The servants, he added, with the tenantry and others, had all been regularly enrolled and mustered, and they wanted him to take arms also. "But I'll ride," says he, "in na sic troop—they little kenned Andrew that asked him. I'll fight when I like myself; but it shall neither be for the hoor of Babylon, or any hoor in England."

Whilst in search of his father's correspondents in Glasgow, Frank went to church; where he was admonished by a voice from the crowd, that his life was in danger, and asked to meet the author of this mysterious warning on one of the bridges at midnight. He accepted the invitation, and met Rob Roy; who conducted him to prison, where he had an interview with his father's principal clerk, a faithful, formal creature, of the name of Owen. . . Whilst the son and clerk of Osbaldistone are condoling and lamenting over recent events, and Rob Roy is conversing with the turnkey, through whose connivance they had procured an entrance into the gaol, a noise is heard at the outer gate, which throws them all into the deepest consternation. The reader will hardly require to be reminded that Rob had already been long an outlaw, and that a price was set upon his head. He cast his eyes round hastily, as if for a place of concealment: then said to Frank, "Lend me your pistols; yet it is no matter, I can do without them. Whatever you see, take no heed, and dinna mix your hand in another man's feud." As he spoke these words, he stripped from his person the cumbrous upper coat in which he was wrapt, confronted the door of the apartment, on which he fixed a keen and determined glance, drawing his person a little back to concentrate his strength, like a fine horse brought up to the leaping bar.

"It was a moment of awful suspense betwixt the opening of the outward gate and that of the door of the apartment, when there appeared—no guard with bayonets fixed, or watch with clubs, bills, or partizans, but a good-looking young woman, with grogram petticoats, tucked up for trudging through the streets, and a lantern in her hand. This female ushered in a more important personage, in form stout, short, and somewhat corpulent; and by dignity, as it soon appeared, a magistrate; bob-wigged, bustling, and breathless with peevish impatience. My conductor, at his appearance, drew back as if to escape observation; but he could not elude the penetrating twinkle with which this dignitary reconnoitred the whole apartment.

“ ‘A bonnie thing it is, and a beseeming, that I should be kept at the door half an hour, Captain Stanchells,’ said he, addressing the principal jailor, who now showed himself at the door as if in attendance on the great man, ‘knocking as hard to get into the tolbooth as any body else wad to get out of it, could that avail them, poor fallen creatures!—And how’s this?—how’s this? strangers in the jail after lock-up hours!—I shall look after this, Stanchells, ye may depend on’t—Keep the door lockit, and I’ll speak to these gentlemen in a giffing—But first I maun hae a crack wi’ an auld acquaintance here.—Mr. Owen, Mr. Owen, how’s a’ wi’ ye, man?’

“ ‘Pretty well in body, I thank you, Mr. Jarvie,’ drawled out poor Owen, ‘but sore afflicted in spirit.’

“ ‘Nae doubt, nae doubt—ay, ay—it’s an awfu’ whumpale—and for ane that held his head sae high too—human nature, human nature—Ay, ay, we’re a’ subject to a downcome. Mr. Osbaldistone is a good honest gentleman; but I aye said he was ane o’ them wad make a spurne or spoil a horn, as my father, the worthy deacon, used to say. The deacon used to say to me, ‘Nick—young Nick,’ (his name was Nichol as weel as mine; sae folk ca’d us in their daffin’ young Nick and auld Nick)—‘Nick,’ said he, ‘never put out your arm farther than you can draw it easily back again.’ I hae said sae to Mr. Osbaldistone, and he didna seem to take it a’tgether sae kind as I meant—but it was weel meant—weel meant.’

“ ‘This discourse, delivered with prodigious volubility, and a great appearance of self-complacency, as he recollected his own advice and predictions, gave little promise of assistance at the hands of Mr. Jarvie. Yet it soon appeared rather to proceed from a total want of delicacy than any deficiency of real kindness; for when Owen expressed himself somewhat hurt that these things should be recalled to memory in his present situation, the Glaswegian took him by the hand, and bade him ‘Cheer up a gliff! D’ye think I wad hae comed out at twal o’clock at night, and amaisht broken the Lord’s-day, just to tell a fa’en man o’ his backslidings? Na, na, that’s no Baillie Jarvie’s gait, nor was’t his worthy father’s, the deacon, afore him. Why, man! it’s my rule never to think on warldly business on the Sabbath, and though I did a’ I could to keep your note that I gat this morning out o’ my head, yet I thought mair on it a’ day than on the preaching—And it’s my rule to gang to my bed wi’ the yellow curtains preceesely at ten o’clock—unless I were eating a haddock wi’ a neighbour, or a neighbour wi’ me—ask the lass-quean there, if it isna a fundamental rule in my household; and here aye I sitten up reading gude books, and gaping as if I wad swallow St. Enox Kirk, till it chapped twal, whilk was a lawfu’ hour to gie a look at my ledger just to see how things stood between us; and then, as time and tide wait for nae man, I made the lass get the lanthorn, and came slipping my ways here to see what can be dune ament your affairs. Baillie Jarvie can command entrance into the tolbooth at any hour day or night; sae could my father, the deacon, in his time, honest man, praise to his memory.’” (Vol. ii. p. 192—196.)

This magisterial personage was a correspondent of Osbaldis-

tone and Tresham, and being, with all his vanity, a benevolent character, readily granted bail for Owen, and had him set at liberty the following day. Deeply engaged in business with the clerk, he did not perceive Rob Roy, till he was about to depart from the prison; when all at once recognizing the freebooter,

“Ah!—Eh!—Oh!” exclaimed the Baillie. ‘Conscience! it’s impossible—and yet—no!—Conscience, it canna be!—And yet again—Deil hae me! that I suld sae—Ye robber—ye cataran—ye born deevil that ye are, to a’ bad ends and nae gude ane—can this be you?’

“E’en as ye see, Baillie,” was the laconic answer.

“Conscience! if I am na clean bumbaized—you, ye cheat-the-wuddy rogue, you here on your venture in the tolbooth o’ Glasgow?—What d’ye think’s the value o’ your head?”

“Umph—why, fairly weighed, and Dutch weight, it might weigh down one provost’s, four baillies’, a town-clerk’s, six deacons’, besides stent-masters.’—

“Ah, ye reiving villain!” said Mr. Jarvie. ‘But tell ower your sins, and prepare ye, for if I say the word’—

“True, Baillie,” said he who was thus addressed, folding his hands behind him with the utmost *nonchalance*, ‘but ye will never say that word.’

“And why suld I not, sir?” exclaimed the magistrate—‘Why suld I not? Answer me that—why suld I not?’

“For three sufficient reasons, Baillie Jarvie—first, for auld lang-syne;—second, for the sake of the auld wife ayont the fire at Stuckavrellachan, that made some mixture of our bluids, to my own proper shame be it spoken, that has a cousin wi’ accounts, and yarn winnles, and looms, and shuttles, like a mere mechanical person;—and lastly, Baillie, because if I saw a sign o’ your betraying me, I would plaister that wa’ with your harns ere the hand of man could rescue you!’

“Ye’re a bauld desperate villain, sir,” retorted the undaunted Baillie; ‘and ye ken that I ken ye to be sae, and that I wadna stand a moment for my ain risk.’

“I ken weel,” said the other, ‘ye hae gentle bluid in your veins, and I wad be laith to hurt my ain kinsman. But I’ll gang out here as free as I came in, or the very wa’s o’ Glasgow tolbooth shall tell o’t these ten years to come.’

“Weel, weel,” said Mr. Jarvie, ‘bluid’s thicker than water; and it lies na in kith, kin, and ally, to see mots in ilk other’s een if other een see them no. It wad be sair news to the auld wife below the Ben of Stuckavrellachan, that you, ye Hieland limmer, had knockit out my harns, or that I had kilted you up in a tow. But ye’ll own, ye dour deevil, that were it no your very sell, I wad hae grippit the best man in the Hielands.’

“Ye wad hae tried, cousin,” answered my guide, ‘that I wot weel; but I doubt ye wad hae come aff wi’ the short measure, for we gang-there-out Hieland bodies are an unchancy generation when you speak to us o’ bondage. We downa bide the coercion of gude braid-claith about our hinderlans; let a be breeks o’ freestone, and garters o’ iron.’

“ ‘Ye’ll find the stane breeks and the airn garters, ay, and the hemp cravat, for a’ that, neighbour,’ replied the Baillie. ‘Nae man in a civilized country ever played the pliskies ye hae done—but e’en pickle in your ain pock-neuck—I hae gi’en ye warning.’

“ ‘Well, cousin,’ said the other, ‘ye’ll wear black at my burial?’

“ ‘Deil a black cloak will be there, Robin, but the corbies and the hoodie craws, I’s gie’ ye my hand on that. But whar’s the gude thousand pund Scots that I lent ye, man, and when am I to see it again?’

“ ‘Where it is,’ replied my guide, after the affectation of considering for a moment,—‘I cannot justly tell—probably where last year’s snaw is.’

“ ‘And that’s on the top of Schehallion, ye dog,’ said Mr. Jarvie, ‘and I look for payment frae you where ye stand.’

“ ‘Ay,’ replied the Highlander, ‘but I keep nather snaw nor dollars in my sporran. And as to when you’ll see it—why, just when the king enjoys his ain again, as the auld sang says.’

“ ‘Warst of a,’ Robin,’ retorted the Glaswegian,—‘I mean, ye disloyal traitor—Warst of a’!—Wad ye bring Popery in on us, and arbitrary power, and a foist and a warming-pan, and the set forms, and the curates, and the auld enormities o’ surplices and cearments? Ye had better stick to your auld trade o’ theft-boot, black-mail, spreaghs, and gill-ravaging—better stealing nowte than ruining nations.’

“ ‘Hout man, whisht wi’ your wiggery,’ answered the Celt, ‘we hae kenn’d ane anither mony a lang day. I’s take care your counting-room is no cleaned out when the Gillon-a-naillie come to redd up the Glasgow buiths, and clear them o’ their auld shop-wares. And, unless it just fa’ in the preceese way o’ your duty, ye manna see me oftener, Nicol, than I am disposed to be seen.’ ” (Vol. ii. p. 203—207.)

The property which Rashleigh had abstracted from Crane Alley was chiefly in the form of assets; and not being able to raise money upon them in Glasgow, this wily negotiator had entrusted them to the hands of another Jacobitical agent, who was employed in the Western Highlands. At all events, it was now understood to be in the power of Rob Roy to recover them; and for this purpose, but without distinctly stating it, he invited Frank and Baillie Jarvie to meet him on the borders. Rob had been urged to this act of justice by Miss Vernon; who, for a reason afterwards to be explained, was privy to all the plans and movements of the Jacobites.

“ ‘It’s a kittle cast she has gien me to-play; but yet it’s fair play, and I winna baulk her. Mr. Osbaldistone, I dwell not very far from hence—my kinsman can show you the way—leave Mr. Owen to do the best he can in Glasgow—do you come and see me in the glens, and it’s like I may pleasure you, and stead your father in his extremity. I am but a poor man; but wit’s better than wealth—and, cousin,’ (turning from me to address Mr. Jarvie) ‘if ye daur venture sae muckle as to eat a dish of Scotch collops, and a leg o’ red deer venison-wi’

me, come ye wi' this young Sassenach gentleman as far as Drymen or Bucklivie, or the Clachan of Aberfoil will be better than ony o' them, and I'll hae somebody waiting to weise ye the gate to the place where I may be for the time—What say ye, man?—There's my thumb, I'll ne'er beguile ye.'

"Na, na, Robin,' said the cautious burgher, 'I seldom like to leave the Gorbals: I have nae freedom to gang amang your wild hills, Robin, and your kilted red shanks—it doesna become my place, man.'

"The devil damn your place and you baith!' reiterated Campbell. 'The only drap o' gentle bluid that's in your body was our great-grand uncle's that was justified at Dunbarton, and you set yoursell up to say ye wad derogate frae your place to visit me!—Heark thee, man, I owe thee a day in harst—I'll pay your thousan pund Scots, plack and bawbee, gin ye'll be an honest fallow for anes, and just daiker up the gate wi' this Sassenach.'

"Hout awa' wi' your gentility,' replied the Baillie; 'carry your gentle bluid to the Cross, and see what ye'll buy wi't—But, if I were to come, wad ye really and soothfastly pay me the siller?'

"I swear to ye,' said the Highlander, 'upon the halidome of him that sleeps beneath the gray stane at Inch-Cailleach.'

"Say nae mair, Robin—say nae mair—We'll see what may be done.—But ye maunna expect me to gang ower the Highland line—I'll gae beyond the line at no rate. Ye maun meet me about Bucklivie or the Clachan of Aberfoil, and dinna forget the needful.'

"Nae fear,—nae fear,' said Campbell, 'I'll be as true as the steel blade that never failed its master.—But I must be budging, cousin, for the air o' Glasgow tolbooth is no that ower salutary to a Highlander's constitution.'

"Troth,' replied the merchant, 'and if my duty were to be dune, ye couldna change your atmosphere, as the minister ca's it, this ae wee while.—Ochon, that I suld ever be concerned in aiding and abetting an escape frae justice! it will be a shame and disgrace to me and mine, and my very father's memory, for ever.'

"Hout tout, man, let that flee stick in the wa',' answered his kinsman; 'when the dirt's dry it will rub out—Your father, honest man, could look ower a friend's faults as weel as anither.'

"Ye may be right, Robin,' replied the Baillie, after a moment's reflection: 'he was a considerate man the deacon; he kenn'd we had a' our frailties, and he lo'ed his friends—Ye'll no hae forgotten him, Robin?' This question he put in a softened tone, conveying as much at least of the ludicrous as the pathetic.' (Vol. ii. p. 215—218.)

Upon their arrival at Aberfoil, where our travellers met with very sorry accommodation, and had to fight a stout battle to procure a supper, a letter was handed to Frank by one of Rob Roy's retainers, intimating that it would be impossible for him to give them the meeting at that village, as various bodies of troops, horse and foot, were in search of him; some of which were stationed at that very place. At the head of one of these parties was a Captain Thornton, who insisted upon detaining Osbal-

distone, the Baillie, and Andrew Fairservice, who acted still in the capacity of *valet* to the former, and upon carrying them along with him in his pursuit of the freebooter. Early in the morning of the following day too, when they were preparing to begin their march, a poor Highlander was brought in by the soldiers, who, like another Sinon, had thrown himself in their way; and this crafty clansman being dragged with much apparent reluctance into the presence of the Captain, allowed a story to be wrung from him, which, however, he was very desirous to tell, and contrived not only to put the military off the right scent, but to draw them into an ambuscade. Thornton, little suspecting any treachery on the part of so simple-looking a creature as Dougal, the spy, advanced along the wooded bank of a Highland lake, with the hope of surprising in his lurking place the hero of our tale; and thus of gaining at once a share of honour, and of the reward which would be due to those who should kill or take captive that celebrated outlaw.

"We approached within about twenty yards of the spot where the advanced guard had seen some appearance of an enemy. It was one of those promontories which run into the lake, and round the base of which the road had hitherto winded in the manner I have described. In the present case, however, the track, instead of keeping the water's edge, scaled the promontory by one or two rapid zigzags, carried in a broken track along the precipitous face of a slaty grey rock, which would otherwise have been absolutely inaccessible. On the top of this rock, only to be approached by a road so broken, so narrow, and so precarious, the corporal declared he had seen the bonnets and long-barrelled guns of several mountaineers, apparently couched among the long heath and brushwood which crested the eminence. Captain Thornton ordered him to move forward with three files, to dislodge the supposed ambuscade, while at a more slow but steady pace, he advanced to his support with the rest of his party.

"The attack which he meditated was prevented by the unexpected apparition of a female upon the summit of the rock. 'Stand!' she said, with a commanding tone, 'and tell me what ye seek in Mac-Gregor's country?'

"I have seldom seen a finer or more commanding form than this woman. She might be between the term of forty and fifty years, and had a countenance which must once have been of a masculine cast of beauty: though now, imprinted with deep lines by exposure to rough weather, and perhaps by the wasting influence of grief and passion, its features were only strong, harsh, and expressive. She wore her plaid, not drawn around her head and shoulders, as is the fashion of the women in Scotland, but disposed around her body as the Highland soldiers wear theirs. She had a man's bonnet, with a feather in it, an unsheathed sword in her hand, and a pair of pistols at her girdle.

"'It's Helen Campbell, Rob's wife,' said the Baillie, in a whisper of considerable alarm: 'and there will be broken heads amang us or its lang.'

“ ‘What seek ye here?’ she asked again at Captain Thornton, who had himself advanced to reconnoitre.

“ ‘We seek the outlaw, Rob Roy Mac-Gregor Campbell,’ answered the officer, ‘and make no war on women; therefore offer no vain opposition to the king’s troops, and assure yourself of civil treatment.’”

“ ‘Ay,’ retorted the Amazon, ‘I am no stranger to your tender mercies. Ye have left me neither name nor fame—my mother’s bones will shrink aside in their grave when mine are laid beside them—Ye have left me and mine neither house nor hold, blanket nor bedding, cattle to feed us, or flocks to clothe us—Ye have taken from us all—all—the very name of our ancestors have ye taken away, and now ye come for our lives.’”

“ ‘I seek no man’s life,’ replied the Captain; ‘I only execute my orders. If you are alone, good woman, you have nought to fear—if there are any with you so rash as to offer useless resistance, their own blood be on their own heads—Move forward, serjeant.’”

“ ‘Forward—march,’ said the non-commissioned officer. ‘Huzza, my boys, for Rob Roy’s head or a purse of gold!’”

“He quickened his pace into a run, followed by the six soldiers; but as they attained the first traverse of the ascent, the flash of a dozen of firelocks from various parts of the pass parted in quick succession and deliberate aim. The serjeant, shot through the body, still struggled to gain the ascent, raised himself by his hands to clamber up the face of the rock, but relaxed his grasp, after a desperate effort, and falling, rolled from the face of the cliff into the deep lake, where he perished. Of the soldiers three fell slain or disabled; the others retreated on their main body, all more or less wounded.

“ ‘Grenadiers, to the front,’ said Captain Thornton. You are to recollect, that in these days this description of soldiers actually carried that destructive species of fire-work from which they derive their name. The four grenadiers moved to the front accordingly. The officer commanded the rest of the party to be ready to support them, and only saying to us, ‘Look to your safety, gentlemen,’ gave, in rapid succession, the word to the grenadiers: ‘Open your pouches—handle your grenades—blow your matches—fall on.’”

“The whole advanced with a shout, headed by Captain Thornton, the grenadiers preparing to throw their grenades among the bushes where the ambuscade lay, and the musketeers to support them by an instant and close assault. Dougal, forgotten in the scuffle, wisely crept into the thicket that overhung that part of the road where we had first halted, which he ascended with the activity of a wild cat. I followed his example instinctively, recollecting that the fire of the Highlanders would sweep the open track. I clambered until out of breath; for a continued spattering fire, in which every shot was multiplied by a thousand echoes, the hissing of the kindled fuses of the grenades, and the successive explosion of those missiles, mingled with the huzzas of the soldiers, and the yells and cries of their Highland antagonists, formed a contrast which added—I do not shame to own it—wings to my desire to reach a place of safety. The difficulties of the ascent soon increased so much that I despaired of reaching Dougal, who

seemed to swing himself from rock to rock, and stump to stump, with the facility of a squirrel, and I turned down my eyes to see what had become of my other companions. Both were brought to a very awkward still-stand.

"The Baillie, to whom I suppose fear had given a temporary share of agility, had ascended about twenty feet from the path, when his foot slipping, as he straddled from one huge fragment of rock to another, he would have slumbered with his father the deacon, whose acts and words he was so fond of quoting, but for a projecting branch of a ragged thorn, which, catching hold of the skirts of his riding-coat, supported him in mid air, where he dangled not unlike to the sign of the Golden Fleece over the door of a mercer in Ludgate-hill."—(Vol. iii. p. 81—88.)

The victory, as might have been expected from the mode of fighting, and the nature of the ground, remained with the Highlanders; and the gallant Thornton was led in wounded, and a prisoner. But the triumph of Helen M'Gregor was not of long duration. Her sons, at the head of a second body of Highlanders, arrived almost at the moment the conflict was over, and announced that her husband was in the hands of the enemy. "Taken!" repeated Helen, when the clamour had subsided, "Taken captive! and you live to say so?—Coward dogs! Did I nurse you for this that you should spare your blood on your father's enemies; or see him prisoner, and come back to tell it!" "But Rob Roy was not taken in fight. He had been seduced to a conference with a lowland chief, at the suggestion, as it should seem, of Rashleigh, and was surprised at the place of meeting by some militia cavalry." Upon hearing these details, the wife of M'Gregor first commanded the unfortunate Morris, who had been sent as messenger, and detained as hostage, to be bound hand and foot, and thrown into the lake; and then commissioned Frank Osbaldistone to proceed to the enemy's camp, and to demand the person of her husband.

"I shall cause you to be guided to the enemy's outposts—ask for their commander, and deliver him this message from me, Helen Mac Gregor, that if they injure a hair of Mac Gregor's head, and if they do not set him at liberty within the space of twelve hours, there is not a lady in the Lennox but shall before Christmas cry the coronach for them she will be loth to loose—there is not a farmer but shall sing well-a-wa over a burnt barn-yard and an empty byre,—there is not a laird nor heritor shall lay his head on the pillow at night with the assurance of being a live man in the morning,—and, to begin as we are to end, so soon as the term is expired, I will send them this Glasgow Baillie, and this Saxon Captain, and all the rest of my prisoners, each bundled in a plaid, and chopped into as many pieces as there are checks in the tartan." (Vol. iii. p. 131.)

The message, however, was not listened to; and the Duke of

——, who commanded the royal troops, declared in reply, that he should give orders for the execution of M'Gregor, by the dawn of the following day. He accordingly called him forth to be examined in the presence of the superior officers, and addressed him as follows:

“ ‘It is long since we have met, Mr. Campbell,’ said the Duke.

“ ‘It is so, my Lord Duke: I could have wished it had been (looking at the fastening on his arms), ‘when I could have better paid the compliments I owe to your Grace—but there’s a guid time coming.’

“ ‘No time like the time present, Mr. Campbell,’ answered the Duke, ‘for the hours are fast flying that must settle your last account with all mortal affairs. I do not say this to insult your distress, but you must be aware yourself that you draw near to the end of your career. I do not deny that you may sometimes have done less harm than others of your unhappy trade, and that you may occasionally have exhibited marks of talent, and even of a disposition which promised better things. But you are aware how long you have been the terror and the oppressor of a peaceful neighbourhood, and by what acts of violence you have maintained and extended your usurped authority. You know, in short, that you have deserved death, and that you must prepare for it.’

“ ‘My Lord,’ said Rob Roy, ‘although I may well lay my misfortunes to your Grace’s door, yet I will never say that you yourself have been the wilful and-witling author of them. My Lord, if I had thought so, your Grace would not this day have been sitting in judgment on me; for you have been three times within good rifle distance of me when you were thinking but of the red deer, and few people have kenn’d me miss my aim. But as for them that have abused your Grace’s ear, and set you up against a man that was ance as peacefu’ a man as ony in the land, and made your name the warrant for driving me to utter extremity,—I have had some amends of them, and for a’ that your Grace now says, I expect to live to hae mair.’” (Vol. iii. p. 148—150.)

Finding it expedient, for fear of a night attack, to make a hasty retreat from the ground on which they were encamped, the Duke ordered Rob Roy to be fastened on the crupper of a horse, behind a native dragoon, and the troops to cross the river Forth. In the act, however, of passing the stream, which was deep and dark, our hero was permitted to escape; which he effected partly by diving under water, partly by skulking under the high woody banks, and by letting his plaid float down the current, which attracted the aim of the few soldiers who really wished to kill him. The shades of evening too, favoured this deception; and Robert M'Gregor once more turned his face towards the fastnesses of Lock Ard, and bent his thoughts on new exploits. Frank, who took advantage of the confusion consequent upon this event, to leave the Duke’s dragoons, directed his steps as nearly

as he could guess, to Aberfoil, and was pursuing his journey on foot, under a clear cold moonlight, when he was overtaken by two horsemen; one of whom addressed him in good English as follows:

“ ‘ So ho, friend, whither so late ?’

“ ‘ To my supper and bed at Aberfoil,’ I replied.

“ ‘ Are the passes open ?’ he inquired, with the same commanding tone of voice.

“ ‘ I do not know,’ I replied ; ‘ I shall learn when I get there ; but,’ I added, the fate of Morris recurring to my recollection, ‘ if you are an English stranger, I advise you to turn back till day-light : there has been some disturbance in this neighbourhood, and I should hesitate to say it is perfectly safe for strangers.’

“ ‘ The soldiers had the worst ?—had they not ?’ was the reply.

“ ‘ They had indeed ; and an officer’s party were destroyed or made prisoners.’

“ ‘ Are you sure of that ?’ replied the horseman.

“ ‘ As sure as that I hear you speak,’ I replied. ‘ I was an unwilling spectator of the skirmish.’

“ ‘ Unwilling ? Were you not engaged in it, then ?’

“ ‘ Certainly no,’ I replied, ‘ I was detained by the king’s officer.’

“ ‘ On what suspicion ? and who are you ? or what is your name ?’ he continued.

“ ‘ I really do not know, sir,’ said I, ‘ why I should answer so many questions to an unknown stranger. I have told you enough to convince you that you are going into a dangerous and distracted country. If you choose to proceed, it is your own affair ; but as I ask you no questions respecting your name and business, you will oblige me by making no inquiries after mine.’

“ ‘ Mr. Francis Osbaldistone,’ said the other rider, in a voice, the tones of which thrilled through every nerve of my body, ‘ should not whistle his favourite airs when he wishes to remain undiscovered.’

“ And Diana Vernon, for she, wrapped in a horseman’s cloak, was the last speaker, whistled in playful mimicry the second part of the tune, which was on my lips when they came up.

“ ‘ Good God !’ I exclaimed, like one thunderstruck, ‘ can it be you, Miss Vernon, on such a spot—at such an hour—in such a lawless country—in such —’

“ ‘ In such a masculine dress, you would say. But what would you have ? The philosophy of the excellent Corporal Nym is the best after all—things must be as they may—*pauca verba*.’

“ While she was thus speaking, I eagerly took advantage of an unusually bright gleam of moonshine, to study the appearance of her companion, for it may be easily supposed, that finding Miss Vernon in a place so solitary, engaged in a journey so dangerous, and under the protection of one gentleman only, were circumstances to excite every feeling of jealousy, as well as surprise. The rider did not speak with the deep melody of Rashleigh’s voice ; his tones were more high and commanding ; he was taller, moreover, as he sat on horseback, than

that first-rate object of my hatred and suspicion. Neither did the stranger's address resemble that of any of my other cousins; it had that indescribable tone and manner by which we recognize a man of sense and breeding, even in the first few sentences he speaks.

"The object of my anxiety seemed desirous to get rid of my investigation.

"*'Diana,'* he said, in a tone of mingled kindness and authority, 'give your cousin his property, and do not let us spend time here.'

"Miss Vernon had in the mean time taken out a small case, and leaning down from her horse towards me, she said, in a tone in which an effort at her usual quaint lightness of expression contended with a deeper and more grave tone of sentiment, 'You see, my dear coz, I was born to be your better angel. Rashleigh has been compelled to yield up his spoil, and had we reached this same village of Aberfoil last night, as we purposed, I should have found some Highland sylph to have wafted to you all these representatives of commercial wealth. But there were giants and dragons in the way; and errant-knights and damsels of modern times, bold though they be, must not, as of yore, run into useless danger—Do not you do so either, my dear coz.'

"*'Diana,'* said her companion, 'let me once more warn you that the evening waxes late, and we are still distant from our home.'

"*'I am coming, sir, I am coming—consider,'* she added, with a sigh, 'how lately I have been subjected to controul—besides, I have not yet given my cousin the packet—and bid him farewell—for ever—Yes, Frank,' she said, 'for ever—there is a gulph between us—a gulph of absolute perdition—where we go, you must not follow—what we do, you must not share in—farewell—be happy.'

"In the attitude in which she bent from her horse, which was a Highland poney, her face, not perhaps altogether unwillingly, touched mine—She pressed my hand, while the tear that trembled in her eye, found its way to my cheek instead of her own. It was a moment never to be forgotten—inexpressibly bitter, yet mixed with a sensation of pleasure so deeply soothing and affecting, as at once to unlock all the flood-gates of the heart. It was *but* a moment, however, for instantly recovering from the feeling to which she had involuntarily given way, she intimated to her companion she was ready to attend him, and putting their horses to a brisk pace, they were soon far distant from the place where I stood." (Vol. iii. p. 172—178.)

Whilst musing upon this rencontre, he was overtaken by Rob Roy, who related to him, on their way to Aberfoil, the details of his captivity; occasioned, as we have already hinted, by a message from Rashleigh, who had craftily insinuated, that the body of Lowlanders, who made him prisoner, were prepared to join the standard of King James. A fine trait of character follows the information given by Frank, of the death of Morris, the pusillanimous and ill-fated tool of the royal party.

"*'Morris,'* said I, 'has already paid the last ransom which mortal man can owe.'

“ ‘Eh! What?’ exclaimed my companion hastily, ‘I trust it was in the skirmish he was killed.’

“ ‘He was slain in cold blood, after the fight was over, Mr. Campbell.’

“ ‘Cold blood!—Damnation!’ he said, muttering betwixt his teeth—‘How fell that, sir?—Speak out, sir, and do not Master or Campbell me—my foot is on my native heath, and my name is Mac Gregor.’

“His passions were obviously irritated; but, without noticing the rudeness of his tone, I gave him a short and distinct account of the death of Morris. He struck the butt-end of his gun with great vehemence against the ground, and broke out, ‘I vow to God! such a deed might make one forswear kin, clan, country, wife, and bairns! And yet the villain wrought long for it. And what is the difference between warstling below the water wi’ a stane about your neck, and wavering in the wind wi’ a tether round it?—its but choking after a’, and he drees the doom he ettled for me. I could hae wished, though, they had rather putten a ball through him, or a dirk; for the fashion of removing him will give rise to mony idle clavers—But every wight has his weird, and we maun a’ dee when our day comes—And naeboddy will deny that Helen Mac Gregor has deep wrongs to avenge.’

“So saying, he seemed to dismiss the theme altogether from his mind, and proceeded to inquire how I got free from the party in whose hands he had seen me.

“My story was soon told; and I added the episode of my having recovered the papers of my father, though I dared not trust my voice to name the name of Diana.

“‘I was sure ye wad get them,’ said Mac Gregor; ‘the letter ye brought me contained his Excellency’s pleasure to that effect; and nae doubt it was my will to have aided in it. And I asked ye up into this glen on the very errand. But its like his Excellency has forgathered wi’ Rashleigh sooner than I expected.’” (Vol. iii. p. 190—192.)

After a variety of occurrences, in which the character of Baillie Jarvie is finely portrayed, Mr. F. Osbaldistone, and his worship once more reach the city of Glasgow; where the former found his father and Mr. Owen, who quickly got every thing arranged to their mind. The rebellion immediately breaking out, the three Englishmen, with Andrew Fairservice, push on to London; and hither the news very soon followed them, that the family at Osbaldistone Hall, who had taken an active part in that enterprise, were completely involved in the failure of it. All the sons who had not died violent deaths from other causes, Rashleigh excepted, had either fallen in battle, or were prisoners in the Tower. Sir Hildebrand too, after making a will in favour of his nephew, for he cut off Rashleigh with a shilling, died apparently of grief. Frank thus found himself lord of the domain on which his ancestors had flourished for ages, and where his heart had first been touched with the tender passion; and none survived but his rival and inveterate enemy, the traitor

Rashleigh, to call in question his right, or to disturb his possession, either of the land or the lady. He therefore lost no time in going down into Northumberland; but as his heart sickened at the thought of seeing his uncle's mansion desolate and untenanted, he passed the first night in the country with the good-natured Justice Inglewood. From this talkative magistrate he learned that Diana Vernon was still unmarried, and that the person in whose company he found her in the Highlands, and who was called Excellency by the Jacobitical partizans, was no other than her father, Sir Frederick Vernon, now elevated to rank, and covered with titles by the Court of St. Germain. This was some satisfaction: still he was led to believe, that if she and her parent had escaped from the pursuit of their enemies, they were already in France, where his fears represented her as about to enter a convent for life. He repaired accordingly to Osbaldistone Hall in low spirits, and full of fears; and ordered Syddall, the old steward, to fit up the library, the room where he used to spend most of his time with Diana, for his temporary reception. Syddall invented many excuses, and recommended every other apartment in the house as being more comfortable than the library, in order to dissuade his new master from occupying it; and Syddall had his reasons.

“As twilight was darkening the apartment, Andrew had the sagacity to advance his head at the door, not to ask if I wished for lights, but to recommend them as a measure of precaution against the bogles which still haunted his imagination. I rejected his proffer somewhat peevishly, trimmed the wood fire, and placing myself in one of the large leather chairs which flanked the old Gothic chimney, I watched unconsciously the bickering of the blaze which I had fostered. ‘And this,’ said I alone, ‘is the progress and the issue of human wishes! nursed by the merest trifles, they are first kindled by fancy, nay, are fed upon the vapour of hope till they consume the substance which they inflame, and man, and his hopes, passions, and desires, sink into a worthless heap of embers and ashes.’

“There was a deep sigh from the opposite side of the room, which seemed to reply to my reflections. I started up in amazement—Diana Vernon stood before me, resting on the arm of a figure so strongly resembling that of the portrait so often mentioned, that I looked hastily at the frame, expecting to see it empty. My first idea was, either that I had gone suddenly distracted, or that the spirits of the dead had arisen and been placed before me. A second glance convinced me of my being in my senses, and that the forms which stood before me were real and substantial. It was Diana herself, though paler and thinner than her former self; and it was no tenant of the grave who stood beside her, but Vaughan, or rather Sir Frederick Vernon, in a dress made to imitate that of his ancestor, to whose picture his countenance possessed a family resemblance. He was the first

that spoke, for Diana kept her eyes fast fixed on the ground, and astonishment actually rivetted my tongue to the roof of my mouth.

“‘We are your suppliants, Mr. Osbaldistone,’ he said, ‘and we claim the refuge and protection of your roof till we can pursue a journey where dungeons and death gape for me at every step.’

“‘Surely,’ I articulated with great difficulty—‘Miss Vernon cannot suppose—you, sir, cannot believe that I have forgot your interference in my difficulties, or that I am capable of betraying any one, much less you?’

“‘I know it,’ said Sir Frederick; ‘yet it is with the most inexpressible reluctance that I impose on you a confidence, disagreeable perhaps—certainly dangerous—and which I would have specially wished to have conferred on some one else. But my fate, which has chased me through a life of perils and escapes, is now pressing me hard, and I have no alternative.’

“At this moment the door opened, and the voice of the officious Andrew was heard. ‘A’m bringing in the caunles—Ye can light them gin ye like—Can do is easy carried about wi’ ane.’

“I ran to the door, which, as I hoped, I reached in time to prevent his observing who were in the apartment. I turned him out with hasty violence, shut the door after him, and locked it—then instantly remembering his two companions below, knowing his talkative humour, and recollecting Syddall’s remark, that one of them was supposed to be a spy, I followed him as fast as I could to the servants’ hall, in which they were assembled. Andrew’s tongue was loud as I opened the door, but my unexpected appearance silenced him.” (Vol. iii. p. 307—§11.)

But Andrew, in his superstitious fear, had already said too much. He had spoken of an apparition in the library; and Rashleigh Osbaldistone, to whom Andrew’s foolish remark was conveyed, was quite aware that the same ghost had often haunted that apartment, and frightened the servants during their preparations for the late insurrection. He availed himself of the knowledge thus acquired, and called all his means into action to put a finishing hand to his work of revenge. In the middle of the night, the mansion was attacked.

“I leaped from my couch in great apprehension, took my sword under my arm, and hastened to forbid the admission of any one. But my route was necessarily circuitous, because the library looked not upon the quadrangle, but into the gardens. When I had reached a staircase, the windows of which looked into the entrance court, I heard the feeble and intimidated tones of Syddall expostulating with rough voices, which demanded admittance, by the warrant of Justice Standish, and in the King’s name, and threatened the old domestic with the heaviest penal consequences, if he refused instant obedience. Ere they had ceased, I heard, to my unspeakable provocation, the voice of Andrew bidding Syddall stand aside, and let him open the door.

“‘If they come in King George’s name we have nothing to fear—

we hae spent baith bluid and gowd for him—We dinna need to darn ourselves like some folks, Mr. Syddall—we are neither Papists nor Jacobites, I trow.’

‘It was in vain I accelerated my pace down stairs ; I heard bolt after bolt withdrawn by the officious scoundrel, while all the time he was boasting his own and his master’s loyalty to King George ; and I could easily calculate that the party must enter before I could arrive at the door to replace the bars. Devoting the back of Andrew Fairservice to the cudgel so soon as I should have time to pay him his deserts, I ran back to the library, barricaded the door as I best could, and hastened to that by which Diana and her father entered, and begged for instant admittance. Diana herself undid the door. She was ready dressed, and betrayed neither perturbation nor fear.

‘ ‘ Danger is so familiar to us,’ she said, ‘ that we are always prepared to meet it—My father is already up—he is in Rashleigh’s apartment—We will escape into the garden, and thence by the postern-gate (I have the key from Syddall in case of need) into the wood—I know its dingles better than any one now alive—Keep them a few minutes in play. And, dear, dear Frank, once more, fare you well!’

‘She vanished like a meteor to join her father, and the intruders were rapping violently, and attempting to force the library door by the time I had returned into it.

‘ ‘ You robber dogs!’ I exclaimed, wilfully mistaking the purpose of their disturbance, ‘ if you do not instantly quit the house I will fire my blunderbuss through the door.’

‘ ‘ Fire a fool’s bauble!’ said Andrew Fairservice ; ‘ it’s Mr. Clerk Jobson, with a legal warrant’——

‘ ‘ To search for, take, and apprehend,’ said the voice of that execrable pettifogger, ‘ the bodies of certain persons in my warrant named, charged of high treason under the 13th of King William, chapter third.’

‘And the violence on the door was renewed. ‘I am rising, gentlemen,’ said I, desirous to gain as much time as possible—‘ commit no violence—give me leave to look at your warrant ; and, if it is formal and legal, I shall not oppose it.’

‘ ‘ God save great George our King!’ ejaculated Andrew. ‘ I tauld ye you would find no Jacobites here.

‘Spinning out the time as much as possible, I was at length compelled to open the door, which they would otherwise have forced.

‘Mr. Jobson entered, with several assistants, among whom I discovered the younger Wingfield, to whom, doubtless, he was obliged for his information, and exhibited his warrant, directed not only against Frederick Vernon, an attainted traitor, but also against Diana Vernon, spinster, and Francis Osbaldistone, gentleman, accused of misprision of treason. It was a case in which resistance would have been madness ; I therefore, after capitulating for a few minutes’ delay, surrendered myself a prisoner.

‘I had next the mortification to see Jobson go straight to the chamber of Miss Vernon, and I learned that from thence, without hesitation or difficulty, he went to the room where Sir Frederick had slept.

'The hare has stolen away,' said the brute, 'but her form is warm—the greyhounds will have her by the haunches yet.'

"A scream from the garden announced that he prophesied too truly. In the course of five minutes, Rashleigh entered the library with Sir Frederick Vernon and his daughter as prisoners. 'The fox,' he said, 'knew his old earth, but he forgot it could be stopped by a careful huntsman—I had not forgot the garden gate, Sir Frederick—or, if that title suits you better, Most Noble Lord Beauchamp.'

"'Rashleigh,' said Sir Frederick, 'thou art a detestable villain!'

"'I better deserved the name, Sir Knight, or my Lord, when, under the direction of an able tutor, I sought to introduce civil war into the bosom of a peaceful country. But I have done my best,' said he, looking upwards, 'to atone for my errors.'

"I could hold no longer. I had designed to watch their proceedings in silence, but I felt that I must speak or die. 'If hell,' I said, 'has one complexion more hideous than another, it is where villany is masked by hypocrisy.'

"'Ha, my gentle cousin,' said Rashleigh, holding a candle towards me, and surveying me from head to foot; 'right welcome to Osbaldistone Hall—I can forgive your spleen—It is hard to lose an estate and a mistress in one night; for we shall take possession of this poor manor-house in the name of the lawful heir, Sir Rashleigh Osbaldistone.'

"While Rashleigh braved it out in this manner, I could see that he put a strong force upon his feelings, both of anger and shame. But his state of mind was more obvious when Diana Vernon addressed him. 'Rashleigh,' she said, 'I pity you—for, deep as the evil is you have laboured to do me, and the evil you have actually done, I cannot hate you so much as I scorn and pity you. What you have now done may be the work of an hour, but will furnish you with reflection for your life—of what nature I leave to your own conscience, which will not slumber for ever.'

"Rashleigh strode once or twice through the room, came up to the side-table, on which wine was still standing, and poured out a large glass with a trembling hand; but when he saw that we observed his tremor, he suppressed it by a strong effort, and, looking at us with fixed and daring composure, carried the bumper to his head without spilling a drop.

"'It is my father's old burgundy,' he said, looking to Jobson; 'I am glad there is some of it left—You will get proper persons to take care of the house and property in my name, and turn out the doting old butler, and that foolish Scotch rascal. Meanwhile, we will convey these persons to a more proper place of custody. I have provided the old family coach for your convenience,' he said, 'though I am not ignorant that even the lady could brave the night-air on foot or on horseback, were the errand more to her mind.'

"Andrew wrung his hands. 'I only said that my master was surely speaking to a ghaist in the library—and the villain Lencie to betray an auld friend that sang aff the same Psalm-book wi' him every Sunday for twenty years.'

"He was turned out of the house, together with Syddall, without allowing him to conclude his lamentation. His expulsion, however, led to some singular consequences. Resolving, according to his own story, to go down for the night where mother Simpson would give him a lodging for old acquaintance sake, he had just got clear of the avenue, and into the old wood as it was called, though it was now used as pasture-ground rather than woodland, when he suddenly lighted on a drove of Scotch cattle, which were lying there to repose themselves after the day's journey. At this Andrew was in no way surprised, it being the well-known custom of his countrymen, who take care of those droves, to quarter themselves after night upon the best unenclosed grass-ground they can find, and depart before day-break to escape paying for their night's lodgings. But he was both surprised and startled, when a Highlander starting up, accused him of disturbing the cattle, and refused him to pass forward till he had spoken to his master. The mountaineer conducted Andrew into a thicket, where he found three or four more of his countrymen. 'And,' said Andrew, 'I saw sune they were ower mony men for the drove; and from the questions they put to me, I judged they had other tow on their rock.'

"They questioned him closely about all that had passed at Osbaldistone Hall, and seemed surprised and concerned at the report he made to them.

"'And troth,' said Andrew, 'I tauld them a' I kenn'd; for dirks and pistols were what I could never refuse information to in all my life.'

"They talked in whispers among themselves, and at length collected their cattle together, and drove them close up to the entrance of the avenue, which might be half a mile distant from the house. They proceeded to drag together some felled trees, which lay in the vicinity, so as to make a temporary barricade across the road, about fifteen yards beyond the avenue. It was now near day-break, and there was a pale eastern gleam mingled with the fading moonlight, so that objects could be discovered with some distinctness. The lumbering sound of a coach, drawn by four horses, and escorted by six men on horseback, was heard coming up the avenue. The Highlanders listened attentively. The carriage contained Mr. Jobson and his unfortunate prisoners. The escort consisted of Rashleigh, and several horsemen, peace-officers, and their assistants. So soon as we had passed the gate at the head of the avenue, it was shut behind the cavalcade by a Highlandman, stationed there for that purpose. At the same time, the carriage was impeded in its further progress by the cattle, amongst whom we were involved, and by the barricade in front. Two of the escort dismounted to remove the felled trees, which they might think were left there by accident or carelessness. The others began with their whips to drive the cattle from the road.

"'Who dare abuse our cattle?' said a rough voice. 'Shoot him, Angus.'

"Rashleigh instantly called out, 'A rescue—a rescue!' and firing a pistol, wounded the man who spoke.

"'Claymore!' cried the leader of the Highlanders, and a scuffle instantly commenced. The officers of the law, surprised at so sudden

an attack, and not usually possessing the most desperate bravery, made but an imperfect defence, considering the superiority of their numbers. Some attempted to ride back to the Hall, but on a pistol being fired from behind the gate, they conceived themselves surrounded, and at length galloped off in different directions. Rashleigh, meanwhile, had dismounted, and on foot had maintained a desperate and single-handed conflict with the leader of the band. The window of the carriage, on my side, permitted me to witness it. At length Rashleigh dropped.

“ ‘Will you ask forgiveness for the sake of God, King James, and auld friendship?’ said a voice which I knew right well.

“ ‘No, never,’ said Rashleigh firmly.

“ ‘Then, traitor, die in your treason!’ retorted Mac Gregor, and plunged his sword in his prostrate antagonist.

“ ‘In the next moment he was at the carriage door—handed out Miss Vernon, assisted her father and me to alight, and dragging out the attorney, headforemost, threw him under the wheel.

“ ‘Mr. Osbaldistone,’ he said, in a whisper, ‘you have nothing to fear—I must look after those who have—Your friends will soon be in safety—Farewell, and forget not the Mac Gregor.’

“ ‘He whistled—his band gathered round him, and, hurrying Diana and her father along with him, they were almost instantly lost in the glades of the forest.’ (Vol. iii. p. 327—339.)

The appearance of Rob Roy on this occasion was not fortuitous. He had been sent by some of the Jacobite gentry in Scotland, who were particularly desirous to further the escape of Sir Frederick Vernon; who, as an old and tried agent of the house of Stewart, was possessed of matter enough to have ruined them all. And he succeeded too in his undertaking; for his knowledge of the country was such, that he procured horses for the old baronet and his daughter, conveyed them in safety to the western sea coast, whence they embarked for France. Sir Frederick’s race, however, was now run; he survived only a few months, and, after his death, Miss Vernon took up her abode in a nunnery; but she was not permitted to take the veil. The old Merchant in Crane Alley gave his consent that his son should once more visit the territory of the Grand Monarque, and invite his cousin to the land of liberty, roast-beef, and rum-puncheons.

“ ‘How I sped in my wooing, Will Tresham, I need not tell you. You know too, how long and happily I lived with Diana. You know how I lamented her. But you do not, cannot know how much she deserved her husband’s sorrow.’”

After adding that Rob Roy died a peaceful and natural death about the year 1736, we have, as critics, to ask the ingenious author of this tale, who, in other respects, seems not ignorant of the mechanical rules for constructing a story, why he should have put the narrative, one half of which is very broad provincial Scötsch, into the mouth of a person who was never more than

a few months in Scotland, and who did not understand the language when it was spoken in his hearing. This is no small offence against those laws of probability which in a work of this kind should never be out of view.

Considered as a work of genius, we are inclined to rank *Rob Roy* as high as any of the same author's former productions. It possesses not, perhaps, the same interest in its story which *Waverley* has, nor the same variety of character which distinguishes *Guy Mannering*; but it is as true to nature as either. The portraits are not as highly coloured, but their likeness to humanity is as exact; and the sympathy created by their expression is as deep and touching. The formality and counting-house slang of *Owen* may, indeed, be somewhat caricatured; and yet such habits are sometimes seen to engraft themselves upon inferior minds. The author has had constantly before his eyes the maxim of Horace; or rather he is guided by that genius upon which all rules are founded, "*Notandi sunt tibi mores.*" Baillie Jarvie, for example, is a bustling, vain, officious, yet good-tempered dealer, narrow-minded and superstitious withal, like the people of his age and nation. The picture seems to have been taken from one who sat for it. *Rob Roy* himself, too, is a noble, magnanimous semi-barbarian, cool, courageous, and self-possessed; faithful, indefatigable, and full of resources; a sincere and constant friend, and a vigilant and most formidable enemy. In short, the chief merit of all the anonymous things which have lately passed through the hands of Walter Scott, consists in their elucidation of national manners. The invention of incidents, in which others excel, seems not to be greatly studied here; and the narrative, in many instances, is strung together merely for the sake of hanging upon it a few of his rich medallions. We observe he does not rank the "*Tales of my Landlord*," among the other works by the author of "*Waverley*." He evidently wishes to wear two masks; we shall therefore have more tales by Jedediah Cleishbottom.

ART. X.—*Narrative of my Captivity in Japan, during the Years 1811, 12 and 13; with Observations on the Country and the People.* By Captain Golownin, R. N. To which is added, *an Account of Voyages to Japan, to procure the Release of the Author and his Companions.* By Captain Rikord. 2 vols. 8vo. Colburn. London, 1817.

WE are now, we think, in a fair way of being made better acquainted with the Japanese, that singular and jealous people, who have for nearly the last two centuries guarded their coasts against the approach of foreigners, as if the whole world, except

Japan, were infected with a pestilence, which the least freedom of commercial intercourse, or the most distant advance to political connexion, would infallibly communicate. Of their existence as a great independent state, of the extent of their coasts, and of some of the productions of their soil and industry, Europe has been informed for nearly three centuries; but the sum of our knowledge concerning their recent history, condition, and manners, was nearly as limited as if they had inhabited another planet. We were permitted to view them only at a distance, and through the medium of Dutch misrepresentation. When asked about them, we could tell from our older geographical books, or from the accounts of the Portuguese or Dutch traders, that they painted their teeth black as a mark of beauty, and uncovered their feet in token of respect; that they wore shoes made of rice straw, and hats made of grass; that they used neither beds, nor chairs, nor tables, nor knives, nor forks; but lay cross-legged on mats, and eat their meals with their fingers; that they were idolaters; that they had a religious and political emperor; that their laws were extremely severe, and their dispositions cruel and treacherous; that they hated all strangers, and especially Christians; finally, that they made the Dutch trample on the cross as a mark of their indifference to the proscribed religion; and that for this and other humiliations, they allowed them to trade in gold, silver, copper, and camphor, at a rate, and on conditions, that were latterly ruinous to that selfish and undeviating people, who have continued a monopoly, when unprofitable, because it had once been a source of wealth. These, and a few other circumstances of trifling moment, constituted the account of our knowledge of the Japanese, and much even of that little was incorrect. The Dutch, who with the Chinese have the exclusive privilege of trading in one of their ports, and who thus possess the only means of making us acquainted with their character and recent transactions, have involved the subject in greater mystery than belonged to it. They even have kept back charts of the coasts, and descriptions of the harbour which they were permitted to visit, together with such information as their residents could obtain from intercourse with the natives; lest by the communication of such knowledge, they might encourage competition, and endanger their monopoly. By the humiliations, too, to which they have always, without remonstrance, submitted, they have continually invited insult, and after allowing themselves, like the Jews in the middle ages, to be contemned and trampled upon for the sake of lucre, they have represented the people as cruel and tyrannical, entertaining the same contempt for all foreigners as for themselves.

It is curious to observe the strange contrast in the sentiments and conduct of the Japanese at different periods of their history, with regard to their treatment of foreigners; and perhaps a very

brief summary of facts may explain the change. When a Portuguese vessel was wrecked on the shores of Japan in 1542, and first made that empire known to Europe, the unfortunate crew were treated with great kindness, and supplied with every thing they wanted for their refit and departure. When the ships of the same nation subsequently returned for the purposes of trade, they were received with every demonstration of joy, and found every port of the empire open to their visits. The captains and supercargoes were treated with the greatest civilities, and distinguished by important privileges. They were invited into the interior of the country by the petty princes, and were allowed to ally themselves with noble Japanese families. A prodigious trade was immediately established, by which, in exchange for the commodities of Europe and Western India, the Portuguese obtained such quantities of the precious metals, as nearly placed them on a level with the possessors of the American mines. The new comers were permitted to erect factories, and to pursue every plan for promoting their political security, or extending their commercial relations. The church expected a rich harvest of converts, and sent out a proportionate number of labourers. The civil war which arose afterwards between the emperor and the princes of the country, who aimed at independence, did not immediately interrupt this trade, or overthrow the new ecclesiastical fabric, the foundations of which had just been laid by the missionaries. A great number of converts had been made, who, as the old superstition allied itself with power, joined the standard of revolt to oppose both power and superstition. So zealous were the people in support of the new religion, and so bitter against their tyrant, that they flocked to the baptismal fount with the sufferings of martyrdom before their eyes. During forty years the scaffold was stained with the blood of the new Christians, and upwards of 40,000 of them who took up arms in the name of their master, to rid themselves of their persecutors, are said to have perished in consequence of a single defeat. As Christianity had been embraced from an aversion to the religion, and in contempt of the authority, of the Emperor, it became the badge of rebellion, and was therefore proscribed, when the imperial authority was firmly re-established, not so much because it was a system of faith, as because it was a code of sedition and treason. The Portuguese, who had made themselves obnoxious by their ambition and intrigues, having disgusted the people as much by their frauds and treachery, as the court by their religion, were driven from Japan, in 1638, with the hearty approbation of all parties. The Dutch too who, having shown no scruples on the score of religion, had carried on for some time a thriving trade, were subjected to great restrictions about three years afterwards, in consequence of the cautious and timorous policy of a government which, having once experienced

the horrors of civil dissension and bloodshed connected with an influx of foreigners, ever afterwards associated foreign intercourse with such disasters, and resolved to prevent the latter, by the exclusion of the former.

Since that time to the present, the strictest system of exclusion has been established round the coasts of Japan (only one port, Nangasaky, being open as a lazaretto for Dutchmen and Chinese infected with the plague of money-making), and no European has been able, from personal observation and experience, to communicate a tenth part of the intelligence furnished by the individual whose work now lies before us.

Captain Golownin, our author, is an officer in the Russian service, who was sent to survey the coast of the Kurile islands in 1811, and who, landing on one of the neighbouring Japanese islands to give explanations respecting the conduct of some of his countrymen who had disgraced the Russian name, was treacherously seized and kept in captivity more or less strict for two years and some months, from July 11, 1811, to October 7, 1813. During this long period he had an opportunity of seeing some parts of that great empire, of observing the manners and customs of the people, of studying the maxims and the forms of their government, and of appreciating their advancement in arts, knowledge, and civilization. His present work, however, merely contains the narrative of his own adventures, sufferings, and treatment, and those of his companions, whilst among this singular race; and he reserves for a future publication a more systematic view of the actual state of the Japanese nation, their manners, government, institutions, literature, and resources. We wait with impatience for the promised treatise, which will furnish us with the means of comparing the Japanese of the present day with the Japanese of the Portuguese missionaries, and show us what progress this people have made in the interval of 180 years: but in the mean time we cannot help censuring in the strongest terms, the strange, not to say disingenuous, manner in which the present narrative has been introduced to the English public. It was, as might well have been supposed, originally written in Russian; from the Russian it was translated into German (Captain Golownin's part of it by Dr. Schultz, and Captain Rikord's by the celebrated Kotzebue); and from the German into English. In the present copy no mention is made of the Russian original, or of the German version; and the reader is left to suppose that a Russian captain sent his manuscript from Kamachatka or Petersburg composed in good intelligible English, to be published in London. An attempt is even made in the title-page to deceive the reader into a belief that the said "Capt. Golownin," who writes "*my Captivity in Japan*," is actually a British officer in the royal navy, having the initials B. N. after

his name, by which such as know the fact may believe, if they can, that Russian Navy was intended. One cannot but observe, too, that those parts of Captain Golownin's work, in which he alludes to his future and more systematic publication, are suppressed; and the reader is left to imagine that this meagre though interesting relation of personal adventures is all that the gallant author means to give us of the fruits of his sufferings and inquiries in Japan.

The "narrative" is dully told, and interests us more from the nature of the facts and events, than by the mode of describing or recounting them: he every where appears a man of sense, capacity, and honour, but evidently unacquainted with the art of making truth attractive in its details; he is often tediously minute in his descriptions, and languid in his narration. If he succeeds in carrying our sympathies along with him, his success is principally owing to the singular character of the subject he handles.

As far as the few pages which we can spare for this article will permit, we shall lay before our readers a narrative of the chief adventures and transactions of the Russian captives in Japan, and then draw up, in a few general observations, the principal facts and statements which the present work contains, respecting the character of the natives of that country.

Though the Russians by their possession of Kamschatka, and still more by their sway in the sea of Okotsk, and their dominion over a part of the Kurile Isles, have been long ago brought to the very gates of the Japanese empire, yet it is only a very short period since any communication was opened between these two powers. The first time that any intercourse was seriously thought of, or at least attempted, was in 1792, when the presence of some Japanese sailors who had been shipwrecked on the Aleutian isles ten years before, and had afterwards been kindly treated and supported in Russia, suggested to the Empress Catherine the hope that commercial relations might be entered into with the government of Japan, under the favourable impression of a hospitable mission to restore its lost subjects. Being aware, however, of the repulsive policy pursued invariably by the Japanese, and afraid that an abrupt refusal of the overtures made to them might hazard the honour of the Russian government, she prudently resolved that the experiment should be made in the name of the governor of Siberia, whose act might be disavowed if it failed, or acknowledged if it succeeded, and thus secure all the advantages of a national embassy without incurring any of its risks. Captain Laxman, of the Russian navy, was appointed to conduct this friendly expedition, and repaired accordingly with the shipwrecked mariners under cover of the olive branch to Chakodade, a port in the isle of Yesso or Matsmai (second to Nippon in

extent), and thence to Matsmai, the capital of the same island. The reception which he met with was cold and reserved. He was told that the laws of the country condemned to perpetual imprisonment all foreigners who dared to approach the Japanese coasts at any other port except that of Nangasaky (the Dutch and Chinese port); and that if their rigour was softened in his case, it was merely from a consideration of his ignorance of such a regulation, and on his positive engagement that he would not repeat the offence. His motives for restoring their countrymen received a favourable construction, but the act itself was not welcomed with corresponding gratitude; and the Captain was told that he was at perfect liberty to leave them behind or carry them back to Russia, as he saw most convenient; for that the laws of Japan regarded as a man's country the place where his destiny threw him, or where his life was saved. With respect to commercial overtures, this officer was informed that they could not be listened to except they came through the regular channel of the harbour of Nangasaky; and that if he felt any disposition to repair thither, he might be provided with a passport that would insure him admission and attention. This haughty and repulsive coldness was however confined merely to official communications; and though the expedition failed in its object, Captain Laxman had every reason to be gratified with the personal attentions lavished upon himself and his crew, corresponding more with the benevolent nature of his mission than the unfortunate result of his negotiations. He praised at home the kindness of the Japanese, but his success was not such as to dispose the government to a new experiment, involved, as it soon afterwards was, in more vital and important affairs. His Nangasaky passport, therefore, lay neglected in the archives of office till 1803, when it was thought convenient to send out an ambassador to Japan to open new channels of trade, along with an expedition for nautical discovery, and, accordingly, M. Resanoff, in that capacity, embarked on board the ship of Krusenstern. This second envoy was even more unsuccessful than the first; he came into the very shop of the Dutch, and found them determined to prevent a rival from partaking in a commerce which they could not themselves enjoy. The intrigues and misrepresentations of these jealous monopolists defeated all his efforts and all his offers, and M. Resanoff departed, with disgust and indignation, from a scene where the name of the autocrat of all the Russias commanded no more respect than that of a colonial trader. The power of the Czar, however, was not overlooked; and Krusenstern was not subjected to all those humiliations which the Dutch have for centuries paid for their privilege of carrying on a paltry traffic. Nay, we are even told in some conversations which an intelligent Japanese had afterwards with the Russians, that a favourable disposition towards an alliance with Russia existed at the time in

some high quarters, and that parties were very much divided respecting the policy of dismissing her ambassador.

If such a disposition really existed, it was entirely extinguished by the subsequent outrageous conduct of Resanoff, who seemed to consider the adherence of an unoffending people to their laws as a personal affront offered to himself, and by his unwarrantable violence prepared for our author and his companions the long captivity which they endured. This furious negotiator gave orders to the captains of two vessels belonging to the Russian American Company to commit barbarities which are scarcely paralleled in the annals of piracy. They made descents on the coast, pillaged the villages, robbed and polluted the temples, set fire to the houses, and carried off the persons and properties of the wretched inhabitants; killing many of them in cold blood, and leaving others to perish by famine, or the rigour of the winter. While the recollection of these still unexplained atrocities was fresh in the minds of a people whose aversions are apt to be hereditary, who cannot easily separate the character of individuals from the nation to which they belong, and who, living secluded from the world, receive impressions that are seldom weakened by any countervailing experiences, Captain Golownin, in the Russian sloop of war *Diana*, approached their coast in June, 1811. He had received orders from the minister of marine to survey the southern Kurile islands depending on Japan, and sailed from Kamtschatka for that purpose in the spring of the year above-mentioned. On the 17th of June he reached the north-western coast of Eetorpoo, one of these islands subject to that empire; and being aware of the hostile feeling excited by the invasion of Chewostoff and Davidoff (the two captains above alluded to), he had determined not to attempt a landing, when the imprudence of one of his midshipmen, called Moor, made him alter his resolution. He had dispatched this officer in an armed boat to reconnoitre the shore, and a *baidare* or boat of the natives coming out to inquire what induced the Russian vessel to approach their coasts, and to state that the inhabitants were apprehensive of the designs of their visitors, at the same time warning them off, Moor, by way of showing his courage, actually landed. Our author followed in another boat to yield the necessary assistance if the first was attacked, and upon landing, found Moor in conversation with the Japanese by means of some Russian Kuriles, who acted as interpreters. There was present a Japanese commander, surrounded by eighteen or twenty men in full military dress, and armed with guns and sabres. Captain Golownin, to the question, "for what reason have you come among us," replied that he was in want of a supply of wood and water, and that no fear could reasonably be entertained of his vessel, as it was not a merchantman, but an imperial ship visiting the island with no

intention of committing any injury whatever. On this the Japanese chief recalled to his recollection the attack made on the Japanese villages by the two piratical free-booters formerly mentioned, and our author took the following Socratic method of proving, that such an attack by such means was unauthorized by the government, and proceeded merely from the lawless violence of individuals. "I asked him, what number of ships and men his sovereign would send out against a people on whom he wished to make war. He answered, that he did not know. 'Would he send five or ten,' said I. 'No! No!' replied he, laughing, 'he would fit out a great number, a very great number.' Upon receiving this answer, I said, 'How then can the Japanese believe that the Emperor of Russia, the sovereign of so great and powerful a nation, would send only two small vessels to carry on a war against the Japanese? This consideration should convince them that they had been attacked by mere merchantmen, the crews of which were not in the service of the Emperor of Russia. The offenders had been punished for their aggression. Had our monarch any desire to make war on the Japanese, he would send every year great squadrons till he had accomplished his object.'" The chief expressed himself satisfied with this logic, and invited his new visitor to his tent; but, as our author afterwards learned from some Kuriles, being "convinced against his will," he still continued to think that plunder was the object of the Russians. These Kuriles are under the Japanese in the most abject state of slavery. "They seemed so oppressed, that they dared not move in the presence of their masters. About fifty of them sat crowded together, regarding their rulers with looks of terror; and whenever they had occasion to speak to them, they threw themselves upon their knees, with their open hands pressed closely on their loins, their heads hanging downwards, and their whole bodies bent towards the ground."

Not being able to obtain what he wanted in this port, our author set sail for another in the same island, called Ourbeeth, pointed out to him as a better station by the chief whom we have mentioned (who gave him a letter of recommendation to its governor), taking with him as an interpreter Alexis Maximoff, a Russian Kurile, whom he found on his first landing, along with about a dozen of his compatriots, male and female. From these people he learned the distrust which had been excited against all the Russians by the conduct of the American Company's agents; but seeing in them at the same time a disposition to believe him, when he assured them that such predatory hostilities were not authorised by government, his desire to visit other parts of the coast, for the accomplishment of his survey, was increased, by the hope that he might thus be able to remove unfavourable impressions by spreading the necessary explana-

tions. Instead, therefore, of proceeding to the fort of Ourbestah, he determined to sail for the island of Kunaschier (the 20th on the chain of the Kuriles), which he was informed by Alexis contained a fortified village, where his vessel might be supplied with wood, water, rice, and fresh roots. To this determination he was besides induced by a wish of examining the channel which separates that island from Yesso—which channel had hitherto been unexplored by European navigators, “both islands in many charts being described as one connected piece of land.” On the morning of the 5th of July, having reached his intended destination, he entered the harbour of Kunaschier, and was received in no friendly manner by the Japanese. Guns were fired on him twice from the castle that commands the harbour. The works of the fortress were hung round with cloth of different colours, so that neither walls nor palisades could be discovered. Sentinels were posted in various places. Within the fortress, the Russians could only descry a few buildings that stood upon an acclivity and overtopped the wall. They cast anchor about two versts from the garrison, and the Captain, together with the interpreter, and several of the crew, were proceeding to land, and had come within fifty fathoms of the shore, when the Japanese again opened their fire from various points, which obliged them to return to their vessel, uncertain whether to take immediate vengeance on such cowardly aggressors, to wait for a more convenient opportunity, or to try means of reconciliation. The latter course was adapted; but all their overtures were for some days rejected; their presents were refused, and the money and other articles which they had left in a neighbouring village in payment of provisions, which they were under the necessity of taking without the leave of the inhabitants, who had all fled at their approach, were sent back. In short, the most hostile disposition was manifested; every attempt at reconciliation or explanation was resisted or misunderstood; fear, consternation, or hatred, seemed generally to prevail; and Captain Golownin, having laid in stores for two months, was on the point of sailing from such inhospitable shores, when, on the fifth day, a sudden and entire change of public feeling appeared to take place, and the Japanese, from being courted ineffectually, began to court in their turn, voluntarily solicited a conference, made apologies for the ungracious reception which they had given their foreign visitors, attributed their unprovoked aggressions to a suspicion (which was now entirely removed) that the Russians of the *Diana* were like the Russians who some years before had pillaged their coasts, professed a willingness to receive or to give every friendly explanation, and yield every obliging assistance. These professions were confirmed by the Kurile interpreter, Alexis, who in his conversations with the natives, heard that the whole of their hostile proceed-

ings originated in their terror of the Russian arms, and their recollection of former invasions.

An evil star seemed to guide the councils and proceedings of these adventurers. Though he had seen the Japanese at first animated with the most deadly hostility, and in a few days passing to the other extreme of confidence and kindness, without any intervening circumstances to explain satisfactorily the change, he never seems seriously to have suspected treachery in his enemies, or to have conceived that their tenders of friendship were more dangerous than their ill-directed cannon. He offered them presents, and they received them, making a similar return; he disavowed, in the name of the Emperor, the aggressions of Resanoff's piratical agents, and they admitted his explanations with apparent pleasure and confidence; they beckoned him ashore; and the hope of benefiting his country, by being the means of a complete reconciliation, induced him to obey the summons. The first time he landed he ordered four sailors, whom he took in the boat along with him, to carry with them concealed arms. He was met on the shore by an officer, called Oyagoda (a term nearly equivalent to a Russian commander of a district), and was afterwards introduced to a solemn personage, who represented the governor, and who is thus described by our author:

"He came completely armed, and accompanied by two soldiers, one of whom carried his long spear, and the other his helmet, which was adorned with a figure of the moon. It is scarcely possible to conceive any thing more ludicrous than the manner in which the governor walked. His eyes were cast down and fixed upon the earth; his hands pressed close against his sides; he besides proceeded at so slow a pace, that he scarcely extended one foot beyond the other, and kept his feet as wide apart, as though a stream of water had been running betwixt them. I saluted him after the European fashion; upon which he raised his left hand towards his forehead, and bowed his head and whole body towards the ground."

This pink of Japanese diplomacy held a long conversation with Captain Golownin, during which he apologized for firing on the Russians, and afforded a sample of that interrogatory mania by which our author and his companions were afterwards tormented. He asked questions about all possible things, and carefully noted down the answers; he then invited the Captain to a repast, which was served by persons armed with sabres and poniards (who, however, made no demonstrations of violence), and concluded by informing him that he was not the commander-in-chief of the fortress, but requested him to accompany him to the castle, where he could have an interview with this latter personage. This proposal our author declined, unless some person of distinction were sent on board the sloop in his boat, to satisfy his crew with respect to his safety.

A refusal of this reasonable request might have excited suspicion; yet, nevertheless, so completely was Captain Golownin overpowered with Japanese professions of amity, that on a second invitation to pay a visit to the fortress, *attended by some of his officers*, he landed on the following morning (July 11) with one of his midshipmen, Moor, with the pilot Chlebnikoff, his Kurile interpreter, and four seamen (the latter entirely unarmed), ordering the boat to be hauled on shore, and left under the care of only one sailor, that he might extinguish all distrust in Japanese honour, by showing towards them his unlimited confidence. With this attendance he proceeded to the fortress.

"On entering the castle gate," says he, "I was astonished at the number of men I saw assembled there: of soldiers alone I observed from three to four hundred, armed with muskets, bows and arrows, sitting in a circle, in an open place to the right of the gate; on the left a countless number of Kuriles surrounded a tent of striped cotton cloth, erected about thirty paces from the gate. I never could have supposed ~~this small~~, insignificant place, capable of containing so many men, and concluded that they must have been collected from all the neighbouring garrisons since we appeared in the harbour."

Our author and his companions were introduced to the tent in which the Governor, the second in command, with their respective armour-bearers, and four other cross-legged warriors, in black armour, and provided with sabres, were placed. They were furnished with tea, and other refreshments, and then questioned about the operations of Resanoff, and their own purpose in visiting those seas. While this was going on, they saw naked sabres distributed among the soldiers, and, amid such a guard of honour, were again entertained with rice, fish, and sakki (a kind of liquor), accompanied with a multitude of interrogatories and assurances of kindness. At length, when they were about to depart, the mask was thrown off, and this pompous array of force was explained:

"The Governor, who had hitherto conversed in a soft and gentle voice, now altered his tone, spoke loud, and with warmth; frequently mentioned Resanoto (Resanoff) and Chwastoff, and struck several times on his sabre. In this manner he made a long speech, of which the terrified Alexis interpreted to us only the following sentence: 'The Governor says, that if he lets a single one of us out of the castle, his own bowels will be ript up.' This was brief and decisive. We instantly made all the haste we could to escape. The Japanese did not venture to close upon us, but set up a loud cry, and threw oars and large pieces of wood at us, to knock us down. On reaching the gate they fired upon us several times. When we got to the boat, and they saw that we had no arms, they surrounded us with drawn sabres, muskets, and spears, and forced us to surrender."

The captives were then conducted back to the castle, where they were all placed on their knees, and bound with cords in the

most cruel manner. The people seemed expert at the business, and conducted the operation on all their prisoners with perfect conformity, tying their hands together, making their elbows almost touch each other, and throwing a noose about their necks, which could be tightened to the very point of strangulation on the slightest attempt to escape. Thus secured, they were moved away from the castle, each prisoner being led by a cord, held by a particular conductor, and attended by an armed soldier, who walked by his side. On ascending a height they saw the *Diana*, as they thought, for the last time, and, proceeding a little further, they heard the cannonade of their sloop playing on the fort, which produced no other effect on their conductors than to make them quicken their speed, and draw the neck-noose of their captives so tight that they could scarcely breathe. Our author's fate, in particular, seemed to be very deplorable; for, in addition to the tormenting reflections that, by his imprudent temerity, he had exposed himself and his companions to the machinations of a horde of cowardly and clumsy traitors, he suffered the severest bodily torture. The rope about his neck was drawn so tight that he could with difficulty breathe or speak; his face became swollen and discoloured; and at last his sight failed him, he fell senseless on the ground, the blood flowing from his mouth and nostrils. The Japanese consented to loosen the cord, seeing that their security did not require them to strangle their prisoners, and the procession continued onwards, towards the capital of the neighbouring island of Matsmai. A strange inconsistency now began to appear in the character of the Japanese. As soon as they were beyond the reach of apprehension from the cannon of the *Diana*, they began to treat their captives with great humanity in every other respect, except in continuing their fetters. They gave them the best provisions that could be procured; they provided them with litters, on which, when they disliked walking, they might be carried; and some of them were constantly in attendance, with boughs or shrubs in their hands, to drive off the gnats or flies from their faces. The inhabitants of the districts through which they passed, not having the same restraints on their feelings as the guards (who trembled for their own safety in case of an escape), showed every where the greatest sympathy and kindness. A powerful, and almost uniform, sentiment of benevolence, respect, and even friendship, seemed to animate all ranks, and to have prevailed throughout all parts of the country. We might quote innumerable instances of little characteristic traits of native kindness towards our captives, of stolen opportunities of doing them service, or alleviating their sufferings, some of which melted our author into tears. But we shall content ourselves with the following general statement:

"In every village, on our arrival and departure, we were surrounded with crowds of both sexes, young and old, whom curiosity to see us drew together, and yet on these occasions we never experienced the slightest insult or offence. All, particularly the women, contemplated us with an air of pity and compassion. If we asked for drink, they were emulous to supply us. Many asked permission from our guards to entertain us, and, on their request being granted, brought us sakkj, fruits, comfits, or other delicacies. On one occasion the chief of a village treated us with good tea and sugar."

Our space will not allow us to enlarge further on this singular journey (which, with some interruptions, lasted from the 12th of July to the 8th of August) than merely to transcribe the following order of procession, which will enable our readers to judge of the courage of the Japanese, and besides present them with a curious picture.

"We were asked whether we preferred walking or being carried in litters. We all chose to walk except Alexis, who complained of excessive pain in his feet. The Japanese Oyagoda took a considerable time to determine on the order of our procession; however, at length he disposed of us in the following manner. Two Japanese, from a neighbouring village, proceeded first, walking side by side, and carrying staves of red wood, very handsomely carved: their office was to direct our course. These were relieved, on entering the next district, by two new guards, carrying staves of the same description. The guides were followed by three soldiers. Next came my turn, with a soldier on one hand, and on the other an attendant, who, with a twig, kept the gnats and flies from fixing upon me. Behind me was a condactor, who held together the ends of the rope with which I was bound. We were followed by a party of Kuriles, carrying my litter; and after them another party, who were destined to relieve the first when they became fatigued. Next came Mr. Moor, guarded in the same manner as I was; and after him Mr. Chlebnikoff; then the sailors, one after another; and last of all Alexis. The whole retinue was closed by three soldiers, and a number of Japanese and Kurile servants, carrying provisions and the baggage of our escort. The party must have amounted to between 150 and 200 men. Each individual had a wooden tablet suspended from his girdle, on which was an inscription, stating with which of us he was stationed, and what were the duties of his office. The Oyagoda had all this marked down on a list of their names."

In this manner they entered the city of Chakodade on the 8th of August, amidst an immense concourse of spectators (which need not surprise us when we remember the Don Cossack in London), who all behaved with the most becoming decorum: not a malicious smile or a contemptuous expression, says our author, appearing in any countenance.

Here they were imprisoned from the 8th of August to the 27th of September; were frequently interrogated before the Governor, heard from their companions on board the *Diana*, which sailed to

Okotsk for an additional force to procure their liberation ; were visited daily by a physician, who took the utmost care of their health, and by an interpreter, who brought them books, and endeavoured to form a Russian dictionary ; were treated with increasing kindness by their guards, and consoled with hopes of regaining their liberty. On the last-mentioned day, they were marched off to Matsmai, the capital of the island, nearly in the former order. They arrived there on the 30th of the same month, and were conducted into the city amid a greater concourse of spectators than at Chakodade, from the immensely greater population of this chief seat of the provincial government. Here they passed the remainder of their captivity, which lasted more than two years longer. They were here, as in Chakodade, immured for some time in a prison, and condemned to repeat their former explanations ; to answer objections a thousand times answered ; to remove doubts and suspicions daily removed and daily recurring ; to prop up a confidence hourly tottering ; to be accountable for their predecessors' acts, of which they had never before heard ; to maintain consistency (as all was regularly marked down) in relations too trivial to be remembered, and originally uttered to get rid of a temporary inconvenience ; to see the prospect of their liberation almost daily renewed and destroyed, and to suffer all the torments of disappointed hope, and the languors of exhausted patience. Almost every day they were carried into the Governor's presence, to go through an interminable examination. Thrice during their imprisonment was the Governor renewed, and thrice their inquisitorial torture had to begin. On the part of the inhabitants, the authorities, and their guards, they experienced the same mixture of cruelty and kindness ; went through the same round of distrust and confidence, and witnessed the same opposition between the natural sympathies of their tormentors and the unsatisfied jealousy of government. Towards the latter period of their captivity, the vigilance of their keepers was a little relaxed ; they enjoyed a little more freedom, were allowed to walk abroad, were provided with better lodgings, and indulged in a more unrestrained intercourse.

But when it was nearly decided that they were to be restored to their country, the fame of their knowledge in the arts and sciences, and the desire of the Japanese to take advantage of it, became a new source of annoyance, and led them to dread that Russian sailors might be converted into Japanese schoolmasters. The Academy of Sciences sent one of its members to learn the physics and the mathematics of Europe ; a geographer, vain of his acquirements and his travels, posted to Matsmai to learn navigation, astronomy, and the mode of finding the longitude ; a Dutch interpreter came with the design of enriching Japan with translations

of Russian books; and a young secretary of the Governor, called Teske (who afterwards turned out a great friend of the captives), applied to be taught the Russian language, and to have the assistance of our author in manufacturing a Russian grammar and dictionary for the use of the Japanese empire. The character and labours of all these persons will be read with great interest. The abilities of the lexicographer, and the difficulties our author had to contend with in his new calling, may be guessed from the following extract:

"Among the Russian words, which the Japanese had set down in the Lexicon made at Matsmai, was *dostoring* (worthy), which we had translated to them by *meritorious*, *respectable*, &c. We never entered into critical illustrations of words, knowing that it would be no easy task to make our pupils comprehend them. When the Japanese came to the word *digne*, which in the French Russian dictionary was unluckily exemplified by the phrase *worthy of the gallows*, they immediately concluded that the *gallows* must be some high office or distinguished reward. Notwithstanding all the pains we took to elucidate the meaning of the word *gallows*, the Japanese could not easily extricate themselves from the confusion of ideas in which they were involved by the different definitions. *A meritorious respectable man worthy of the gallows!* was an association which they had formed in their minds, and which they repeated with amazement. We employed all our knowledge of the Japanese language, and summoned all our pantomimic powers, to facilitate our explanations to the interpreters; and we were obliged to quote a number of examples, in which the word *worthy* corresponded in signification with the several translations given of it, and was made to apply to very different objects. When occurrences of this kind took place (and they were by no means unfrequent), the Japanese would hang their heads on one side, and exclaim—'*Musgassi kodoba!* *Rhanakhanda musgassi kodoba,*' (a difficult language, an extremely difficult language)".

All these students, however different their abilities or their tastes, were remarkably kind, attentive, and grateful, to their instructors; though their rage for knowledge, exercised through the medium of stupid interpreters, inflicted a sort of torture upon the Russians. The acquirements and abilities of the Academicians were the most respectable; and though the extract be rather long, we cannot help introducing to the acquaintance of our philosophical readers a member of the Institute of Japan. It will give them a new mode of demonstrating the forty-seventh proposition of Euclid.

"The academician employed himself in translating from the Russian a work on arithmetic, published at Petersburg for the use of the public schools, and which had been brought to Japan by Kodja. In explaining the arithmetical rules, we soon observed that he possessed considerable knowledge of the subject, and that he only wished to be made acquainted with the Russian demonstrations. I was curious to know

how far his knowledge of mathematics extended, and frequently conversed with him on matters connected with that science; but as our interpreters entertained not the slightest notion of the subject, I found it impossible to make all the inquiries I wished. I will, however, state a few circumstances, which may enable the reader to form some idea of the mathematical knowledge of the Japanese. The academican once asked whether the Russians, like the Dutch, reckoned according to the new style? When I replied that the Russians reckoned by the old style, he requested me to explain to him the distinction between the old and new styles, and what occasioned the difference between them, which I accordingly did. He then observed that the new mode of reckoning was by no means exact; because, after a certain number of centuries, a difference of twenty-four hours would again arise. I readily perceived that he questioned me merely to discover how far I was informed on a subject with which he was perfectly familiar. The Japanese consider the Copernican the true system of the universe. The orbits and satellites of Uranus are known to them, but they know nothing of the planets which have been more recently discovered.

"Mr. Chlebnikoff employed himself in the calculation of logarithms, of natural sines and tangents, and other tables connected with navigation, which he completed, after incredible labour and application. When the academican was shown these tables, he immediately recognised the logarithms, and drew a figure to convince us that he was also acquainted with the nature of the sines and tangents. In order to ascertain whether the Japanese knew how to demonstrate geometrical truths, I asked whether they were perfectly convinced that in a right-angled triangle the square of the hypotenuse is equal to the squares of the other two sides? He answered in the affirmative. I then asked how they were certain of this fact? and, in reply, he demonstrated very clearly. Having drawn a figure with a pair of compasses, on paper he cut out the three squares, folded the squares of the two short sides into a number of triangles, and also cut out these triangles; then laying the several triangles on the surface of the large square, he made them exactly cover and fill it."

The voracious curiosity of the bunyos, or governors, and of the common people, kept pace with the desire of acquirement in these more regular disciples, and created a more intolerable source of disturbance and embarrassment. The interrogatories of the former were endless and unsatiable. The answer to one question generated others in an infinite series. When the name of a Russian was mentioned, they asked his parentage, mode of life, time of his birth, at what school he was educated, who was his instructor, and every thing concerning him, his ancestors, or relations. When the word barracks was introduced into a judicial examination, they requested that a sketch of them might be produced, and proceeded to inquire into their length, breadth, and height; the number of gates, windows, and doors, they contained; into how many stories they were divided; in what part of them the sailors lodged; how they employed their time; what number

of men mounted guard, and so on. Though at the hazard of being thought as tedious as a banyo, we cannot withhold the following curious and rambling interrogations, which took place before that great officer, in his hall of justice, which, at any rate, were as much out of place there as in our pages:

"What kind of dress does the Emperor of Russia wear? What does he wear on his head? What kind of birds are found in the neighbourhood of St. Petersburg? What would be the price, in Russia, of the clothes we were then wearing? What number of cannon are planted round the imperial palace? What wool is made use of in Europe for manufacturing cloth? What quadrupeds, birds, and beasts, are eat in Russia? In what manner do the Russians eat their food? What dress do the ladies wear? What kind of horse does the Emperor usually ride? Who accompanies him when he goes abroad? Are the Russians partial to the Dutch? How many foreigners are there in Russia? What are the chief articles of trade in Petersburg? What are the dimensions in length, breadth, and height, of the imperial palace? How many windows does it contain? How many times do the Russians go to church in one day? How many festivals do the Russians observe in one year? Do the Russians wear silk clothes? At what age do the Russian women begin and cease to bear children? They besides inquired the names of the Emperor, and of all the branches of his family; the names of the governors general of all the provinces, &c."

Besides the entertainment derived from a faithful and varied portraiture of the individuals with whom the Russian captives had the most intercourse and familiarity, and a minute description of the general character and habits of the body of the people, so far as they came under their observation, the attention of the reader is kept alive, and his sympathies excited in the latter part of our author's work by two circumstances of a novel and interesting nature—the defection of the midshipman, Moor, from the party of his countrymen, and a hazardous unsuccessful attempt to escape on the part of the latter. This officer, who is represented by Captain Golownin as a generous, brave, and spirited young man, had not firmness of mind to endure continued restraint, or the prospect of never-ending captivity. Despair, after breaking down his spirit, disturbed his reason. Resolving to obtain, if possible, comparative ease, by conforming to the views and manners of those among whom he lived, rather than to persevere in an ineffectual struggle to regain his country, he turned against his companions, whose hatred he nevertheless could not excite, and joined the natives, whose respect he could not command. The conduct of this unfortunate young man gives a very dramatic effect to the narrative, and places the character of the Japanese, who would listen to none of his insane fabrications, in a very amiable point of view, while his fate is told with all the regret and compassion

of real sympathy and friendship. When the moment of liberation arrived, his mind, formerly depressed with his sufferings, sunk under the agonies of remorse, and a sense of his own unworthiness, which all the kindness of his forgiving companions could not remove—neither the sight of his native land, nor the indulgent attentions of his friends, could dispel his mental gloom; and though narrowly watched by those who were sensible of his worth, he found means soon after to terminate his sufferings by suicide. An attempt to escape, which Moor contributed to prevent our author and his remaining companions from making, failed after they had endured almost indescribable hardships from cold, famine, and fatigue among the mountains; but though they had thus exposed the lives of the governor, their guards, and all the authorities who were entrusted with their safe custody, they were treated upon their recapture with nearly the same kindness as before. When called into the presence of the Bunyo to account for their conduct, with the dread of his severest vengeance, they found him still their friend. “No change,” says Captain Golownin, “was perceptible in his countenance; he maintained his accustomed cheerfulness, and expressed not the slightest displeasure, asking in the most benevolent manner what had induced us to try to escape. I declared that they might put me to death; but that it would be unjust to injure my companions, who acted upon my authority. The Bunyo replied, that if the Japanese thought fit to put me to death, they would do so without any suggestion on my part; but that if, on the contrary, they did not see the necessity of such a proceeding, all my entreaties would be of no avail.”

But we must hasten to take leave of this amiable and interesting people. The three governors of Matsmai, in succession, represented favourably at court the views, character, and intentions of our captives; and their representations were zealously seconded by the activity, prudence, and unwearied exertions of Captain Rikord, who was left in the command of the *Diana*. This officer, after a cannonade on the fort, into which his companions had been treacherously inveigled, returned to Okotsk for an additional force to compel their liberation. He appeared on the coasts of Japan in the following spring, but without any orders from the Russian government to commence hostilities; and having heard that his companions were dead, seized the crew of a boat in which there was a man of rank, and returned again to Russia. He came back in the following year with his prisoners, and by this time the government of Japan, having been nearly satisfied as to the designs of Russia, had appointed ambassadors to treat with him when he should appear on the coast. They were firm in demanding, on the part of the Russian authorities, a disavowal of the piratical acts of the American Company's

ships, and a declaration that the *Diana* visited their shores with no hostile intentions. This demand was easily complied with. The zealous Captain Rikord again returned to Okotsk for these documents, leaving the man of rank Tachatay-Kachi, whose confidence he had gained, behind him, to second the favourable sentiments of the Japanese authorities in his absence, and in a few weeks again appeared with the assurances required. Matters were now soon adjusted. Captain Golownin and his companions were called into the presence of the Bunyo, and told that there had arrived an order of government for their release. This magistrate not satisfied with being the channel of so gratifying a communication, which his own good offices had not a little contributed to procure, added his own congratulations to the imperial favour. His example was followed by the officers, soldiers, and other individuals who had any charge of, or acquaintance with, the Russians. The three magistrates next in rank to the Governor sent a written congratulation, of which, as it is curious, we make no apology for subjoining a copy.

"You have all lived for a long period in Japan, but you are now to return to your native country by order of the Bunyo. During your long residence here such an intimacy has arisen between us, that we cannot help regretting the necessity of our separation. The distance between the island of Matsmai and our eastern capital is very considerable, and in this frontier town there are many deficiencies. You have however been accustomed to heat, cold, and other variations of weather, and are now prepared for your happy voyage home. Your joy must be extreme, and we on our part rejoice at the happy issue of the affair. May God protect you on your voyage—for that we pray to Him. We write this as a farewell letter."

The joy of the inhabitants who knew their fate was in proportion—all their effects were punctually restored; presents were made to them; and, adds Captain Golownin, "we understood from the interpreters, that in consequence of an application from the high-priest of the city (Chakodade, where they now were), the Bunyo had issued orders that prayers for our safe voyage should be offered up in all the temples for the space of five days."

The *Diana*, having soon afterwards sailed, reached the port of Awatcha on the 3d of November; and it is needless to add, that such meritorious officers as our author and Captain Rikord, were received with that distinction and favour by the Emperor Alexander, which their services and sufferings deserved.

We have now left ourselves very little room for any remarks of a general nature; but as our author, reserving himself for his future work, has been extremely sparing of comment, we will add a few words by way of summing up.

In the first place, what we have heard of the ferocity and cruelty of this people seems to be entirely unfounded, or at best does not

apply to the present generation. Throughout the whole course of the narrative, there is scarcely an instance of violence, hardness, or malignity, to be found. On the contrary, the captives every where met with the utmost indulgence, compassion, and kindness from the natives; although the sight of Russians thus in their power, whose countrymen had ravaged their coasts, and who were suspected themselves of similar hostile intentions, might have been expected to have excited some feelings of revenge, and would have justified some expressions of triumph. The sufferings which they at first inflicted on their prisoners, by binding and confining them, arose merely from a fear, that without such precautions they might effect their escape; a relaxation of their confinement gradually took place in proportion as the apprehension of this danger was diminished. Unhappily their fears were too easily excited, and too slowly removed. Greater cowards are nowhere to be found. The garrison of Kunashier were at first so much afraid of a small boat with four sailors, when the *Diana* arrived, that they fired the cannon of the fortress upon it. Four hundred of them well armed, a few days afterwards, dared not close in upon seven unarmed men. We have seen what a powerful escort they thought it necessary to appoint to conduct their prisoners to the capital of Matsmai, though bound in such a manner as would have rendered a tiger harmless; and when our author and his six companions were afterwards taken in making their escape from Matsmai, the soldiers were afraid to approach them. The cruelties of this people appear to have proceeded from mere timidity; their compassion and good offices, from amiable and kind dispositions. They are extremely tolerant to foreign religions, although generally little inclined to adopt them. Christianity is the only worship which they prohibit or persecute; and this heavenly system owes its extinction, in Japan, to the unhallowed violence of its Catholic apostles, or first converts. No masters can hire servants till they receive from them a written assurance of their not being Christians: and the following law is fixed up in the public places, and even in the streets: "Whoever knows any individual who has taught Christianity, and can convict him thereof, shall receive a reward of five hundred silver pieces." No foreigner, except a Christian teacher, can be subjected to corporal punishment. What are the present religious tenets of the Japanese, our author does not inform us. They are not indeed likely to have undergone much alteration since we have had minute accounts of them; though, from a singular circumstance they imagined that a rapid change had been effected in the religion of Russia. "At last they inquired whether some change had not taken place in the religion of Russia, as Laxman wore a long tail, and had thick hair, which he covered all over

with flour, whereas we had our hair cut short, and did not put any flour on our heads. On our telling them that with us there was no connexion between religion and the form of the hair, they laughed out loud, and expressed no little surprise that there should be no express law on this point." In the idea of these simple people, a *friseur* must have been an important minister of religion, and the French must have seemed the most pious nation in Europe.

2. Connected with their kind and tolerant spirit towards others; we may mention that they appear to enjoy a greater degree of contentment, good-humour, and cheerfulness in their own minds and societies than they have formerly been said to possess, or than we might have conjectured, from the sanguinary severity of their laws, and the arbitrary nature of their government. Industry, cleanliness, and plenty, seem to reign in their villages. Wealth, and its concomitant amusements and dissipations, prevail in the towns. There seems to be little real suffering or practical oppression. That gloom, which Raynal and others paint as hanging perpetually on the minds of the Japanese, like the vapours around their misty coasts, has been either dispelled, or never existed.

"The Japanese villages," says our author, "are neatly built, and are divided into regular streets. Every house has a kitchen-garden; and many are furnished with orchards. The cleanliness which prevails in the streets and the houses is truly astonishing. The inhabitants are extremely lively, and content and cheerfulness are painted on every countenance."

We cannot deny that there are some facts mentioned in the work which would seem at variance with this account. The Japanese guards were extremely anxious to prevent our author and his companions from committing suicide,—a circumstance which, without other evidence, would be sufficient to prove that that crime is by no means uncommon in Japan; and that it must frequently be resorted to, as a refuge from the terrific and sanguinary severity of their law. The fear of the Japanese soldiers lest the Russians should seize a favourable opportunity of giving them the slip, and the artifices they employed against such a disaster, were very ludicrous. After they had tied their hands together so tightly that they could not have employed a poniard against their own lives, if such a weapon had been in their possession, they took away the scissors and needles with which the seamen mended their clothes, lest they should make their *quietus* with them. Every river and ferry which they passed on their way to the capital was a fresh source of uneasiness and alarm to the conductors, who shuddered lest their charge should spring into the water; and this new species of hydrophobia led them to the most extravagant precautions.

When they allowed the sailors to smoke, they insisted on holding the tobacco-pipe with their own hands, lest they should kill themselves by breaking it and swallowing the fragments.

3. They are an improved, ingenious, and active-minded people; have made great progress in the arts; and have reached considerable attainments in the sciences. We have already introduced to our readers the academician, the geographer, and the linguist. It does not appear, however, that their medical aphorisms are such as would entitle their most eminent practitioners to a diploma from our College of Physicians. Their maxim is, that every patient should eat a great deal, and that the more he can be forced to eat, the greater is the hope of his recovery.

Though their mode of computing time is very clumsy and complicated, though their military art is very rude, and though they still do many other things in a way which might excite our contempt or ridicule, yet the general civilization and acquirements of the people are surprising. They can all read and write—and the lowest of the people were surprised when they saw that the Russian seamen could not do the same. Correspondence by letter is common with private soldiers, or the poorest classes of society. There is a festival of a month at the new year, and all write letters of congratulation to their friends at a distance.

"The Japanese," says our author, "are extremely fond of reading; even the common soldiers when on duty are continually engaged with books. This passion for literature, however, proved somewhat inconvenient to us, as they always read aloud, in a tone of voice resembling singing; much in the same style in which the psalms are read at funerals in Russia. Before we became accustomed to this, we were unable to enjoy a moment's rest during the night. The history of their native country, the contests which have arisen among them, and the wars in which they have been engaged with neighbouring nations, form the subjects of their favourite books, which are all printed in Japan. They do not use metal types, but print with plates cut out of pieces of hard wood."

Their insatiable curiosity, and the frivolous questions by which they endeavoured to gratify it, are rather marks of their total exclusion from the world, than proofs of their want of judgment in appreciating the relative importance of the things about which they were anxious to be informed. To them every thing about Russia was new—their captives came from a part of the globe where nature might have laws unknown to them—they appeared as strange as visitors from another planet. The idea which the common people entertained of Europe—this mighty Europe, with its vast nations and memorable turmoils—was, that it contained two countries of note, *Oranda* (Holland), and *Cabo* (the Cape of Good Hope). Their notion of their own power and consequence was of course in proportion to their ignorance of other states.

A Scotch Highlander once asked if Louis XIV., of whose exploits he had heard so much, was as great a man as the *laird of Grant* (his chief); and the Japanese, in a similar spirit, supposed that all the world must have heard of the burning of some of their villages. Nothing can correct these prejudices but a more liberal intercourse with the rest of mankind, and a reciprocal communication of arts and ideas.

4. This is likely at no distant period to be brought about by the power, the activity, and the proximity of Russia. The most important parts of our author's narrative are those that relate to the symptoms of relaxation in the exclusive policy of Japan, which came under his observation. The people, both high and low, both governors of provinces and Kurile slaves, showed kindness and respect to the Russians, and coveted a more familiar intercourse with them, as a forbidden fruit towards which they showed an impatient longing. The only obstacle, therefore, to the establishment of new commercial or political relations, is the jealousy and the fears of government. But these fears may be removed or turned to the other side. The Dutch influence in Japan dwindled to nothing when, by the loss of the island of Formosa, Holland ceased to be formidable in those seas. During a course of interrogatories of upwards of two years' continuance, the Japanese authorities acquired a pretty competent knowledge of the power, greatness, and immediate neighbourhood of Russia. This knowledge did not, nor can it, lie inoperative. It inclined many of the first persons in the state to a Russian alliance, and procured for Russian ships privileges allowed to no nation for the last century and a half. "The members of the government having (says our author), in answer to his (the ex-bunyo's) representations, urged that they could not, without violating their laws, permit Russian vessels to enter any other port than that of Nangasaky, he made the following remarkable reply: 'Since the sun, the moon, and the stars, which are the creation of the Almighty, are variable in their course; the Japanese laws, the work of weak mortals, cannot be eternal and unchangeable.' By these arguments he prevailed upon the government to order the Bunyo of Matamai, to correspond with our ships without requiring them to sail to Nangasaky." The Russians, who are every where enlarging the sphere of their power, their commerce, and their glory; whose armies have appeared on the banks of the Seine; whose ambassador is now in Persia, attempting a passage to India and the Persian Gulph; who are now treating for new privileges with their neighbours the Chinese; who are making voyages of discovery; and looking out near the Pole, and in the Mediterranean, for new openings to their trade, will not forget their proximity to the gold mines of Japan.

The last observation which we shall make refers to the govern-

ment of the empire. We have heard much of the despotism of Japan; and though the present work contains no formal account of it, yet much may be gleaned from incidental expressions, or casual circumstances, to confirm our previous information. The Emperor rules with the most absolute sway; and the terror which he inspires, as in the case of other tyrants, is reflected back upon himself. He is always surrounded with guards; his palace appears like a fortress, and he endeavours to borrow additional security from a system of espionage. When speaking of some of the palaces of Europe, the Japanese asked if they were strongly fortified and defended with cannon; and upon being told that they were not fortified at all, they expressed the utmost surprise "at such a singular instance of imprudence." The governors of the provinces are changed every year; lest the long possession of power should generate ambition, or allow opportunities of organizing resistance. They are sent from the capital (leaving behind them their wives and families as hostages), to their respective districts, with the impression of imperial power fresh in their recollection, and recalled thither at the expiration of their charge, that they may be within the grasp of its vengeance. Informations against them during the exercise of their functions are constantly encouraged; every step they take is watched, and the abdication of their office is frequently the commencement of their disgrace. One of the *bunyo*s (or governors) of Matsmai was disgraced, after his recall, for his attentions to the Russian captives, on the information of a spy: and his successor, during the period of his administration, was obliged, for his own safety, to require the attendance of two persons, the academician and Dutch interpreter, in the examinations of the Russians, that he might have them as witnesses against any charge from a similar quarter.

The punishment of these officers for the most trifling misconduct is of the most disproportionate severity. We hear one of them saying at Kunashier, where the Russians were treacherously inveigled into the fort, that if he allowed them to escape, his "bowels would be ript up;" and when they actually escaped at Matsmai, another of them anticipated the operation. It was a dread of this that forced all the officers entrusted with the custody of our author and his companions to exercise that extreme severity in binding and guarding them, which appeared revolting to their own feelings, and which they willingly relaxed whenever they found the exercise of kindness towards their prisoners consistent with a regard to their own safety. No apology is received for a failure, however inevitable. The *bunyo* who commanded on the coast where the Russian freebooters made their descent, suffered the highest punishment for allowing an aggression which he could no more ward off than a thunderbolt. While these officers are thus subjected to the most frightful

responsibility, they are not allowed the least discretion. They cannot take one step, or authorize one act, without the commands of the government. They are the mere arms and limbs of a tyranny whose heart is in the palace; the mere parts of a machine whose motive power is in the hands of the sovereign. Even a letter of three lines which Captain Golownin wished to send to his friends on board the *Diana*, informing them of his being alive, could not be transmitted without being sent first to Jeddo, the capital, at the distance of several hundred miles; after it returned it could no more be altered in a single letter than if it had been a fundamental law of Japan. The Kuriles are kept in the most frightful state of subjection. We have seen that they cannot look upon a Japanese without terror. This measure of tyranny over their inferiors is graduated on the scale of their own slavery; for slaves in power are the most despotic masters. This monstrous system of oppression is every where supported by an armed force. We have seen how soon a very considerable body of troops was collected into the castle of Kunashier. In every village through which the captives passed on their way to Chakodade, and from that to Matsmai, they found a little garrison, and a regular organized military authority.

Japan, therefore, though in many respects more improved than the other nations of Asia, forms no exception to the general prevalence of that tyranny which every where disgraces and degrades that great portion of the globe.

We may just mention, in concluding, that there is, in the volumes before us, some very interesting information on the state of society, and of trade, in the Kurile isles (which we believe to be entirely new), and some speculations on the probability of a great commerce being established in the seas between Kamtschatka and Japan.—To neither of these subjects have we any room even to advert.

ART. XL. *The Secret and True History of the Church of Scotland, from the Restoration to the Year 1678.* By the Rev. James Kirkton. To which is added, *an Account of the Murder of Archbishop Sharp.* By James Russell, an Actor therein. Edited from the MSS. by Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe, Esq. 4to. pp. 484. Longman and Co. London, 1817.

THIS book belongs to a class of works on which a high value is and ought to be placed. Narratives of important transactions written by contemporaries, who were either actors in, or at least deeply interested spectators of, the transactions which they relate, are not only of the greatest use to the future historian, but must

always attract the curiosity, and supply a theme to the meditations, of every mind that holds historical knowledge in any esteem. They ought never to be superseded, much as they may be improved, by the more concise and elegant page of the writer, who, when the lapse of years has lulled into repose the contending prejudices, passions, and interests, that pervert the relations of contemporaries, weighs conflicting accounts, estimates the minutest particles of evidence, rejects superfluous circumstances, till out of a crude mass of materials he forms a narrative, which exhibits in a brief compass the events of a long series of years. The narrative of the classical historian should without doubt be the ground-work of our historical studies. It furnishes us with a complete outline of the events which we propose to survey; it points out their connexion with other transactions, separated from them by distance either of time or place; it presents to us the different views which may be taken of the same affair; it suggests the topics to which our inquiries should be chiefly directed. But it ought not to satisfy us. We should regard it only as an introduction to an intimate acquaintance with the original materials from which it was itself drawn: for it is only by the study of these materials that we can form accurate notions of past ages, or of the men who have been conspicuous on the stage of public life. The delineations of the general historian are for the most part too indefinite to seize the imagination. In his page the events press so rapidly on each other, that, before one scene has become familiar to the reader, the impression is effaced by that which immediately succeeds. The characters are often sketched in the most vivid colours: but are they not the paintings of fancy, ambitious to surprise, rather than faithful portraits of individuals who once existed? And when we compare them with the detail which is given of the actions of the personages whose likeness they are supposed to exhibit, are we not in many cases perplexed by discovering, that what is recorded is by no means sufficient to justify what is described? But in the memoirs of contemporary observers we see events unfolded with a minuteness which, though it degenerates occasionally into a superfluous accumulation of unimportant particulars, aids the memory, at the same time that it fills the imagination with well-defined pictures, and by the enumeration of circumstances awakens and guides the investigations of reason. If no very profound reflections occur, or if characters are rudely and inartificially drawn, still we have the advantage of being furnished with the means of deducing instruction, and judging of the personages for ourselves.

With these opinions we cannot but consider Mr. Kirkton's History as a valuable publication; more especially since the period of which it treats is one of the most interesting in our annals. Taking up the transactions of the Scottish church

at the Restoration, it traces them through a long series of vain attempts to force episcopacy upon a people whose religious zeal loathed it as an idolatrous anti-scriptural institution, and whose spirit of freedom abhorred it as emanating from the arbitrary exercise of a power which did not belong to the sovereign. The successive scenes which are here exhibited are calculated to rouse the feelings of the heart no less than the solicitude of curiosity, and to excite a melancholy surprise that the government of this island should have been actuated, scarcely half a century ago, by the most blind and savage ferocity. Yet Mr. Kirkton has recorded only the milder portion of the period of oppression. His narrative descends no lower than to the year 1678: but it was from 1679 to the epoch of the Revolution that the flames of persecution raged with the greatest violence.

Mr. Kirkton, from his situation, had opportunities of procuring exact information concerning the events of which he is the historian. Being a zealous presbyterian, he enjoyed a high reputation among his party, and appears in 1649 among the subscribers of the solemn league and covenant. He held the living of Mertoun in the Merse; from which he was expelled in 1662 by the act of council, made at Glasgow, for ejecting such clergymen as would not conform to the changes lately made by the royal power in the constitution of the national church. From this time, like his persecuted brethren, he must have led a wandering life, for the most part destitute of a home, always in danger of imprisonment and exile, and often hunted by the military like a beast of prey. In 1672 his name appears in the list of indulged ministers; but of this indulgence he did not avail himself. Two years afterwards he was denounced a rebel for holding a conventicle in the kirk and kirk-yard of Cramond. In 1676 he fell into the hands of one of the spies of the ruling powers, from whom he was rescued by the intrepidity of Baillie of Jerviswood. Shortly afterwards he was intercommuned. He was thus forced to retire into Holland: for according to the laws that then prevailed in Scotland, all who held any intercourse with an intercommuned person incurred the penalties of treason. He seems to have revisited Scotland in 1679, but soon returned to Rotterdam; where he remained, till the toleration, proclaimed by James in 1687, recalled him to his native country. The revolution immediately followed; the presbyterian system became again the established religion of Scotland; and Kirkton, who was now appointed one of the ministers of Edinburgh, continued till his death in 1699 a distinguished leader of the Scottish church. He appears to have been in habits of intercourse with some of the most important public characters of his time. One passage in his narrative shows that he was well known to the celebrated Duchess of Lauderdale. He married the sister of a man whose name his-

tory will ever link to that of the Stuarts—the unfortunate Bailie of Jerviswood, who, after a trial in which every form of justice was contemned, suffered death for a conspiracy connected with that in which Lord Russell and Algernon Sydney were concerned. We have no means of ascertaining precisely at what time he composed his history: but from the language of one part of it we are entitled to conclude that it was written after the accession of William III. “Chancellor Hyde had provided a barren woman to be queen, that the crown might devolve upon his issue, by his daughter the Duchess of York. How this will hold, God knows. But I am sure he who now wears the crown is none of Hyde’s posterity.”* (P. 142.)

The first book (Mr. Kirkton has distributed his history into eight books) contains a brief outline of the revolutions of the church of Scotland previous to the Restoration, executed with great distinctness and candour, in a style which, notwithstanding its occasional quaintness, is, for the most part, very pleasing. We cannot attempt to give any account of this part of the work; for a rapid historical sketch, if subjected to a second process of abridgment, becomes a meagre skeleton, at once useless and repulsive. But we must present our readers with the picture which he has drawn of the situation of the kirk of Scotland at the epoch when his narrative commences.

“After Duke Hamilton’s defeat, and in the interval betwixt the two kings, religion advanced the greatest step it had made for many years; now the ministry was notablie purified, the magistracy altered, and the people strangely refined. It is true, at this time, hardly the fifth part of the lords of Scotland were admitted to sit in parliament; but those who did sit were esteemed truly godly men; so were all the rest of the commissioners in parliament, elected of the most pious of every corporation. Also godly men were employed in all offices, both civil and military; and about this time the general assembly, by sending abroad visitors into the countrey, made almost an entire change upon the ministry in several places of the nation, purging out the scandalous and insufficient, and planting in their place a sort of godly young men, whose ministry the Lord sealed with an eminent blessing of success, as they themselves sealed it with a seal of heavy sufferings; but so they made full proof of their ministry. Scotland hath been, even by emulous foreigners, called Philadelphia, and now she seemed to be in her flower. Every minister was to be tried five times a year, both for his personal and ministerial behaviour; every congregation was to be visited by the presbyterie, that they might see how the vine flourished, and how the pomegranate budded. And there was no case nor question, in the meanest family in Scotland, but it might become the object of the deliberation of the general assembly; for the congregational session’s book was tried by the presbyterie, the presbyterie’s

* From this passage one might even infer that the history was written after the death of Queen Mary.

book by the synod, and the synod's book by the general assembly. Likewise, as the bands of the Scottish church were strong, so her beauty was bright; no error was so much as named: the people were not only sound in the faith, but innocently ignorant of unsound doctrine; no scandalous person could live, no scandal could be concealed, in all Scotland, so strict a correspondence there was betwixt ministers and congregations. The general assembly seemed to be the priest with Urim and Thummim, and there were not ane 100 persons in all Scotland to oppose their conclusions: all submitted, all learned, all prayed, most part were really godly, or at least counterfeited themselves Jews. Than was Scotland a heap of wheat set about with lilies uniform, or a palace of silver beautifully proportioned; and this seems to me to have been Scotland's high noon. The only complaint of prophane people was, that the government was so strict they had not liberty enough to sin." (P. 48—50.)

To this general description some interesting particulars are added in the following passage:

"There be in all Scotland some 900 paroches, divided into 68 presbyteries, which are again cantoned into fourteen synods, out of all which, by a solemn legation of commissioners from every presbytrie, they used yearly to constitute a national assembly. At the king's return every parochie had a minister, every village had a school, every family almost had a Bible, yea, in most of the countrey all the children of age could read the Scriptures, and were provided of Bibles, either by the parents or their ministers. Every minister was a very full professor of the reformed religion, according to the large confession of faith framed at Westminster by the divines of both nations. Every minister was obliged to preach thrice a week, to lecture and catechise once, besides other private duties, wherein they abounded according to their proportion of faithfulness and abilities. None of them might be scandalous in their conversation, or negligent in their office, so long as a presbytrie stood; and among them were many holy in conversation, and eminent in gifts; the dispensation of the ministry being fallen from the noise of waters and sound of trumpets to the melody of harpers, which is alace! the last messe in the banquet; nor did a minister satisfy himself, except his ministry had the seal of a divine approbation as might witness him to be really sent from God. Indeed, in many places, the spirit seemed to be poured out with the word, both by the multitude of sincere converts, and also by the common work of reformation, upon many who never came the length of a communion: there were no fewer than sixty aged people, men and women, who went to school, that even then they might be able to read the Scriptures with their own eyes. I have lived many years in a paroch where I never heard ane oath, and you might have ridde many miles before you had heard any: also, you could not, for a great part of the countrey, have lodged in a family where the Lord was not worshipped by reading, singing, and publick prayer. Nobody complained more of our church government than our taverners, whose ordinary lamentation was, their trade was broke, people were become so sober." (P. 64, 65.)

To complete the picture of the ecclesiastical state of Scotland, we must add one other circumstance, which strongly marks the enthusiastic spirit of the age and people. "If a man," says Kirkton, "had seen one of their solemn communions, where many congregations met in great multitudes, some dozen of ministers used to preach, and the people continued, as it were, in a sort of trance (so serious were they in spiritual exercises) for three days at least, he would have thought it a solemnity unknown to the rest of the world."

Over a country like this, Charles surely might have reigned in peace, had he not, from the first moment of his restoration, been under the influence of councils bent on the destruction of Scotland. England had immediately the benefit of a general indemnity: no such act of grace was extended to Scotland, whose offences against royalty were as nothing, when compared with the proceedings of the sister kingdom. Though the Scots had taken up arms in defence of their religion, no party among them, perhaps not a single individual, endeavoured or wished to extirpate the royal power, or cherished the republican principles that prevailed in England. No sooner was the murder of the King known to them, than they made an offer of their crown to his son; though they must have been aware that in so doing they would inevitably bring upon themselves the whole weight of the commonwealth's arms. When their offer was accepted by Charles II. they risked every thing in his defence; for him two numerous armies were raised and lost; and, after his departure for the Continent, they did not join Cromwell as dependent allies, but yielded as a conquered province. His restoration excited the most extravagant joy. "I believe," says Kirkton, "there was never accident in the world altered the disposition of a people more than that did the Scottish nation. Sober men observed, it did not only inebriate, but really intoxicate, and made people not only drunk, but frantic; men did not think they could handsomely express their joy, except they turned brutes or debauchees, rebels, and pugeants; yea, many a sober man was tempted to exceed, lest he should be condemned as unnatural, disloyal, and insensible." In such a state of the public mind, what vindication can be offered for the first deliberate step of Charles's government—his withholding from Scotland the indemnity which he granted to England? He must have acted from a fixed purpose of vengeance and oppression. Could there be any doubts with respect to his motives, they would be removed by his proclamation of October 12, 1660, in which he refers to the ensuing parliament the consideration of the conduct of his subjects during the late commotions; and, as if afraid lest the voice of suffering should disturb him in his career of sensual in-

dulgence, * “discharges any person in Scotland to trouble him with any address or petition whatsoever.” His commissioner to this parliament, which met January 1st, 1661, was the Earl of Middleton, a soldier of fortune, who, from a pikeman in Hepburn’s regiment, had raised himself to important commands: and, after having served alternately the parliament and the King, was now chosen to represent his sovereign, on account of the boisterous violence of his character, which pointed him out as a fit instrument of tyranny. He did not disappoint the expectations which had been entertained of him. The Marquis of Argyle, the head of the presbyterian party, the steady promoter of the interests of Charles at the time of his father’s murder; the man who, with his own hands, had placed the crown upon his head, was now condemned and executed for submitting to the government of Cromwell. His head was fixed to the tolbooth; and when his daughter, the Countess of Caithness, threw herself upon her knees before the commissioner, imploring permission to bury it, * Middleton’s only answer was a threat to kick her out of his presence. As this trial was the foundation of Charles’s subsequent proceedings, it may be worth while to see what were the opinions entertained of it by contemporaries.

“Because he was so fully cleared of all his odious aspersions, and because there was so little to say against him in the matter of his publick guilt, many of the members of parliament began both to scruple and coole in their pursuite; and this was likewayes a piece of his advantage, they had endeavoured to find him some way accessory to the death of Charles the First, but herein he was most evidently vindicated, which encreased the trouble of those who were to be his judges, so that the king’s great instruments begane to doubt the danger of a casting vote. Hereupon it was thought fitt to acquaint the king, so Glencairn and Rothes post to court, to give the king a true account of the state of affaires: but before they went they wheedled the whole parliament into a subscription of a letter, wherein the whole past proceedings were owned; which was one of the greatest tentations honest men in the parliament, dureing the whole session, ever underwent. But from the day of their arrival to the day of his condemnation, the parliament had no rest from reiterated messages to dispatch that processe. Most part thought not because of the crime, but because of the man, who was as much hated for his activity in the late reformation, and feared because of his power, abilities, and principles, as he was otherwayes innocent. So to his sentence he came from the Castle of Edinburgh, May 25, which was, that he should be beheaded at the cross, May 27, being the next Munday: so he was remanded to the tolbooth, with Baillie Wauchop to attend him. Great was the lamentation made for him, many and various were the discourses and reasonings upon and against his severe sen-

* Kirkton, p. 77.

* Ibid. p. 156.

tente. Himself was both a judicious lawyer and an eloquent orator; and I have seen a large book, containing nothing but his own pleadings in his own case. And that helped to make it a thine house that day he was condemned, when all withdrew but only these who had engaged to follow the course of the times: besides, he had many relations and allies in the parliament, who, if they might neither dissent nor be silent, thought next best to withdraw. Others in the countrey argued he suffered unjustly, forasmuch as he did nothing but what was both necessary for self-preservation (his single and solitary resistance could never have restored our king), and also just in obeying the magistrate Providence had established. Lawyers say, conquest followed with consent make a good title to every conqueror; otherwayes many a king may quite his crown; and the English were conquerors, to whose obedience all Scotland had consented at Dalkeith, April 2, 1652, by their commissioners, in a most solemn manner. Moreover, no man in England or Ireland suffered for acknowledging Cromwell, though as he was reckoned a conqueror in Scotland, he was only counted a rebell in England; so their crime was less excuseable. Besides all this the people asked, Was his crime great; was the king so poor of justice as to punish one only man for a guilty nation? Was his crime small; was the king so scant of mercy, he might not forgive one having forgiven so many? He was condemned to die by these who were complices in the crime, and in the transgression before himself (as he had told Sir John Fletcher himself) but all would not serve; the leaders of the parliament behooed to please their king: and the king thought well to make him the grave stone of resisting princes, though it turned otherwayes about. All the time of his tedious tryals his behaviour was most composed, tho' frequently provoked and abused by the advocate and others. And when he received his sentence to lose his head, forfault his estate, and have his head placed on the top of the tolbooth (which they say was Calendar's motion), he said no more, but that he had the honour to sett the crown upon the king's head (as he was indeed the only man who made him king of Scotland), and now (he said) he hastens me to a better crown than his own. When he was in prison, and when his friends saw his case was desperate, there was a way contrived by force and art to have him sett free, and a considerable number of gallant men were engaged in it; yea, it was once brought that length that he was once in a compleat disguise, and so was to be brought out of the castle, when suddenly he changed his mind; he would not flee from the cause he publicly so owned, and so threw aside his disguise, resolving to suffer the uttermost.

"Before he entered the tolbooth after his sentence, his lady was there before him to receive him, and as soon as he saw her (they had now given him till Munday to live with her), and therefore, says he, let us make for it; whereupon she fell a-weeping and he himself also; the baillie, though no great friend, could not refrain, nor any in the company; but thereafter he was most composed and most cheerful, and so he spent his time in a dyeing Christian's exercise till the Munday came. The night before his death, Mr. David Dickson was his bed-fellow; and all that time betwixt his sentence and his death, tho' he was commonly called timorous, his friends had more adoe to

restrain his desires after his last hour, then to strengthen his courage. Before he went to death he dined with his friends cheerfully, and after dinner went to secret prayer, then returned to his friends, telling them, now the Lord had sealed his charter, and said to him, 'Son, be of good cheer, thy sins are forgiven;' and so, accompanied with divers noblemen and gentlemen, he went to the scaffold. When he came hither he spoke to the people briefly of diverse great things. He protested his innocency from treachery, double-dealling, or self-designes; he forgave his judges, but could not condemn himself; he justified the work of reformation, protested his adherence thereto and to the covenant; he reprov'd the abounding wickedness of the land, and professed his hope of mercy, and vindicated himself of the late king's death, which was his great reproach, and so closed. Thereafter he tooke leave of his friends in very gentle manner, distributing his tokens, and so received the stroke with very great lamentation, not only of friends but convinced enemies. His head was fixed on the top of the tolbooth, to be a monument either of the parliament's justice or of the land's misery. He was a man of singular piety, prudence, authority, and eloquence: and tho' he had been much both envied and callumniated, yet his death did abundantly vindicate him. He left his desolate family upon the Lord's providence, and the king's uncertain favour. As he was a very great support to the work of reformation, so it was buried with him in one grave for many a year." (P. 101—104.)

Guthrie, a clergyman of high reputation, was the next victim: imprisonment and exile were the milder fate of others. It was not till the succeeding year that an indemnity was granted; and as this indemnity was conceded slowly, so when conceded it was rendered unacceptable by the number of those who were excluded from the benefit of it; particularly by the exceptions enumerated in what was called the Act of Fines. The latter act is of so very singular a kind, and is so characteristical of the principles upon which Scotland was governed under Charles II. and his brother, that we shall not venture to describe it in any other than Mr. Kirkton's words:—

"In the Act of Fynes, the parliament, by a committee appointed for the purpose (who were obliged not to discover any name till the act was passed), fyned about seven or eight hundred, of whom they leaved a vast sum, which Middleton hoped well to distribute among his retainers and dependants, for a sort of drink money, but had never the power to command one farthing of it, either for himself or his friends. But amongst those who were fined, first, there were some found who were in their graves, as Thomas Scott, in Selkridge; next, some who were on the nurse's breast, as Andrew Scot, of —; and some who could not be found in Scotland, because they had never been in the world; several who lived out of the poor's box; and Robert Ker, of Graden (because an honest man, a merchant in Kelso, refused to afford him a suite of cloaths upon trust, for he doubted payment), caused the man to be fyned in 600 marks, Scots, for a noble revenge. . . . These fynes were all exacted by military execution and

quartering of troupers, where they had any hopes any thing could be found. Many ministers were once named, but off that they were afterwards ashamed: it may be they thought it would be hard to raise fynes where there was no money, or to quarter upon a man that had not a house, as it was with the ministers in a little time." (P. 146.)

It is in the affairs of religion, however, that the unprincipled tyranny of this reign is exhibited most flagrantly. The presbyterian form of church government was established in Scotland at the reformation. James and the first Charles had almost succeeded in subverting it, when the people and the nobles, arming themselves in defence of their faith, placed presbytery on a firmer basis than ever. At Breda Charles II. had professed himself a member of the national church, and pledged his faith to its maintenance. At the mouth of the Spey, before he landed in Scotland, he swore to observe the covenant; at his coronation the same solemn engagement was repeated. In defiance of all these ties, the resolution was now taken to introduce episcopacy. Lauderdale disapproved of the plan from the first; but Clarendon was its strenuous promoter; and some of the Scottish lords, eager to gain the favour of that minister, represented the success of the attempt as certain. It is melancholy to reflect that a project, in itself nefarious, and which could be accomplished only by systematic persecution, is, in a great measure, to be ascribed to the upright Clarendon. Examples of this sort should be often recalled to our minds, that we may be duly sensible of the immense debt of gratitude which we owe to those men, whose writings have taught us to respect the consciences of our fellow-creatures.

The establishment of episcopacy was conducted with all the faithlessness congenial to a scheme which had its birth in the contempt of the most solemn engagements. Apprehensions of the King's designs were early entertained by that party in the Scottish church which was distinguished by the appellation of protesters, or remonstrants.* Ten of their clergymen, with two laymen, met in Edinburgh, to frame an address to the King, which might recal his oaths to his recollection: they were all but one arrested by the committee of estates, and consigned to a prison, where some of them languished out the remainder of their days. To dispel the fears of the people, Charles, in a letter addressed to the presbytery of Edinburgh, and dated Sept. 3, 1660, condescended to assure them that he would "protect

* This party made its first appearance in 1650. After the defeat at Dunbar, a parliament, held at Perth, resolved, that those who had adhered to Hamilton's faction, in the expedition of 1648 (the engagers was their common appellation), might, upon professing their repentance, be admitted into the service of the public. The most zealous covenanters protested against this measure, and drew up a remonstrance, in which Charles and his friends were treated with considerable severity. Hence they were called protesters, or remonstrants: their adversaries, who were the great majority of the nation, were denominated resolutioners.

and preserve the government of the church of Scotland, as it is established by law, without violation." Scotland was delighted with the gracious assurance; for she could not suspect the King of a base equivocation, or imagine that his words amounted merely to a nugatory declaration, that he would maintain whatever form of ecclesiastical discipline he at a future period might choose to set up. But the royal letter had, in the proceedings of the parliament of 1661, a commentary too plain to be misunderstood. The laws which recognized the covenant were abolished: by one sweeping ordinance, all the acts of all the parliaments that had sat since 1633 were rescinded; though in some of them the King had been personally present, and every one of them had been ratified, in full parliament, by Charles II. at his coronation; lastly, to finish the work, an act was passed, in the month of March, to declare, that the government of the church depended on his Majesty's pleasure, and was to be settled by him as he in his wisdom should think fit. On the 10th of June a proclamation was issued, in which the King, after referring to the prerogative with which he was clothed, announced his intention of establishing such a form of church-government as might suit with monarchy and the peace of the nation, and, in the mean time, allowed synods and presbyteries to continue. Their continuance, however, was not of long duration; for on the 6th of September another proclamation appeared, establishing episcopacy, and forbidding synods to assemble for the future. In December the bishops were consecrated, and in the beginning of 1662 presbyteries were ordered not to meet, and punishment was denounced against all who owned their authority.

Though the presbyteries were now deserted, the jurisdiction of the bishops was not acknowledged. Prosecutions for treason were therefore commenced against the contumacious ministers of the southern and western counties; and a law was passed to compel all who had entered into the ministry since the abolition of patronage, in 1649, to obtain, under the penalty of deprivation, presentation from the patron of the benefice, and institution from the bishop of the diocese. This act operated chiefly against the younger part of the clergy, who, it was supposed, would yield more easily than men who had grown hoary under the shadow of presbytery. The hopes of the government were disappointed. Scarcely any submitted to episcopal authority; and, rather than acknowledge it, all the clergy of Edinburgh, one individual excepted, removed, with their families, from the city. The Bishop of Glasgow, exasperated at the contempt with which he was treated, urged Middleton to more effectual measures. A meeting of the privy council was accordingly held, at which, though twelve members were present, Sir James Lockhart was the only one who was not drunk. The result of the de-

liberations of this sage conclave was a proclamation, issued at Glasgow on the 4th of October, by which all the ministers who remained in contumacy were, after the 1st of November next, banished from their houses, their parishes, and the limits of their respective presbyteries. Sharp, the primate, who had not been consulted, and whose design was to have displaced the clergy one by one, exasperated at this unadvised proceeding, predicted that it would prove the ruin of their cause. His prediction was justified by the event. The ministers chose rather to abandon their homes than to crouch to episcopacy. In one day 300 of them became houseless wanderers, and 300 parishes were left without a religious instructor. "I believe," says Kirkton, "there never was such a sad Sabbath in Scotland, as when the poor persecuted ministers took leave of their people. It did not content the congregations to weep all of them, but they howled with a loud voice, weeping with the weeping of Jazer, as when a besieged city is sacked." *

To fill the vacant churches, a multitude of young preachers were brought from the north, where the attachment to presbytery had never been so strong as in the rest of the nation. These are described as having been very unfit, both by education and by character, for the pastoral office, which they undertook solely as an easier means of gaining a livelihood than the laborious occupations to which they had been accustomed. A gentleman in the North cursed the presbyterian clergy, because, said he, since they left their churches, we cannot get a lad to keep our cows; they all become ministers. The new incumbents, whom the people distinguished by the appellation of curates, were selected chiefly by the bishops, upon whom the patrons, rather than present themselves, suffered the right of nomination to devolve by lapse. These intruders met with such a reception as might have been expected.

"In some places they were welcomed with tears and requests to be gone, and not to ruin the poor congregation and their own soul; in some places they were entertained with reasonings and disputes; in other places with threatenings and curses; and in others with strange affronts and indignities; some stole the bell-tongue, that the people's absence from sermon might be excusable; some barricadoed the door, to oblige the curate to enter by the window, literally. A shepherd-boy, finding in the field a nest of pismires, fills a box with them; this he empties in the curate's boot-heads, as he is going to pulpit: the poor man began his exercise, but was quickly obliged to interrupt, the miserable insects gave him so much pain and disturbance.... In many places where the curates entered, the people met together in multitudes, and not only opposed their establishment, but stoned them; yea, even when they returned with armed force, the people sometimes not only opposed the curate's entrance, but chased the King's soldiers:

for all which the state made a severe inquiry for the greater part." (P. 161, &c.)

Scarcely in any place would the people attend the churches where curates officiated. They chose rather to repair to the parishes of the old presbyterian incumbents who had not been disturbed, or to attend upon the family devotions of the ejected clergy, who were often compelled, by the multitude of their auditors, to make the fields, instead of their houses, the scene of prayer and exhortation. Thus, in the spring of 1663, arose field conventicles, the suppression of which brought so much misery upon the nation, and dyed the hands of its rulers in innocent blood.

In the mean time, the decay of Middleton's influence had left Lauderdale the director of Scottish affairs. Lauderdale was originally a staunch presbyterian; and though he was now too much of a courtier to presume to dissent from his sovereign's creed, he had opposed, on grounds of policy, the introduction of episcopacy into Scotland. When the contrary opinion prevailed, he floated with the current; and he was now as eager in promoting the schemes of the court, as if they had originally met with his approbation. The first act of the parliament, which was opened in 1663, by Rothes, under Lauderdale's auspices, punished ministers, who refused to admit episcopal jurisdiction, with suspension for the first offence, and deprivation for the second; all noblemen, and landed proprietors, who generally or wilfully absented themselves from the churches of their respective curates, were fined in the fourth part of their yearly rental; yeomen and farmers forfeited the fourth part of their moveables; and, in addition to that penalty, burgesses lost the freedom of the town where they dwelt. The inefficacy of this severe measure is proved by the proclamation which the council issued on the 13th of August, commanding ejected ministers, under the pains of sedition (that is death), to remove, with their families, twenty miles from the bounds of their own parishes, six miles from every cathedral, and three miles from every royal burgh. "It was impossible," observes Kirkton, "to obey this proclamation, forasmuch as no geographers in Scotland can find accommodation for 350 ministers, one only in one parish (for so the proclamation provided), and keep the required distances." In November a new proclamation imposes a fine for every day's absence from church; all religious meetings are loaded with the penalties of sedition; masters of families are made answerable for the conduct of their servants; landed proprietors for that of their tenants. The execution of these laws is entrusted to military discretion; and Sir James Turner makes three successive campaigns in the richest and most populous counties of Scotland. The simple statement of Kirkton will give our readers a

faint idea of the extent to which systematical oppression was carried.

"The souldier is judge, no witness is used; the sentence is pronounced, the souldier executes his own sentence, and receives the money for his own use; and many times the fine exceeds the sum appointed by law. If they be not able, or unwilling, to pay, they are quartered upon till they be eaten up; their goods are distrained, and sold for a trifle, till many poor people were constrained to scatter their families, and either lurk or leave the country. While they quartered in these poor families, none of the old Lord Danes were so insolent. They mockt religious worship, they beat the poor people, the men they bind and wound, they dragg to church and prison, and both with equal violence. The curates use to make a roll of their parishioners; this they call after their sermon; all absent (if they please) are given up to the souldiers; they extort the money or quarter upon the people; no defence saved a fine. They quartered sometimes in the house of a man that kept the church, because another man, that kept it not, dwelt there before." (P. 200.)

Military violence did not, however, supersede the use of other means of oppression. In January, 1664, a court of high commission was established, with the most ample powers for punishing all offences, civil and ecclesiastical. Among other transgressors, it was to visit with its wrath all who should express themselves dissatisfied with the late acts concerning church affairs; for even the repinings of misery were now become a crime. Great as was the authority with which the commissioners were invested, their proceedings went beyond it. "Their court," observes our historian, "was like the old lion in the cave;—many came towards him; none returned from him, because all were devoured:—so, for ought I could hear, no one appeared before them that escaped without punishment." We cannot enter into the details of their injustice: we refer our readers to the latter part of Mr. Kirkton's sixth book.

In the spring of 1665 the whole west country was disarmed; and on the 7th of December an act of council placed all the ejected clergy in the same situation with those who had been expelled in consequence of the proclamation of Glasgow, and forbade any man to let a house to a presbyterian minister, or to grant him charity, or any kind of relief. In the November of the following year the insurrection commenced, which was terminated on the thirteenth day, by the skirmish of Pentland Hills. It arose from accident, without premeditated purpose, and was conducted without any definite aim, or well formed plan. The whole of it is narrated by Kirkton with much candour, and with a very interesting simplicity. We shall extract his account of the skirmish, as a specimen of the style in which he relates military transactions.

"The way Wallace drew up his men was this: Upon the back of a

long hill running from the south with a low shoulder toward the north, where it had a high steep shoulder, he divided his men into three bodies; first, under the low shoulder upon the south, he placed a small body of horse, under the command of Barscob and the Galloway gentlemen; in the middle were the poor unarmed footmen, under his own command; and upon the left hand stood the greatest part of his horse, under Major Lermount. They were not well in order when alarms comes that a body of horse is approaching them. Some hoped it might have been their friends! but they quickly perceived it was Dalyell's van, who had cut through the ridge of Pentland hills from Calder straight towards them, and were undiscovered till they were within a quarter of a myle over against them upon an opposite hill, with a great descent betwixt them, so that they could not meet. After they had viewed one another a long time, Dalyell sends out a party of 50 gallant horse to squint along the edge of the hills, and to attack their left hand; upon which Wallace commands Captain Arnot, with an equal number of his horse, to receive them; so he draws up towards them, and upon a piece of equal plain ground they meet. After they had spent their fire, they close upon the sword point, and fought it stoutly for a considerable time, till at length, notwithstanding all their advantage, Dalyell's men run; and had it not been for the difficultie of the ground, their losse had been far greater than it was. Diverse fall on both sides: and of Arnot's party, Mr. John Crookshanks and Mr. Andrew Macormock, two Irish ministers, and the great instruments to persuade the people to this undertaking. After this Wallace advances a party of foot towards the body of their horse, being upon a place unaccessible for horsemen. This obliged them to shift their station, and draw up upon a bank more easterly, and there they stopt till all their foot came up. Thereafter Dalyell advanced toward Wallace, and drew up his army upon the skirt of the same hill, where Wallace had the ridge and Dalyell had the skirt beneath him, which is the Rullion-green. When he was there, he sends a great party of horse, attended with some foot, to charge Lermont's wing. Wallace sends down another party of horse, flanked with foot, to meet them. After the horse on both sides had spent their fire, they close upon another, while Wallace his poor foot makes Dalyell's to run, and thereupon the horse run likewise. Then advances a second party of horse that same way upon Lermont's body. Another body of Lermont's men is sent down to meet them, with that successe, that they chase them beyond the front of their army; but a third party of horse made them retire up the hill to their old station. Now, when all the dispute was upon Wallace his left hand towards the head of the hill, Dalyell advances the whole left wing of his horse upon Wallace his right, where he had but thirty weak horse to receive them. Those they soon overrun, and carried their charge so stoutly home, that all Wallace's companies were made to run, and could never rally. The slaughter was not great, for the west countrey men were upon the top of a hill. It was almost dark night before the defeat, and the horsemen who had made the chase being most part gentlemen, pitied their own innocent countrey men." (P. 242—244.)

The executions which followed this insurrection were dis-

gracefully and unnecessarily numerous; and their horror was aggravated by the wanton use of torture. Yet the judicial murders excited less apprehension, than those which were perpetrated in the wantonness of military licence.

It was now the design of the council to have established a military government in Scotland, and to have enriched themselves by declaring the estates of the presbyterian gentlemen to be forfeited. But Lauderdale was not prepared to proceed to such lengths; the ruling party separated their interests from his: they thus lost their credit with the king; for Clarendon, their other patron, was now in disgrace; and through Lauderdale's influence, the administration was transferred into the hands of Sir Robert Murray, alike distinguished for science and integrity, of Tweedale, and of Kincardine. These ministers acted on humane principles. The court which they served made it requisite for them to support the power of the bishops; but the expedients which they used were the mildest that their situation would permit. The custom for some years had been to tender to presbyterians a declaration that the National Covenant and the solemn League and Covenant were unlawful engagements, together with an oath, absurdly called an oath of allegiance, in which the jurisdiction of the king was declared to be supreme in all cases, and over all persons civil or ecclesiastical. His ecclesiastical authority was generally admitted; but with this limitation, that it was, to use the technical terms of those times, civil and extrinsic, not spiritual and intrinsic. The import of the distinction seems to have been, that the king had jurisdiction in the affairs of the church, only so far as they affected and were blended with civil interests; but that he could not exercise a purely spiritual authority: he did not possess, for instance, the power of excommunicating, or that of conferring holy orders. This declaration, and this pretended oath of allegiance, were the constant pretext for persecution, where no other charge could be framed: for fines, imprisonment, banishment, were the lot of those who refused to take either the one or the other. Murray, after a keen opposition in the council, succeeded in procuring these instruments of tyranny to be laid aside, substituting for them (some substitute was necessary to save appearances) a bond to keep the peace, in which the subscriber engaged for himself and his tenants. Several of the agents in the late cruelties were disgraced. Sir James Turner was dismissed; Sir William Bannatyne was fined; so that the people of Scotland discovered with joyful surprise, that their rulers believed that an injury might be done to a presbyterian. Murray and Tweedale would probably have gone much further, had they not been partially controuled by the more violent episcopal faction, whose severities, countenanced by the existing laws, could not always be prevented. Notwithstanding this opposition, an indulgence was granted in June 1669, which

permitted ejected clergymen to return to their parishes, where they were to have undisturbed possession of their manse and glebes, and if they attended the new modelled synods and presbyteries, were likewise to be entitled to their stipends. An annual pension of 400 marks was at the same time allowed to such of them as showed moderate and peaceable dispositions, till vacant churches could be provided for them. But Murray's influence soon began to decline; and towards the end of 1669, Lauderdale, with altered maxims and passions, under a new but evil bias, became the open, as he had long been the secret, ruler of Scotland. Laws were now enacted that breathed a most sanguinary spirit. Death was denounced against all who should preach in the fields, or in a house where any of the hearers were without the door; and a reward of 500 marks was promised to informers. In 1672, all meetings, attended by more than four persons besides the family, were declared unlawful conventicles; upon those who had been guilty of attending such assemblies enormous fines were imposed, which were presented as donatives to Lauderdale's friends and dependants. Yet so wavering was the violence of the government, that in the same year a second indulgence was proclaimed; if that can be called an indulgence, which being less ample than what Sir Robert Murray had before granted, and being clogged with conditions to which no scrupulous presbyterian could submit, was forced by persecution upon those who were the objects of its favour. It was accepted by few; and the few who availed themselves of it lost all credit and influence with their party. The increase of conventicles was however encouraged by it, and by the unexpected opposition which Lauderdale met with in the parliament of 1673. The same effect was promoted by an act, passed in March 1674, for pardoning all who had been present at conventicles prior to that day; which was regarded not so much as remission of the past, as in the light of an encouragement for the future.

"And from that day forward (to use Kirkton's words) Scotland broke loose with conventicles of all sorts, in houses, fields, and vacant churches And then the discourse, up and down Scotland, was the quality and success of the last Sabbath's conventicle; who the preachers were, what the number of the people was, what the affection of the people were, what doctrine the minister preached, what change was among the people; how sometimes the souldiers assaulted them, and sometimes killed some of them; sometimes the souldiers were beaten, and some of them killed. And this was the exercise of the people of Scotland for six years time." (P. 343, 344.)

As conventicles increased, new laws against them were made, and new bonds tendered to the people. Thirty-nine ministers, of whom Kirkton was one, besides many gentlemen, being cited to appear on a day so near at hand that appearance was impossible, were for their default denounced rebels and fugitives: their

outlawry drove them to a wandering life; their sufferings drew the people to follow them by thousands; apprehensions of the military induced many, both preachers and hearers, to bring with them weapons of war by way of precaution, so that a conventicle began to bear some resemblance to an armed force. Henceforth the government seems to have treated the country as in a state of hostility. The chief presbyterians were intercommuned; garrisons were placed in the houses of private gentlemen; fresh bonds were contrived, but contrived in vain, for they were either refused or violated; and at last in 1678, an army of eight thousand uncivilized Highlanders were dispersed at free quarters through those counties (the richest, let it be remembered, the most populous, and the most industrious in Scotland) in which aversion to episcopal jurisdiction was most deeply rooted. This measure of unparalleled atrocity was adopted, Kirkton asserts, with the hope that it would produce an open rebellion. The people, however, submitted quietly to the ravages of their destroyers, till the Highlanders, after enjoying eight months of plunder, were sent back to their native hills. Many noblemen of the first rank (among them the Duke of Hamilton,) repaired to court, to represent to the king the devastation which the proceedings of government had brought upon the country; but Charles either refused to hear their representations, or listened to them with incredulity and cold indifference. Persecution became every day keener; the attachment of the people to their religious system more ardent; the continuance of oppression roused every malevolent passion into energy; Archbishop Sharp was assassinated; the insurrection, which was suppressed by the battle of Bothwell-bridge, followed; fields, and highways, and scaffolds, were deluged with blood; and the sequel of the history of Scotland, down to the Revolution, exhibits one unvarying scene of horrors. Into these, however, Mr. Kirkton does not enter. His narrative terminates immediately before the assassination of Sharp, and the commencement of the insurrection.

This sketch of the transactions of the period, of which Mr. Kirkton treats, will inform our readers of the nature of the subjects which come under his pen; the few extracts which we have made will enable them to judge of the style and manner in which the work is executed. Though it has no pretensions to rank as a classical composition, its merits are very considerable; and it has much more elegance to boast of than we should have expected from the pen of a Scottish field-preacher of the seventeenth century. The narrative is clear, and the distribution of the matter excellent. The language is often flowing and harmonious; but more so towards the beginning than towards the close of the work. Many of the transactions are sketched with a very lively pencil; and the whole is pervaded by a spirit

of candour truly admirable in a man who had suffered so much from the government whose historian he now is. There is no harshness or severity in his portraits of individuals; he speaks frequently with mild indulgence even of those who must have been the objects of his detestation. Rothes, for instance, is more than once mentioned in very gentle terms. The cruelties of Lauderdale's administration are imputed to others, rather than to himself. "Lauderdale," says Kirkton, "was neither judged a cruel persecutor, nor an avaricious exactor (except his wife's and brother's solicitations), all the time of his government." Even of Hatton, he says nothing worse, than that, of all men whom he ever knew, Hatton was the most convinced that his own will was righteousness. The curates were the objects of our author's hatred and contempt; and though his prejudices have led him to paint them in the colours in which they were viewed by his party, it has not prevented him from recording of them whatever he knew to their advantage. He takes care, for example, to inform us, that after the battle of Pentland-hills, some of the fugitives owed their preservation to the humanity of the curates. It is when he speaks of the bishops, especially of Sharp, that his prepossessions show themselves most powerfully. He has likewise a firm belief in a multitude of providential interferences in behalf of the presbyterians, in an equal number of providential inflictions of vengeance on their adversaries, and in frequent miraculous infusions of supernatural efficacy into the ministry of the ejected clergy. These errors of opinion will be easily excused, when we consider the course of his life, his country, and the age to which he belongs. They are defects which may even be regarded as adding to the interest of the work, by the curious manner in which they sometimes display themselves, and by the help which they afford to such as wish to form accurate notions of the modes of thinking prevalent in those times. In his account of public transactions he is impartial and accurate: nor do we know any work to which a reader, who desires to make himself acquainted with the proceedings of Charles in Scotland, from the Restoration to 1678, can have recourse with more advantage, than to Mr. Kirkton's history. The period is one of deep interest: to it chiefly should our attention be directed in estimating the merits or the demerits of the government of the Stuarts; for whatever difference of opinion may prevail with respect to their conduct in England, there can be but one judgment concerning their administration of Scotland. It was from England that their final punishment came; but it was in Scotland that their crimes were perpetrated.

The publication of this work does not place any of the important transactions of that time in a light altogether new. Nor was there any reason to expect that it should; for Mr. Laing had consulted the manuscript, and has made great use of it in the first

eighty-four pages of the second volume of his *History of Scotland*. Accordingly the general tenor of Mr. Kirkton's narrative agrees with that which Mr. Laing has given to the world. In a few minor points, however, they differ; and as Mr. Laing's work is one of the most valuable in our language, distinguished at once by accuracy of research, by the judicious selection of matter, and by energy (we wish we could add simplicity) of style, we shall note some of the passages in which he has not consulted Kirkton's MS. with sufficient care, or has been led astray by authorities of inferior weight.

Laing's *History*, vol. ii. page 29. The proclamation by which an ejected minister incurred the penalties of sedition, if he approached within twenty miles of his own parish, within six of Edinburgh of a cathedral church, or within three of a royal burgh, is placed by Laing under Middleton's administration. According to Kirkton, the odium of it belongs to Rothes; for it was issued August 13, 1663, after Rothes had held his first parliament.

Laing, ii. 36. On the subject of the pecuniary penalties imposed by the Act of Fines, Hume and Laing are at variance. Hume represents the King as endeavouring to persuade his ministers to remit one half of them; Laing asserts that they were levied entire for the King's own use. The truth seems to be neither wholly with the one, nor wholly with the other; though in this instance Hume approaches nearer to accuracy than Laing. Kirkton's statement occurs at page 223. "The King suspended the payment of the fines when Middleton was turned out; thereafter they were divided into two moyeties, and a day fixed for the payment of the first moyetie; and all that were able and well-informed paid their first moyetie, and took their discharge: others paid none at that time; so there were new appointments made for paying these moyeties, till at length all that were fined were appointed to make payment betwixt and the . . . day in this year 1666." The fair import of this passage (which, we grant, is deficient in clearness) seems to be, that those who had paid the first moiety, and taken their discharge, paid nothing more. The latter part of it can refer only to the persons who had obtained no discharge; and even to this class one half was remitted, when they would consent to take the declaration, and the oath of allegiance in a court.

Laing, ii. 37. Mr. Laing's statement of the casual circumstances which led to the insurrection and the battle of Pentland-hills, though correct in its general tenor, varies in some points from Kirkton's account. See Kirkton, p. 231.

Laing, ii. 38. The number of the insurgents, when they were at Lanark, amounted according to Laing to 2,000; Kirkton (p. 238) estimates them at 3,000.

Laing, ii. 50. Leighton's scheme of comprehension, by which

the authority of the bishops was to be reconciled with the scruples of the presbyterians, is placed by Laing before the indulgence. The truth, however, is, that the indulgence bore date June 7, 1669, and was brought into operation on the 27th of the following July. Leighton's scheme was first propounded, August 9, 1670; and was not taken into consideration till the ensuing November. Kirkton, p. 289—296.

Laing, ii. 68. Mr. Laing assigns the revival of letters of intercommuning to the year 1676. The true date of their revival is the summer of 1675. Kirkton, p. 364.

Laing, ii. 67. The account which Mr. Laing here gives of the attempt made by the spy Carstairs to seize Kirkton, differs in several respects from the statement into which Kirkton himself (p. 368) has entered, and which is too long for us to extract. Mr. Laing likewise says, that Baillie of Jerviswood, for his share in rescuing Kirkton, was amerced in five hundred pounds, and imprisoned for a year. Baillie, however, was not condemned to a year's imprisonment, and was in fact imprisoned only four months: and though a fine of five hundred pounds was imposed upon him, no more than a third part of it was exacted.

Laing, ii. 77. The attempt to compel landlords to enter into bonds, that neither they, nor their families, nor their tenants, would attend conventicles, is placed among the transactions of 1678. The act of council, which authorized this measure, was issued August 2, 1677.

Laing, ii. 78. With respect to the Highland host, Mr. Laing says, "that by the *express injunctions* of Charles, an hostile army of ten thousand men was introduced to suppress the insurrection of a country in profound repose." Without feeling any inclination to palliate the misconduct of Charles, we are nevertheless disposed to think, that Mr. Laing has been too hasty in using terms which imply, that the introduction of the Highland host either originated with the Sovereign, or had been particularly recommended by him to the Scottish council. According to Mr. Kirkton, the council procured a letter from the King, requiring them to extirpate conventicles, and offering them, if their own force was insufficient, the assistance of English troops. This was the whole share which the King had in the proceeding: what followed was done by the council at their own discretion, without any orders from their Sovereign. It is therefore too harsh to represent Charles as peculiarly implicated in this most odious transaction. To have ruled with a negligence which permitted such oppression to occur, is no small blame: to have occasioned it by his express injunctions, would be still worse. The devastations of the Highland host were disgraceful to the government; yet one important circumstance concerning their employment is mentioned by Mr. Laing in language calculated to mislead his readers. "Six thousand lawless Highlanders," says he, "were invited

from their mountains, and a previous indemnity was granted to encourage every excess." These words imply, if they do not openly affirm, that the indemnity was general. An indemnity, it is true, was proclaimed, but an indemnity of very limited extent. "The council," says Kirkton,* "sent with the Highlanders a court of justiciary, before whom they might convene any man in the country that there they might be punished, promising them indemnity for any thing should be done this way." These are some of the points, in which the accuracy of Mr. Laing's history might have been improved by means of Kirkton's MS. We do not mention them with the view of detracting from the merit of one of the most valuable historical productions, of which our own or any other language can boast. The great excellence of the work is the very reason why even its slightest imperfections should be marked. There are likewise some matters on which Laing and Kirkton differ, where the nature of the transaction is such, that we would not hastily decide against the later writer on the authority of the earlier. A single instance will suffice. "Argyle," says Laing,† "was still so considerable, that the King descended to the diamgenuous proposal of a marriage with his daughter; but that discerning nobleman, convinced that the King was secretly estranged from him, regarded every offer as a snare for his destruction." This was in 1650. Kirkton places the affair in a light much less favourable to Argyle. "And the Marquess of Argyle being all that time almost dictator of Scotland, to make all sure for himself, being in great danger from the envy of his enemies, thought good to strike up a match betwixt the King and his daughter Lady Anne, to which the King consented with all assurance: though all that poor family had by the bargain was a disappointment so grievous to the poor young lady, that, of a gallant gentlewoman, she lost her spirit and turned absolutely distracted: so unfortunately do the back wheels of private designs work in the puppet plays of the public revolutions in the world." (P. 50.) The latter circumstance is of such a kind that Kirkton could scarcely be mistaken with respect to it.

To Kirkton's history is subjoined a very curious narrative entitled "James Russell's account of the murder of Archbishop Sharp." It relates the details of that horrid deed; traces the proceedings of the assassins, after they had accomplished their purpose: and enters into a very minute account of the skirmish of Loudon-hill, and of the insurrection and battle of Bothwell-bridge. The narrative of Russell, who appears to have been a principal actor in all these affairs, will be read with the more interest, as it describes events, which the "Tales of my Landlord" have rendered familiar

* Kirkton, p. 393.

† Laing, l. 420.

to the whole kingdom. The following extract is a specimen of the ferocious enthusiasm of Russell, and of the rude energy with which he relates his adventures.

" All the 9 rode what they could to Magusmuir, the hills at the nearest, and Andrew Henderson riding afore, being best mounted, and saw them when he was on the top of the hill, and all the rest came up and rode very hard, for the coach was driving hard; and being come near Magus, George Fleman and James Russell riding into the town, and James asked at the goodman if that was the bishop's coach? He fearing, did not tell, but one of his servants, a woman, came running to him and said it was the bishop's coach, and she seemed to be overjoyed; and James riding towards the coach, to be sure, seeing the bishop looking out at the door, cast away his cloak and cried, Judas be taken! The bishop cried to the coachman to drive; he firing at him, crying to the rest to come up, and the rest throwing away their cloaks except Rathillet fired into the coach driving very fast about half a mile, in which time they fired several shots in at all parts of the coach, and Alexander Henderson seeing one Wallace having a cock'd carrabine going to fire, gript him in the neck, and threw him down and pulled it out of his hand. Andrew Henderson outran the coach, and stroke the horse in the face with his sword; and James Russell coming to the postiling, commanded him to stand, which he refusing, he stroke him on the face and cut down the side of his shine, and striking at the horse next brake his sword, and gripping the ringeses of the foremost horse in the farthest side: George Fleman fir'd a pistol in at the north side of the coach beneath his left arm, and saw his daughter dight of the furage; and riding forward, gripping the horses' bridles in the nearest side and held them still, George Balfour fired likewise, and James Russell got George Fleman's sword and lighted of his horse, and ran to the coach door, and desired the bishop to come forth, Judas. He answered, he never wronged man: James declared before the Lord that it was no particular interest, nor yet for any wrong that he had done to him, but because he had betrayed the church as Judas, and had wrung his hands these 18 or 19 years in the blood of the saints, but especially at Pentland; and Mr. Guthrie and Mr. Mitchell and James Learmonth; and they were sent by God to execute his vengeance on him this day, and desired him to repent and come forth; and John Balfour on horseback said, Sir, God is our witness that it is not for any wrong thou hast done to me, nor yet for any fear of what thou could do to me, but because thou hast been a murderer of many a poor soul in the kirk of Scotland, and a betrayer of the church, and an open enemy and persecutor of Jesus Christ and his members, whose blood thou hast shed like water on the earth, and therefore thou shalt die! and fired a pistol; and James Russell desired him again to come forth and make him for death, judgement, and eternity; and the bishop said, Save my life, and I will save all yours. James answered, that he knew that it was not in his power either to save or to kill us, for there was no saving of his life, for the blood that he had shed was crying to heaven for vengeance on him, and thrust his stibel at him. John Balfour desired him again to come forth, and he answered, I will come to you, for I know you are a gentleman and will

save my life; but I am gone already, and what needs more? And another told him of keeping up of a pardon granted by the king for 9 persons at Pentland, and then at the back side of the coach thrust a sword at him, threatening him to go forth; whereupon he went forth, and falling upon his knees, said, For God's sake, save my life; his daughter falling on her knees, begging his life also. But they told him that he should die, and desired him to repent and make for death. Alexander Henderson said, Seeing there has been lives taken for you already, and if ours be taken it shall not be for nought: he rising of his knees went forward, and John Balfour stroke him on the face, and Andrew Henderson stroke him on the hand and cut it, and John Balfour rode him down; whereupon he, lying upon his face as if he had been dead, and James Russell hearing his daughter say to Wallace that there was life in him yet, in the time James was disarming the rest of the bishop's men, went presently to him and cast of his hat, for it would not cut at first, and halved his head in pieces.

"Having thus done, his daughter came to him and cursed him, and called him a bloody murderer; and James answered they were not murderers, for they were sent to execute God's vengeance on him." (P. 416—418.)

We recollect no assassination attended with circumstances of deeper horror than this; and Russell's relation of it exhibits its barbarity in darker colours, than any of the accounts which were previously in print.* The deed has been usually considered as unpremeditated. It was so far unpremeditated that Carmichael was the prey in quest of whom the party primarily came out; but there are strong presumptions that the murder of Sharp had been previously planned, if not by all of them, at least by their leaders. At one of their meetings, it had been agreed to attack Carmichael in St. Andrew's, and, if they should find him in Sharp's house, to hang both him and the primate. Russell declares, that with other godly men he had twice before essayed to take away the Archbishop's life, and that he had lately, in his communion with Heaven, received a strong impression that the Lord would soon employ him in cutting off a great oppressor of the church. Balfour, when he found that Carmichael had escaped them, said, that he was sure they had still something to do; and immediately afterwards, intelligence was sent by the woman at whose house they had lodged on the preceding night, that the Archbishop's carriage was at hand. These circumstances, all contained in the narrative before us, approach nearly to a complete proof that at least Balfour and Russell, who appear to have been the most daring and ruthless of the gang, had previously resolved on the assassination of Sharp. It is worth while to remark, that the murder was committed on the

* The account of the assassination contained in a letter from the Archbishop's son, which is annexed to the present publication, is so inaccurate that no credit can be given to any part of it.

third of May, and that Russell did not quit Scotland till the eighteenth of October. During the whole of this interval of 168 days (with the exception of the three weeks included between the skirmish of Loudon-hill and the battle of Bothwell-bridge, when the covenanters acted as a regular military force), he, with some of his associates, were continually traversing on horseback the most populous part of Scotland, in spite of the numerous parties who were everywhere searching for them.

The editor, Mr. Sharpe, has annexed both to Kirkton's History, and to Russell's Narrative, extracts from manuscripts and from printed documents, which will furnish amusement, if not instruction, to the reader. Editors are often chargeable with undue partiality to the authors on whom their labours are bestowed: but so far is Mr. Sharpe from having incurred this charge, that he has laid himself open to an accusation of a contrary nature. He often throws unjustifiable aspersions upon the accuracy of Kirkton's statements, and, instead of sympathizing with the persecuted presbyterian, speaks with due execration of those "*who, through the bosom of King Charles the Martyr and his descendants, aim a blow at the very heart of royalty and all hereditary honours.*" The splendour of this rhetoric does not dazzle us; common sense whispers, that it is unworthy of a man of liberal education to make the history of past ages subservient to the party spirit of the present: but if the transactions of the seventeenth century must be blended with the politics of the nineteenth, Mr. Sharpe would do well to recollect, that those who condemn, not those who approve, the undisguised tyranny which the house of Stuart from the time of the union of the two crowns exercised over Scotland, are the most likely to feel a warm attachment to that family under whose dominion our religion and our liberties have been protected. We shall give a few examples of our editor's annotations. In the note at p. 47, he asserts that "Kirkton has falsified the truth of history respecting the condemnation of Loudon, Charles's conduct after his flight to the Scottish camp, and numerous other circumstances obvious to every reader of our national annals." These circumstances we have not been fortunate enough to detect: and in the two cases which are specified Kirkton's accuracy will stand a severer trial, than any to which Mr. Sharpe can subject it. The condemnation of Loudon is attested by Scott of Scotstarvet, who lived at the time; by Burnet; by Oldmixon, on the information of Duke Hamilton; and the Appendix to Birch's Inquiry into the Transactions of Glamorgan. On these authorities our best historians have believed it, and it is now supported by the additional evidence of Kirkton. As to the proceedings of Charles after his arrival in the Scottish camp, our limits will not permit us to sift minutely so intricate a series of

transactions; but we do not hesitate to assert, that Kirkton will be found, by those who will undergo the trouble of examining this part of his narrative, both accurate and impartial. Even upon English affairs his views are for the most part just. His observation upon the English presbyterians, that "to the King they were a great deal more true than trusted," much as it differs from the representations of one class of writers, is amply verified by the events of 1647 and 1648.

At page 104 there is a long note on the character of Argyle. "Argyle's character," says Mr. Sharpe, "is one of the least dubious of his own times." We at first suspected that an error of the press had substituted *least* instead of *most*; for different historians have drawn Argyle in very different colours. The supposition, however, of any mistake on the part of the printer, is rendered inadmissible by the sequel of the note, which exhibits the unfortunate Marquis as a compound of vice and bodily deformity. Mr. Sharpe is, therefore, guilty of one misrepresentation at least, since he states as certain, what must be admitted to be doubtful; and, in our opinion, he is guilty of a second; for Argyle appears to us to have been a good as well as a great statesman. His trial is, of itself, almost sufficient proof. The whole of his public life was submitted to keen investigation, sharpened by the hopes of avarice, and by the bitterest recollections of resentment; yet nothing could be found, on which adversaries so little scrupulous could fix a charge; so that they were at last obliged to murder him on the pretext of his submission to Cromwell. To our surprise, Mr. Sharpe seems to think that he was justly executed; for, in alluding to the letters which were communicated by Monk, he adds, that "the production of such a proof of disloyalty seems scarcely necessary in this case." What can our editor mean by disloyalty? Argyle was the man whose influence first brought Charles to Scotland; he placed the crown upon his head; he resisted to the last the conquering arms of Cromwell; the terms which were prescribed to him, when he submitted in 1652,* to the existing authorities, show that he was

* The articles of agreement between Argyle and Major-General Deane are published by Mr. Sharpe from the original MS. The fourth article binds Argyle, or his eldest son, to repair, on due notice, to England, where they will not be confined to less than twenty miles' compass; a sufficient proof of the distrust which was entertained of him. "When Huntly's lands are rendered," says Baillie, in a letter which Mr. Sharpe has quoted, "and Montrose paid near 100,000*l.* Argyle's late debts of 400,000 or 500,000 marks will not be yet paid. Many wonder at his debt, and think he must have money, for he got much, and was always sober and sparing." Kirkton mentions a circumstance which accounts for this debt very satisfactorily. Huntly's estate, when it was forfeited, had been given to Argyle as Huntly's principal creditor, but burdened with 400,000 marks of Huntly's debt. After the restoration Huntly's lands were restored, and the parliament ordered that the debt should remain as an encumbrance upon Argyle's own estate. See Kirkton, p. 143.

both feared and distrusted; and he continued during the whole of the usurpation to be viewed with a jealous eye. If this was disloyalty, if this conduct was so clearly worthy of death as to render all other proofs of guilt superfluous, what epithets ought to be applied to the great mass of the nobility and gentry of those days? Argyle's disloyalty was his steady attachment to the liberties and religion of his native land; that religion Clarendon meant to destroy, and Charles was determined to subvert those liberties; it was, therefore, requisite to the success of their plans, that so powerful and able an opponent should be removed.

Our editor takes an evident pleasure in representing the Presbyterians in a ridiculous or hateful light. "In one day," says he, "the Covenanters drowned eighty women and children, found guilty of following Montrose's camp, by precipitating them over the bridge at Linlithgow; and six more shared the same fate at Elgin. See Sir George M'Kenzie's Vindication, &c." The reference is too vague for us to find out the grounds on which Mr. Sharpe rests his assertion. But M'Kenzie is obviously no good authority for such a transaction. As he was only nine years of age at the time when it is said to have happened, he could have no personal knowledge of it; and he was under strong temptations to throw odium on a party whom, in his official capacity, he rigorously persecuted. His statement is probably a second-hand transcript from Wishart, who, in his historical romance, of which Montrose is the hero, mentions a similar story, with the slight difference of making the Tweed the scene of the massacre. The whole transaction is unsupported by evidence, and has been discredited not only by our best historians, but by those whose partiality would have inclined them to adopt it. "Salmonet and Guthry," says Laing,* "were ashamed to transcribe the story from Wishart of the prisoners collected on a bridge, and precipitated, with their wives and children, into the stream. The fact is, that from Berwick to Peebles there was not a single bridge upon the Tweed (see Pont's maps in Bleau's Atlas); and Father Hay is obliged to transfer the scene to Linlithgow bridge, above forty miles from the field of battle." Sir George M'Kenzie and Mr. Sharpe seem to have followed Father Hay. The prejudices of our editor lead him not merely to deviate from historical truth, but sometimes to forget the dictates of humanity. Isabel Allison and Marian Harvey were executed for their private opinions concerning the actions of other men. "Their situation," says Mr. Sharpe, "hath been bewailed by tender-hearted historians, as about to be executed with some women condemned for child-

* Laing's History, vol. i. p. 303.

murder. But one of these martyrs had been well inured to the society of murderers* even by her own confession, and the other approved of the Archbishop's assassination." Is this the language in which we ought to speak of the fate of those unfortunate women? By being enthusiasts, did they cease to be our fellow-creatures? Must all our contempt be reserved for them, and those who pity them; while not one syllable of disapprobation is uttered against the oppressors who shed their blood? Two simple females are executed for their opinions: to aggravate the cruelty, and to confound still more effectually the distinctions of morality, they are executed along with murderers; yet Mr. Sharpe can relate all this in terms that, to say the least, lean to the side of applause more than to that of censure.

Mr. Sharpe is so completely under the influence of system that his faults are all of the same stamp. It is therefore unnecessary to adduce more examples. The world is indebted to him for the present publication; but we can scarcely forbear to wish, that Kirkton's manuscript had fallen into the hands of an editor better disposed to appreciate justly the conduct both of the party who suffered and of the party who ruled. Mr. Sharpe's notions of the history of Scotland after the Restoration, are very remote from those which have been adopted by the most trustworthy historians. The authority of these historians he seems disposed to undervalue: perhaps he will listen with more attention to a delineation of the government of Scotland, under the last two of the Stuart princes, from the pen of one of the most high-spirited men and most accomplished lawyers that England ever produced:†

"Confiscations were promised before conviction or process; persons imprisoned without a reason given; forced to depose against themselves in capital crimes; pursued and forfeited upon stretches of obsolete laws, frivolous pretences, defective proofs. Judges were influenced by commands contrary to law; and turned out of their office for disobedience, inconsistent with ancient usage, and their necessary independence; opinions given by the Lords of Session, that to conceal the asking of relief for one forfeited, and the refusal to discover private judgments in relation to other men's actions, are points of treason. It is not to be wondered, when the crime was to such a high degree precarious, the method of proceeding so arbitrary and unjust, the examples of those who suffered so recent and numerous, that a punishment, which is the terror and severest scourge of bad men, should become formidable as well as odious to good men."

* Mr. Sharpe alludes to her having known Haxton, Balfour, and the two Hendersons. She might have spoken to some of these persons after the murder of the Archbishop, but she could not possibly have been inured to their society after that deed.

† Considerations on the Law of Forfeitures, p. 166, 167.

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THE
BRITISH REVIEW,

AND

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MAY, 1818.

ART. I.—ON PARLIAMENTARY REFORM.

1. *The Representative History of Great Britain and Ireland, being a History of the House of Commons, and of the Counties, Cities, and Boroughs of the United Kingdom, from the earliest Period.* By T. H. B. Oldfield. 6 vols. 8vo. Baldwin and Co. London, 1816.
2. *Plan of Parliamentary Reform, in the Form of a Catechism, with Reasons for each Article, with an Introduction, showing the Necessity of radical, and the Inadequacy of moderate Reform.* By Jeremy Bentham, Esq. 8vo. pp. 406. Hunter. London, 1817.

“IT is true,” says the great Bacon, “that what is settled by custom, though it be not good, yet at least it is fit. And those things which have long gone together, are, as it were, confederate within themselves: whereas new things piece not so well; but though they help by their utility, yet they trouble by their in-conformity. Besides, they are like strangers, more admired and less favoured. All this is true if time stood still; which, contrariwise, moveth so round, that a froward retention of custom is as turbulent a thing as an innovation; and they that reverence old times are but a scorn to the new. It were good, therefore, that men in their innovations would follow the example of time itself, which indeed innovateth greatly, but quietly, and by degrees scarce to be perceived; for, otherwise, whatsoever is new is unlooked for.—It is good also not to try experiments in states, except the necessity be urgent, or the utility be evident; and well to beware that it be the reformation which draweth on the

change, and not the desire of change that pretendeth the reformation. And lastly, that the novelty, though it be not rejected, yet be held for a suspect; and as the Scripture saith, that we make a stand upon the ancient way, and then look round about us, and discover what is the straight and right way, and so to walk in it."

These were the sentiments of the man who looked at least as wisely and deeply into human affairs as any before or after him. And in the preamble to the Bill of Rights, is registered the declaration of the great men who composed the councils of that era of our liberties to this effect: "That the Lords spiritual and temporal, and Commons then assembled at Westminster (the parliament being then composed as it is now composed) *did lawfully, fully, and freely represent all the estates of the people of this realm.*"

When from these aphorisms of abstract and practical wisdom we turn to the pages of Mr. Oldfield's voluminous work, wherein the dogmas and propositions of modern reformers expand themselves in all their dulness and all their fury, we feel like travellers descending from a summit, from which the eye commands nature in all her real forms of substantial variety, into a lower region of mist and vapour, where false lights and deceptive magnitudes distract the vision and bewilder the fancy. Mr. Oldfield's book does at least one service to the community; it brings together, under one view, all the forms of argument which have been used against the representative system as it at present exists in practice. All the decantata, whatever has been said or sung a thousand thousand times from the Revolution to the present juncture, by political regenerators or reformers, philosophers or patriots, orators or empyrics, the deluders or the deluded, in favour of universal suffrage and annual parliaments, aided by an aggregation of facts and particulars all conspiring, as it is presumed, to the same end, are here produced in full confidence of settling a question, which has waited for its final solution for the birth of such a genius as that which has furnished to us the subject of our present examination. How great will be Mr. Oldfield's contempt of us, when he hears, if he hears of it at all, that, with all this array of argument and fact before us, we not only remain unconvinced of the necessity or expediency of any such reform as he recommends to us, but that we deem his book so destructive of his own purpose in writing it, that, if the suspicion did not convey a compliment to his wisdom, which it does by no means deserve, we should guess the whole compilation to be intended as *war in disguise* against the whole host of modern reformers. If we were really enemies to all reform and all improvement,—to that reform which engrafts upon experience, and that principle of improvement which unites with the principle of con-

servation, we might insidiously recommend this publication, the tendency whereof is, by its paramount silliness, to bring the very name of a thing into contempt, which, in its sober acceptation and sound application to the realities of human condition, ought to be for ever in our contemplation. But we will not make any indirect use of this author's imbecility. He might be used, to be sure, with great advantage against himself, by a wholesale recommendation of the work as it stands, with its dedicatory offering at the shrine of the Hampden Club, its denunciation of every act and thing obtruded upon us, in the course of our political history, between the Wittenagemote and Sir Francis Burdett; its derivation of our constitutional rights from the ancient Britons, and its contempt of Magna Charta, the Habeas Corpus Act, and Bill of Rights, as giving us only a portion of that liberty, which by birth and nature entirely belonged to us. But we do not wish to see too strong a counter-spirit excited against reform, or the term itself loaded with undistinguishing reproach. As the real interests of religion have deeply suffered by the use made of the term methodist, so the word reformist, by the arts and delusions practised under the pretence of reformation, may acquire a similar odium, and become equally decisive and denunciatory against every attempt at improvement. We, therefore, enter a sort of protest against this abuse of the term "reform," which is in truth as little descriptive of the real object which it is used to designate as the foolish phrase "Catholic emancipation."

The extent to which Mr. Oldfield carries his ideas of reform he is not slow in giving his readers fully to understand. He is quite sure there used to be at one period or another, no matter how remote, the exercise of an universal right of legislative interference diffusively vested in the whole population; and, according to him, a right once exercised in the earliest and rawest state of a people is to pass through all succeeding eras, in absolute defiance of all the changes and chances of mortal condition. In contending for the right of legislation in the people on this ground of primeval usage, it is not easy to see how the line of his argument connects with what his book professes to illustrate—the representative history of Great Britain. In the *commune concilium* which he finds to have existed among the ancient Britons, or in the Wittenagemote of the Saxons, he does not pretend to see any regular representation of the people; but he deduces a satisfactory proof of the presence of the commonalty of the kingdom at these Saxon national assemblies (it is too ridiculous to discuss the composition of the *commune concilium* of the Britons or the Germans), from the language of the royal edicts. He concludes, that as these decrees import to have been

made in the presence of the people, the people must have not only been auditors, but participators in all that was done or resolved at these assemblies; and that, therefore, the artisans, the peasants, and the paupers are, no less than the peers, the hereditary counsellors of the Crown.

In the year 855, Ethelpholf, King of the West Saxons, gave the tithe of his kingdom to the church by an act, the preamble of which states it to have been done with the advice of the bishops and chief men (the archbishops and bishops of all England being present and subscribing thereto, as also Beorred King of Mercia, and Edmund King of the East Angles), and of the abbots, abbesses, thanes, aldermen, and great men of the kingdom, and *an infinite number of other faithful people*, who all applauded the act of the King, &c. Now, says the author of this patriotic publication, "*Aliorumque fidelium infinita multitudo*" must, and can imply nothing but an unlimited number of the community. And in the same strain of argument he reasons from similar descriptive terms in a multitude of similar edicts; while no man but a stout reformer and patriot, like the author of this sapient work, can see any thing in the language of these ordinations to prove more than the simple fact that these laws so promulgated by our Saxon ancestors were made or confirmed in assemblies of the great men who signed what the prince proposed, while the privilege enjoyed by the attendant crowd was that of vociferating applause.

To us, and probably to most of our readers, this sort of *commune concilium* wears but little the appearance of a representative legislation; if it prove any interference at all by the common people, it was not an interference in the way of representation, but by acclamation; and indeed, in some parts of the work before us, it seems as if the author carried his respect for the original rights of the people beyond the privilege of speaking by a representative organ, to the assertion of a power in them of pronouncing in *propriis personis* their catholic consent or dissent to the laws. For our parts we verily believe that if for people we were to read "vassals," and for "faithful" obsequious, we should vary but little the substantial import of these terms.

The sense in which this author understands "people," whenever he finds that auspicious term in any of the ancient annals, is such as to favour his spirited line of politics at the expense of all reason and probability. Having discovered in Henry of Huntingdon, that Sigebert, King of the West Saxons, was expelled by the chief men and *people* of the whole kingdom, and Kenewolf elected in his stead, he leaps exultingly to the conclusion, that the Saxon people concurred with the nobility in

deposing one king and electing another, not in a tumultuous manner, but with a *parliamentary* deliberation and consent; taking care at the same time by printing "elected" in Italics, to prevent a word so big with inference from being lost upon the reader. With the same complacency this learned writer finds the elements of our constitutional freedom, and a profound argument for universal suffrage, in the practice of the Germans, as recorded by Tacitus, who says "*De minoribus rebus principes consultant, de majoribus omnes; ita tamen ut ea quoque, quorum apud plebem arbitrium est, apud principes pertractentur.*" In high spirits from this discovery of the majesty of the people among the ancient Germans, and their superiority in council and cabinet deliberation, he proceeds in his learned career to the Commentaries of Cæsar, by whom he finds it said of the same nation that "Neither hath any one a certain field, or proper boundaries; but the magistrates and chief men in *every* year apportion to a tribe of people, who live together, a certain quantity of land, according to their number, and after a year remove them to another place. *Ut animi equitate plebem contineant, quum suis quisque opes cum potentissimis æquari videat.*" From this passage it were natural for such a reasoner as Mr. Oldfield to argue for the agrarian principle of distribution; but by what process of ratiocination he deduces from it an argument for the *representative* system of annual parliaments and universal suffrage it is very difficult to comprehend; yet he thus sums up the evidence of these classical quotations: "Hence it is not only evident that the people at large had their representation, but that the *commune concilium* was held once at least in every year." It is by this sort of reasoning that our author proves what he undertakes in his preface to demonstrate "that the representative system is as ancient as the establishment of civil society in the world."

This "*commune concilium*" of the ancient Germans and Britons we are here informed was succeeded by the Wittenagemote, or Saxon National Council; and although, to be sure, there is little trace of a representative legislation from the time of Edward the Confessor to King John, still he observes that "during that period, as far as was practicable, when the assemblies of the nation were no longer convened in open plains, none of the inferior orders of freemen residing in or near the place where the parliament met were excluded from attending it *in their own persons*, the number of them being only limited by the capaciousness of the building or place in which they were assembled." The author's penetrating vision then discovers to him a scot and lot system of representation until the reign of Henry VI., when by the eighth of that Prince the nation was disfranchised by the

restriction of the right of suffrage for counties to the freehold qualification of forty shillings a-year.

The truth seems to be, that the little ability which the writer of these volumes possesses is quite lost in the expansion of his subject, while he seems sincerely bent upon some vague purpose of showing how many fine privileges we have lost of destroying our own happiness, and how exalted was the genius of those ancient establishments, wherein, as he supposes, every man was a legislator who could halloo loud enough to be heard in those great agrarian councils in which the nation's business was dispatched in a day.

That in those dark periods of our history which preceded and succeeded to the conquest, many of the elements of our present free constitution are discernible;—that by some favouring circumstances in the primary composition and first forms of society, the ground-work was laid for that lofty structure which has since been reared;—that the popular division of the country into jurisdictions of greater or less extent, and the frequent opportunities afforded the people of assembling, or attending assemblies, where transactions of public interest were under consideration, or at least promulged and ratified, imparted an impulse to the national character, a capacity for freedom, a plastic vigour of political feeling, which through various fortunes has given us a constitution the work of centuries, the product of mind conspiring with, or controuling, events,—we both feel and acknowledge: but that we are to look for the model of our constitution in these rude and simple beginnings, or that any perfect form of liberty and law, or indeed any thing more than the materials and mind, out of which the complex, and mixed, and well-adapted frame of polity under which we now live and flourish has arisen, is to be there discerned, is a position ridiculous or dangerous, according as it is assumed for the purpose of speculation or practice. The word “people,” so often occurring in the description of the persons composing or present at the national councils in our early history, has been seized upon by this author, as deciding the fact that what he treats as our primitive constitution was entirely popular and free: a word, so flexible and ambiguous in its import, it was easy to make subservient even to the argument of this imbecile dabbler in politics. But it is very evident to every man who reads the annals and records of our early history, not with the mind of a party-politician, but as an honest inquirer after truth and fact, that the people of no property in those times were of no moment in the state, and that none but a writer deliberately setting about the proof of the hereditary right to universal suffrage could imagine that, when Edward the Confessor, in a great council, granted the charter to the

Abbey of Westminster, "*certain episcopis, abbatibus, comitibus, et omnibus optimatibus Angliæ, omnique populo audiente et vidente,*" or, that when Canute in the fifth year of his reign held a council of his archbishops, dukes, earls, and abbots, "*cum quam plurimis gregariis militibus, et cum populi multitudine copiosa,*" the persons implied by the term "people" were admitted to any deliberative share in these councils, or were present in any other character than as spectators of the solemnity, and as witnesses to proclaim and preserve the memory of the transactions. A man must be worse than ignorant, the dupe of the veriest party cant, to suppose the term "wites," or "wise men," to comprehend within its meaning the common people, or lowest orders of the community, at a time when nothing gave importance but property, and property was little else than that which the sword had carved out for the first possessor.

It is clear, however, from the tenour of history, that the Witenagemote, loose as was its texture and constitution, meeting at various places, sometimes in open fields, summoned at the monarch's pleasure, at Christmas, Easter, or Whitsuntide, and completing its duties in the compass of a day, did yet comprise many popular ingredients, and has laid the foundation of our liberties by affording a precedent, which the country has never in the most arbitrary periods totally forgotten, for the participation of the people in the great work of legislation. During the greatest portion of its continuance, it is probable that none of the people composed a part of it but those who possessed a free property in land of a certain extent; and as these allodial tenements were probably very numerous in the earlier periods of the Saxon history, before they were merged in the larger masses of feudal acquisition, towards which state they were tending rapidly, even before the Norman conquest, it may safely be inferred that the Witenagemote admitted a considerable proportion of what may, in the better sense, be called "the people." Such being the case, one cannot help being amused at finding this writer so fierce against what he rhetorically calls the disfranchising statute of the 8th Henry VI. whereby a freehold of forty shillings a-year was made the qualification for a vote for a county member, and so vehement in his admiration of the popular form of an institution which annexed the same right to a similar species of property at a time when the obvious tendency of such property was towards aristocratical accumulation. The Saxon qualification took in fewer of the people as the feudal system advanced; while on the other hand, as the value of money decreased, the forty shillings' qualification increased in popular expansion. Such, however, has been the obloquy in which this statute of Henry VI. stands among

modern patriots and reformers, that they scruple not to deny its validity on the ground of its being a disfranchisement of inferior descriptions of property, while the very reform of the representation, which is the object of their present clamour, involves the disfranchisement of cities and boroughs whose privileges have existed for centuries. It is not, however, that we quarrel with this right of disfranchisement, or deny the power of radical change in its fullest extent to the sovereign authority of the state, but that we deny the power which these ridiculous declaimers assume of holding statutes invalid when they touch what they pronounce inviolable, and yet demanding at the hands of parliament the demolition of whatever privileges are opposed to their theories of constitutional perfection, however remotely derived, and established by continuance, and what is of infinitely more importance to the validity of any title, however proved by posterior events, to be at least consistent with an unparalleled extent of national prosperity, if not instrumentally concerned in its preparation and development.

But what we mean, say they, is this:—All that you have been urging supposes our constitution to be a compounded result of the various agency of charters, concessions, grants, customs, and conventional and legislative acts, working together with time and accident, and emergency, and the multiplied operation of causes, moral and physical, and complexional, sometimes silent and slow, sometimes loud and decisive, partly involuntary and un contemplated, and partly the product of experimental sagacity; but we on the other hand consider all these influences, additions, and modifications as so many usurpations, disfiguring and contaminating that pure constitution which flourished among our Saxon ancestors, and under which the people lived happy, free, and protected. Now supposing this argument to be grounded on a right assumption of the fact, the next proposition necessary to complete the premises, and which must be made good before the conclusion intended can be arrived at, is this, that the same political institutions which were adapted to the state and condition of society before the conquest, are equally calculated to secure moral freedom, equal justice, and a steady government in the present internal and external relations of this great country. But the fact assumed is notoriously false, or stupidly mistaken. It is rashly, or mischievously deduced from a garbled selection of incidents, in themselves full of contradiction and uncertainty, but never difficult to extract and embody out of the anomalous transactions of a rude age; which partial inferences are greatly assisted by strained interpretations of the vague and general terms used by ancient writers, who, not anticipating the blunders or the controversies of after times, were little circumspect in their

phrasology; while the plain conclusions from undisputed facts which present to us the actual state of the country when in the hands of our unlettered ancestors is designedly overlooked.

It is not to be denied that the laws of Ethelbert, Ina, Alfred, Edward the Elder, Athelstan, Edmund, Edgar, Ethelred, Edward the Confessor, and even of Canute the Great, prove the existence of a legal and limited government. Yet even in the best times of that obscure period, the principles and objects of legislation were so imperfectly understood, and private and public wrongs so ineffectually provided against, the great were so raised above the controul, and the feeble so depressed below the protection of law, that nothing but gross prejudice or mischievous design could so pervert the truth as to bring the present times into a degrading comparison with that barbarous age.

With respect to the state of things at the Norman conquest, and the consequences of that great event in times succeeding, a vast diversity of opinions has prevailed; nor have the accumulated labours of antiquarian research at all tended to settle disputes, but rather to furnish conflicting testimonies and discordant materials, from which each side of the controversy has recruited its strength. According to De Lolme, the Norman tyranny crushed and confounded all orders and degrees under its irresistible weight; and in the dense assimilation of all interests under this involuntary union he discerns the origin of an organized spirit of resistance diffusing itself over the land, and a sympathy of feeling extending itself from the noble to the peasant. Here this popular writer imagined he had discovered the source of our liberties, and explained the enigma of our constitution. According to his theory, our liberties had their birth in the struggles consequent upon this state of things, without any reference to a higher period. Others see little or nothing of this compromise between the high and low, rich and poor, under the first kings of the Norman dynasty; and consider it as a period in which the minds of men full of martial enterprise, claims of service, challenges of right, territorial disputes, private feuds, and personal aggrandizement, had neither leisure nor liberality, nor elevation, to comprehend the principles of social freedom, and the maxims of equal justice. And there are others who, in the midst of Norman barbarism and tyranny, trace the operation of that ancient spirit which animated the Saxon councils, and discern the fire still glowing in its embers, and refusing to be smothered by feudal bondage or military domination. Each of these different views of the interval between the Conquest and Magna Charta may find some support in the annals which have brought down its confused and meagre details, and they are by no means contradictory or inconsistent; but a clear conviction arises in every

impartial mind from a comparison of the accounts of most weight and research, and from a candid attention to the indications of facts, that no representative legislation substantially existed in this country before the reign of Henry III.; or that, after that reign, although the form of a representative House of Commons began to appear, any constancy or ascendancy displayed itself in its proceedings before the succession of the house of Tudor. No one, says the well-informed writer of the "*Observations on the ancient Statutes*," who reads the old historians and chronicles, will discern any strong allusion to, or trace of it (i. e. the interference of the Commons in the legislation), if he does not sit down to the perusal with the intention of proving that they formed a component part of it.

The feudal system was a political anomaly. It comprehended elements the most jarring and discordant. Its character was diversified by every variety of human condition and temper: impatient and submissive, disorderly and disciplined, fierce, devout, loyal, turbulent, volatile, severe; encircled with brass, yet always bursting its confines; and amidst fits and starts of freedom and slavery, of prostration and power, at once the ruin and support of empire, and shaking with incessant vibration the battlements of its restless abode. In such a state every speculative politician might easily find the foundations of his favourite argument. Insulated facts and extraordinary crises present themselves in abundance; and upon the waves of so tumultuous a scene any theory will be found to float. It is only to assume these particular crises as the ordinary attitude of the country, and the case is made out to the prejudiced or superficial reader; and such a misjudging man, even as the author of the work before us, may, by such a selection, pass a cheat upon the sense of half the nation. The vision of a perfect constitution may thus be made to flit before the fancy, in obedience to the wand of every vulgar professor of the black art; and the deluded villager and hungry artisan may thus be enticed from home and happiness in the pursuit of an empty shadow.

But the feudal system, though it placed men in very diversified attitudes, afforded no natural play to the human passions and dispositions. It was too rigidly and coercively fashioned and composed. It made no allowance for the changeful progression of human things as society advances in its moral career. For the continuance of the feudal scheme, mind and property were required to be stationary; but still out of its own arrangements was supplied a stimulus which kept the faculties in motion: knowledge and discovery opened the door of improvement, wants were multiplied, and intercourse expanded, till at length enterprise and commerce burst the barrier, and property spread in all directions.

A state of things gradually succeeded which not only dissolved the relations and proportions on which the feudal fabric depended, and gave importance and dignity to new orders and ranks of persons, but with these changes introduced new notions of right, and justice, and security, which, as circumstances and conjunctures ripened them into operation, have resulted in a liberty tempered by law, which it should be our present policy to preserve rather than to enlarge.

But our foolish or insidious reformists will not accept their liberty with this title. They will not take it as the result of knowledge and experience. They claim it by a title paramount to all experience—as the spontaneous product of some golden period expanding with the luxuriance of untutored nature. Having once determined upon the era of its existence, an era of blind antiquity, they fancy they trace its isolated form and majestic features through all the subsequent mazes of the feudal history: they see it in the midst of the military tenures and forest laws, and breathing and struggling, however oppressed, under the massive and momentous power of the first feudal crowns in the plenitude of their prerogative and financial independence.

But the absurdity of these speculations is manifest to every unbiassed reader of English history. He sees, indeed, that when the profusion, ambition, or enthusiasm of the Norman race of kings engaged them in exhausting expeditions and protracted wars, beyond the extent of the feudal military service, the vast resources to which we have been adverting became insufficient; that the monarchs were compelled, by their lust of aggrandizement, to turn to the people for assistance, and thus a basis of compromise and reciprocal concession became gradually established: that kings began to feel their dependence, and subjects their power, but not in a corresponding ratio: that the people, inflated with their new acquisitions, demanded a quicker surrender than suited the prejudices of habitual power, till a struggle and collision ensued, which ended in the sudden dissolution of the monarchy, and the sanguinary fate of the Prince upon the throne.

It is through this fiery process that our liberties have been elaborated: not cast at once, but wrought by degrees, and hammered out to their present temper and toughness. We shall find neither their moulds nor their models in any of the charters, or edicts, or acts of government which took place in our first feudal reigns. The charter of William I. for the disjunction of the old jurisdictions of the county courts, implies nothing beyond the mandate of the Prince, flowing from his own authority, accompanied by the advice of his council. The charter of Henry I. which was the model of the great charter, emanated from the sole undisputed authority of the monarch;

and, as Mr. Hume observes, "was unfit to be the deed of any one who possessed not the whole legislative power, and who might not at pleasure revoke his concessions." The reign of Henry II. is full of instances of the assumption of the power of legislation by the Prince. The assembly at Clarendon was the organ of the royal will, displayed both in the enactment and alteration of law. Nor is there in the exercise of that will any surmise of the sanction or concurrence of the national council. The great charter itself contained no express provision for an improved system of legislation. It was, indeed, a precedent for limiting the power of the monarch, and has been a guide to succeeding ages in the policy of legislation and the principles of freedom; but the parliament owes nothing of its specific constitution to this cherished law. The word *parliament*, which is of French origin, when first known to this country, expressed little more than the great Court Baron of the King as the paramount superior, which, though it maintained a jurisdiction over the whole kingdom, was long in acquiring any functions of legislation, and had at first, perhaps, no higher province than to register the royal decrees, and to give advice when it was asked. It seems in the first two Norman reigns to have been composed only of the immediate vassals of the crown; and the principal business which engaged their attention, was naturally the adjustment of the rights and duties of the feudal relation, until, in the reign of Henry I. the ecclesiastical dignitaries became a component part of these assemblies, and then the church and its rights came under discussion; but on general and civil concerns, we see nothing in them of legislative measures or debates.

Still, however, they were assemblies for purposes of great concernment. Meetings of men of such high birth and pretensions would naturally occasion some fermentation of mind, so that it is probable they were seldom dissolved without some advance in public wisdom, and improved impressions of political liberty. Meanwhile the crown became needy, the feudal masses broken, charters were multiplied, and disputed successions became the frequent sources of compromise between the kings, the nobility, and the people. Forfeitures and regrants, the consequences of the civil wars, diffused and subdivided property; and the crown, in its endeavour to reduce the pride and contumacy of the nobility, called up the people into political importance. Thus tenures became split and multiplied, and the qualification for seats in the national councils extended over a larger description of the general population.

We should be glad to trace the steps by which the real dignity and proper office of parliaments came to be understood and established, among which the statute of *quia emptores terrarum*,

18 Ed. I. in opening channels for the dispersion of overgrown estates, was among the most silent but most effective; but for such a task we have neither room nor leisure. We can only, in a rapid course, run over a few particulars. The statute to which we have just alluded, by permitting the sale of lands, and putting a stop to the lengthening chain of tenures, services, and subinfeudation, promoted into consequence a new order of men; and in multiplying tenants *in capite*, diminished the dignity but increased the attendance at the great courts baron, and infused into them a more popular spirit. The probability is, for no cautious man can speak of these matters with any stronger assurance than probability, that, while the greater barons would, by their fastidious secession from these assemblies, gradually form themselves into a select order, a greater expansion would, by degrees, be given to the quality of the new attendants. Landholders, not in the feudal relation of crown vassals, would thus, it is probable, become summonable to these assemblies; and as personal attendance grew irksome and expensive, a delegation of some of their order, in behalf of themselves and others, would soon suggest itself as an alleviation of the burthen of their new privileges. In this manner an aperture was made for the perpetual introduction of fresh popular ingredients, till the Commons' House of Parliament assumed a consistent form, and the difficulties to which monarchs were reduced, by domestic and foreign contests, forced from them a series of grants, that continually widened the representative basis. It is in the reign of Henry IV. that we find it enacted, that "all who should be present at the county court next after the delivery of the writ to the sheriff, should be entitled to vote for the knights of shires;" the disorders consequent upon which extension of the privilege occasioned the restriction by the act of the eighth Henry VI.

That numerous privileges and immunities had very early been bestowed upon towns by royal patrons, is historically clear. In the great charter they are not only mentioned, but provision is made for their not being taxed, unless by their own consent, which will appear less surprising if we consider that by their charters of incorporation many of them were put upon the level of the immediate vassals of the crown. These towns corporate, as well as the boroughs, or towns of ancient demesne, would naturally be among the first to furnish instances of representative delegation. But the coalition of knights and burgesses into one assembly, distinct from that of the greater barons, which was the proper era of parliament, in the present constitutional understanding of that term, history does not enable us to ascertain, whatever peculiar illuminations on this subject may have set all these matters so clear to Mr. Oldfield and our modern reformers.

During the whole reign of Henry III., the participation of the Commons in the legislation of the country was in a natural train of development, till, about the middle of the reign of his son, this popular branch of our free constitution became complete as to the formation and permanence of its acknowledged principles, and the theory of its general rights.

It was, however, very long after the constitution of parliament had been thus confirmed, before it was efficient and free in the exercise of its legitimate powers. Through the reigns of the three Edwards, the burgesses were very irregularly summoned, the election arbitrarily influenced and controuled, and themselves neglected or intimidated. The members in general felt the attendance a burden, and often confessed themselves unequal to the task of legislation. Their duties appear to have been considered rather as occasionally than constantly, or essentially necessary; and if the monarch sometimes asked for their advice, he as often compelled their submission. It is, indeed, well worthy of observation, how little the first construction of this popular frame of our government proceeded from the people themselves. The statute, *de tallagio concedendo*, which, by taking from the King the power to tax the royal demesnes, independently of parliament, put the staff of the empire into the hands of the people, was the work of the barons; an event which decidedly characterizes the reign of Edward the First, as the true era of the commencement of our liberties: since which time, though with very unequal pace, sometimes unobserved, sometimes seeming to be stationary, and sometimes to lose ground, they maintained a progression tumultuous or steady, virtual or decisive, firm or vacillating, through a series of eventful reigns, to that Revolution, which was peacefully accomplished by the triumph of temper, unanimity, and wisdom, over bigotry, superstition, and the arbitrary abuse of power.

Edward III. was often reduced by his wants, which followed in the train of his military glory, to treat his Commons with distinction and complaisance; but it was in the twelfth year of his reign that we find an interference of the grossest kind with the rights and independence of parliament. Badwin, Calne, Malmsbury, and Marleburgh, had sent members to that assembly, in the preceding part of the same reign; and yet, in the year above-mentioned, the sheriff of Wilts returned for Sarum, Wilton, and Dowton only, alleging that there were no more cities and boroughs in his county; and Mr. Prynne, as well as Dr. Brady, mentions many other similar instances. The last-mentioned writer, indeed, observes that boroughs might be so poor as not to be able to pay the wages of the members, or that there might not be, in certain boroughs, two persons fit for the trust, the persons then chosen being really townsmen or burgesses.

In the reign of Richard II. we find petitions upon grievances frequent; but in these petitions we generally see marks of the subserviency of the Commons to the views of the aristocracy, who preferred originating the measures against the crown and its favourites in this way; and in this growing practice we discover the foundation of that formidable engine of popular security—the right of impeachment.

Throughout the arbitrary reigns of the Tudors, the Commons, amidst affronts and contemptuous disregard, were in a steady course of advancement; and the little consideration in which they were held, except when called upon to lend themselves to the crown, in reducing the ascendancy of the old nobility, permitted them to accumulate, without observation, their active force for that season of contest which the circumstances of the country were preparing, and which the crown itself was accelerating in utter ignorance of the tendencies of the times. While the exemption from arrests, the exclusive jurisdiction of elections, the postponement of the royal veto to the conclusion of the question under debate, and other similar accessions of strength, were confirming the power of the Commons, the prerogative, though conceding nothing of its pretensions, was losing fast its substance and resources, till the inevitable hour arrived which brought the monarch and people directly into conflict, without any intervening influences to save the country from the shock of the collision. The error of Charles I. was this, that he totally mistook the condition of the country, nor saw the place into which the power of the state had insensibly been transferred. With the restoration of the monarchy, things could not settle into their former places. The effects of the jar, and the violence of the dislocation, were long felt in the labour and friction with which the machine of government worked. But in the midst of great disorder, a harmony of parts and a general adjustment of powers were in a train of procedure, conducted rather by events than by counsel. Although, in this stage of our history, it is evident that the film of political prejudices and habits had, in a great measure, fallen from the eyes of the nation, and men began to perceive that liberty was not a gift that fell from heaven like manna upon the wilderness; but rose from the earth, the gradual product of cultivation and the seasons, and full of the indigenous properties of the soil.

Having gained its great points, the Commons were now too securely strong to be timorously violent; they felt their own strength, and discerned the weak places of their antagonist. One of their earliest proceedings, therefore, was to despoil the crown of the prerogatives of wardship and marriage, of the influence derived from which history gives us many curious instances, and

at once to remove from existence what the genius of the times had made it dangerous to use—the feudal apparatus of military tenures. The courts of star-chamber, and high commission, and the vague jurisdiction of martial law, had all sunk into obloquy and disgrace, and every vestige of undefined power was now melted down into the settled forms of distributive justice, of which the rights of juries were the prominent part.

Still, however, till the seventh of William III. bribery at elections of members of parliament was provided against by no positive and specific law; and during the reign of that prince, in whose time the dependance of the crown upon the people for its effective strength was fully developed, the natural effort of government to maintain the balance of estates, and the efficiency of the executive, was displayed in the exercise of what may be called *direct and open influence*, in contradistinction to that milder species which it has since assumed. Charles II. was unblushing in the use of influence; neither moral nor political shame intercepted the career of his profligacy: his means were as devoid of honour as his objects were destitute of principle. But this was ultimately beneficial to the cause of freedom. His careless abuse of such resources as remained to him revealed in their true character his means and his ends, and served as an index to the points of attack and the sources of danger; so that every fresh budding of the old prerogative influence was cut off as it sprouted, and the sceptre came into the hand of William like that of Achilles, leafless and sapless, and shorn of its luxuriance; but polished, and hardened, and bound in iron to resist the injuries of time and exposure. By something little short of a maxim of the constitution, which became established in this reign, the *veto* has fallen into disuse, and lies as a resource of exigence in the archives of government. Its disappearance was coincident with a necessary practical change in the constitution. And as we are here speaking our mind, without the least regard to consequences as far as they affect ourselves, and with an utter contempt for brawling patriotism, we declare our opinion to be, that the substance of that mild government under which we live must necessarily have long ago disappeared, and left a gaping and gloomy void for the substitution of an arbitrary and military domination, had not an *indirect influence* been the fruit of the struggle of the constitution to preserve its own existence. It was the effort of its very nature, under the stress and emergency of its new predicament.

It must either be a government of force or favour; unless any one is so happy in his opinion of his species as to think that men, in the gross, are to be governed by truth and argument, independently of their passions, their prejudices, and their immediate love of themselves. Such a doctrine is sure to be

popular with the multitude, and is, therefore, the eternal theme of those who compliment to betray them. Nothing can restore the royal negative upon bills which have passed both houses of parliament to its safe and ordinary exercise. That which has grown into an aphorism of polity, by the practice of the constitution and the consolidation of public opinion, has little less of authority, and much more radical permanence, than law itself; and when Lord Shelburne, in the year 1782, in lieu of the influence which the proposed reform was to abolish, surmised the necessity of restoring the obsolete exercise of the royal negative, he suggested a thing of most dangerous experiment, if not plainly visionary, and at the same time illustrated the necessity for the substitution of a certain degree of influence in the place of the veto, thus withdrawn from use, to support the equilibrium of the state. Our modern reformers talk sometimes in a similar strain; they are for taking entirely from the crown the influence which may be safely and beneficially used, and restoring an authority which has never been lost, except in as much as it can never safely be used; and which is incapable of being restored in practice until the national sentiment can be altered by enactment. The legislative interference of the crown has little more than a speculative or potential existence, in its attributes of legal and avowed prerogative; in its capacity of influence it has its proper scope and bearing; and though this influence may be obnoxious in its excess, or its abuse, and is a proper subject of jealousy and restraint, yet without it there plainly can be no executive in this country: the theory of the constitution might exist in name, like the consular function under the sceptre of the Cæsars; but what we now call the government would be no more.

It is now apparent how low we are fallen below the standard of good Mr. Oldfield's patriotism and purity. So far is he from regarding the revolution, which brought the Prince of Orange to the throne, as the era of the confirmation of our liberties, that he disdainfully rejects the boon it conferred, and, in plain terms, declares that "he does not hesitate to date the decline of our constitution from the Revolution." He pathetically laments that the parliament began now to have an understanding with the crown, and that the former struggles between the people and the prerogative were from this time at an end. Into such exquisite nonsense is he transported by his feelings on this subject, that, in the hurry of his resentment, he complains that what he is pleased to call "our constitutional right of inheritance," meaning the universality of the elective franchise, which he says the people held by the ancient common law of the land, and which they had enjoyed from generation to generation for 1200 years, was destroyed at this period of our history. Such is the incoherent manner in

which this political philosopher rambles beyond the bounds of his limited capacity, negligent of landmarks, whether they define what lies within the province of his own intellect, or what is properly a part of the mixed and moral question on which he has thought fit to dilate. His indignation at the parliaments of King William makes him, for a moment, forgive or forget all the encroachments of the Plantagenets, and Tudors, and Stuarts, together with the disfranchising statute of Henry VI. We have in one place the constitution placed upon its derivative authority, and brought down to us as an inherited right; but in another place we are told of the "inherent right of suffrage," and of "the sound reason" with which the Duke of Richmond declared that "every man, not labouring under natural or moral disability, had this *inherent right*, paramount to all considerations of civil or political expediency," which is the true creed of the whole body of Palace-yard reformers, and the quintessence of all their dogmas upon the subject. And this is the government intended by Mr. Oldfield when he speaks of it in page 493 of his second volume, as "founded upon the common rights of mankind, in which" O sage remark, "wisdom and honesty are the only qualifications necessary for a member of parliament," and "so" in his usual spirit of consistency, he declares, "it continued down for 1,200 years!"

We think we shall not misstate the meaning, as far as they honestly have any, of all our distinguished reformers, whether of Palace-yard, or of the Livery of London, if we consider the writer of the volumes before us as the organ of their universal suffrage; and it is on that account that we pay him the greater attention. As we have adverted to some passages of his work (see vol. ii. p. 504), where the merits of the Revolution in 1688 appear to have been forgotten, it is but justice to him to observe, that, although he has in one place dated the "decline of our constitution" from that event, he has in another expressed himself in the following terms:

"Thus have we seen, through the whole course of four reigns, a continued struggle maintained between the crown and the people. Privilege and prerogative were ever at variance. The revolution forms a new epoch in the constitution, and was attended perhaps with consequences more advantageous to the people, than barely freeing them from an exceptionable administration, by deciding many important questions in favour of liberty, and still more by that great precedent of deposing one king, and establishing a new family, it gave such an ascendent to popular principles, as has put the nature of the English constitution beyond all controversy. And it may justly be affirmed, that this country has since enjoyed, if not the best system of government, at least the most entire system of liberty that was ever known among mankind." (Vol. i. p. 364.)

"Thus we may perceive on what solid and consistent grounds the opinions of reformers rest; and we see how reconciled this writer in particular appears to become to the whole spirit and consequences of the Revolution, when he recollects the "great precedent" it afforded "of deposing one king, and establishing a new family." In another place, Mr. Oldfield comes much nearer to our own views of the happy change that took place in the practice of our constitution at the period of the Revolution. In considering the bill which in 1731 had passed the Commons, and was thrown out by the Lords, the object whereof was to disable all persons from sitting in parliament who enjoyed any place under, or received any pension from the crown, he very properly observes, that "A parliament absolutely independent of the crown, would in a short time infallibly reduce the crown to a state of dependence on itself. It is not," continues he, "by the perpetual conflicts of authority, but by the reciprocal dependence of the different branches of government, that the balance of the constitution, and the harmony of its movements, are most effectually preserved. A total annihilation of that influence, the dangerous and prodigious preponderance of which this bill was wisely calculated to check, would be attended with a train of political evils." Now this is in truth as much our sentiment as it is that of the author of this work: if he will allow the importance of this influence in a certain degree, we are satisfied, and our opinion of the salutary change in this respect introduced at the revolution is fully justified: the remaining difference is only as to the quantum, and that is a question, as we suppose, wholly to be settled by reference to actual experience, and the state of liberty and law, or, in other words, of practical prosperity enjoyed since the period under consideration. Now then we have only to advert to the admission of Mr. Oldfield himself on the point of actual enjoyment, and then the whole question between the author and ourselves will be set at rest, all else being the mere fillings up of his volume with the ephemeral cant of liberty and suffrage, and our Saxon constitution. For, says our author, in a lucid interval which occurs in page 364 of his first volume, "it may justly be affirmed, that this country has since (*i. e.* since the revolution of 1688, and since a government of influence has succeeded to that of prerogative) enjoyed, if not the best system of government, at least the best system of liberty, that was ever known among mankind." Now really after this, we will not quarrel with the author about words; we are content if we are allowed to have had since the period in question "the best system of liberty;" because we think that the *best system* of liberty must include and imply the best system of government;—at least, as good a system as any which

Sir Francis Burdett, or Major Cartwright, or any other of our most sapient reformers, could give us, or of which our Saxon ancestors have bequeathed us the model. The principle of indirect influence is conceded, and the degree in which it has been exercised on the part of our kings and their ministers has been such as, according to the admissions of Mr. Oldfield himself, to have produced, or, at least, to have been consistent with, the "best system of liberty that was ever known among mankind." If these two or three sentences of the work could be made to stand out in sufficient prominence, we should not anticipate any harm from its most extended circulation at the eve of the ensuing election, since it does, upon every principle of common sense, make all the rest of the publication nonsense: for if, under this system of influence, such as it has been in its actual exercise, we have for a century and a quarter possessed the "best system of liberty that the world ever enjoyed," what absolute need can there be of a total, or indeed, any change in our representative system; and what need have we to call in the Hampden Club to reform us; or, lastly, how are we to believe that this writer himself knows what he means, or intends what he says, in his dedication to this ridiculous aggregation of self-assured beings, that "the inequality of representation is by far the worst feature of that complicated wrong by which the liberty and property of the nation are given into the hands of the borough faction." Upon Mr. Oldfield's own statement, it appears that in whatever hands our liberty has been placed, it has been in excellent keeping, since it has continued since the revolution to be "the best system of liberty that the world has ever known."

For our own parts, we are satisfied that our constitution, in its present form and practical state, *works well*, and that, however irreconcilable it may be to the *à priori* reasonings of the grave men now engaged in proving the necessity of change, it has done its business effectually. We look not for it in a well-adjusted balance of powers, correcting each other by their opposite tendencies, without intermixture or confusion,—a specious theory, and not altogether untrue—but we turn our eyes to the great floor, the Commons' House of Parliament, and we are glad to find that where the springs of government are fixed, and the arm of the lever is stationed, the King and the nobles have a share in the action imparted to the machine;—that all orders of the community are there virtually present;—that, according to the words of the preamble to the Bill of Rights, it lawfully, fully, and freely, represents *all the estates* of the people of this realm.

With respect to the quantity of influence that may safely exist in an active state, it is very constitutionally wise to regard it al-

ways as a subject of jealous inquiry and cautious restraint; but it is impossible, on any general principle, to determine the limitation or degree. Scarcely a man so foolish is to be found as to deny that some there must be; but the problem of *how much* is only to be solved by the sagacity which experience produces. One advantage it has—that of being a moral subject, and by its nature obsequious in a certain degree to public sentiment; always liable, on being too far urged, to the reaction of opinion, and amenable to the constant check of a free press and zealous spirit of inquiry. Another advantage it also has—that of being in some measure, perhaps in a greater measure than has commonly been observed, the offspring of those very conjunctures which requires its exertion, and so constituted as to rise and fall in a degree somewhat proportioned to the temporary sacrifices which may be called for by the crises of the state. We have had some reason of late years to know that, without this auxiliary by its side, no government could have sustained that continuance of effort which has crowned with glory a struggle for life. Preparations on so vast a scale were accompanied by a proportionate expansion of influence; but no reasonable and honest man contends that there was any safety but in victory, or that victory was attainable without perseverance, or that perseverance was possible amidst temporary suffering, popular clamour, and the arts of the ambitious or disaffected, without the sustaining force of that extraordinary influence which the extraordinary exigence supplied. To increase this influence by purposely increasing the burthens and sacrifices of the nation, would never occur to a minister that loves his elevation; since it is clear to the commonest capacity that all such temporary influence is much more than counterbalanced by the permanent loss on the side of popularity; and it is impossible for any minister not to see that the broad influence of character and ability must after all be the basis on which alone a durable power can be erected.

In estimating, moreover, the danger of the influence of the crown, it is important to have regard to the degree in which an antagonist influence may exist in the country. There is a sort of set-off to it in the opulence, the education, the eloquence, and the artifices, enlisted and marshalled in opposition to the ordinary and necessary measures of the executive government. It is much to be doubted, whether the influence of the crown, which has certainly increased greatly within the last half century, has yet kept pace with the increasing weight which a multitude of causes have thrown into the popular scale. Wealth, education, intelligence, and the consequent diffusion of political inquiry, mark the improved condition of the people, and are to be hailed as the indications of our national prosperity; but they do not

facilitate the course of government, or enable it to dispense with any of its accustomed collateral supports. It is true that the increase of wealth, and the habits it induces, have a natural tendency to lay the mind open to corrupt influence, and to dispose men to sell themselves for preferment; but this is only within the circle which the means of influence can embrace; among the far greater proportion of those who are raised into an atmosphere of new wants and appetites by the diffusion of wealth, a captious spirit of discontent, an irritable and envious feeling towards all authority not exercised by themselves, a disposition to disturb, to traverse, to torment, and to defame the great, the glorious, and even the good, in elevated station and function, are the ordinary returns of our corrupt nature to the Divine source of our felicity. An active mind in the people requires a wakeful attention in government to the sources of its efficiency, and the means of its preservation. That intelligence which is observed to be increasing among the people at large is never characterized in its application to the principles of a mixed government by those mixed regards which the nature of the subject demands: history, and experience, and practical results, are not the media through which they contemplate the great process of government, and the moral frame of our civil polity: they see only parts of the system detached, uncombined, and as they appear in their immediate effects, and of those effects they may generally be allowed to possess a quick and accurate feeling; but in reasoning from these parts to the whole, the diffused intelligence of which we have been speaking is sure to be the source of crude speculation and superficial temerity. It gives a dangerous activity and bias to physical force, and places it more at the disposal of men of bad designs. Upon the whole, therefore, though these remarks are not offered as objections to the adoption of every means of improving the mass of the people in the lowest grades,—properly grounded, proportioned, and directed, we care not how copiously instruction is administered—yet in reference to this great question of influence, we cannot doubt that a necessity has arisen out of the improved condition of the country, for a larger measure of it to maintain the effective administration of the executive government.

The error or the malice of some of our modern writers* on the nature and principles of government is this; that they are always looking to the elements of power, and delighting in naked questions of competency, which presently bring them to their favourite theorem, that the government is really in the people, and that kings and their ministers are only their organs and in-

* See Edinb. Rev. No. XL. p. 325, et seq.

struments. This in a large and philosophical sense may be true enough; monarchs, and magistrates, and statesmen, and legislators, have only the natural powers of body and mind by which they can, as individuals act or determine; what other powers they have are derivative and borrowed, and may be taken away by the people if they combine to do it. But what advantage is to be obtained from thus perpetually recurring in our speculations to the magazine of original power, and reasoning from possibilities rather than existences we do not understand. We think it best and safest to put mere human force, and the muscular privilege of the numerical majority, out of contemplation, and to consider civil society as under a new hypothetical arrangement, in which physical power is placed under the appointments of a moral dispensation. In our own government, we are sure it is the safest and the wisest theory to consider the monarch as bearing a rightful hereditary sceptre, the nobility as having right to their honours quite independent of the people; and the natural powers of the multitude, as merged in their civil and social relations. We apprehend that it can never be necessary for practical purposes to go to the first elements of society, and ascertain the origin and source of power. We have now only to do with its modifications and distribution in the organized scheme of our constitutional liberties; and it is in this view that we recognize the value of a system of mutual checks. The whole theory of our constitution, as it arises out of experience, thus easily unfolds itself to our view; and the necessity for such a degree of influence in the crown as may prevent either democracy or aristocracy from acquiring an undue ascendancy, is distinctly understood;—a state of things almost as good as the "*sole remedy in principle for our most prominent grievances*," recommended by Mr. Bentham, "*the democratic ascendancy*." The patronage and the influence of the crown is, after all, very considerable; but before it is pronounced to be excessive, it should be inquired whether it is capable of carrying any point against the fixed and decided sentiments of the people. That its exercise is restrained within this salutary boundary, is apparent from the issue of recent contests, in some of which the crown has been personally interested.

In considering the state of legislative representation in this country, we really do think that the great question to be resolved is, whether through a long course of experience it has answered the ends proposed by it. Are we morally and politically high or low in the scale of nations? Are we stationary, or in a course of rapid improvement? In commercial and military undertakings, what have been our spirit and success? In philosophy and the arts, what our comparative progress? In the freedom, the gran-

dear, the sobriety of religious worship and instruction, what has been the character of our laws and establishments? What have been the consequences of our victories to the world,—restoration or spoliation, oppression or redemption from chains? Is justice, civil and criminal, administered with integrity? Are the poor an object of solicitude to the state, and are our charitable institutions in correspondence with the wealth of the country? Is the security of person and property respected, is the law equal, is speech unfettered, and is the press free? If this nation can return an answer to these questions, which no other nation under heaven can give, and every object comprised in them is still in a train of improvement or correcter and more perfect enjoyment, except when the sowers of sedition raise obstacles in the path of this felicity, the great question then recurs—whether a system of practical polity, under which all the advantages at which society aims, has been in a course of unparalleled progression and enlargement, and which at the Revolution was pronounced by the great men whose intellects were then engrossed with the question, to be a lawful, and full, and free representation of all the estates of the people of this realm, and which Mr. Oldfield himself,* and greater men than even Mr. Oldfield, have pronounced to be “the best system of liberty that was ever known in the world,” to be turned into something the reverse of what it is, because Mr. Bentham boasts his nostrum of “democratic ascendancy,” because the Edinburgh Reviewers remind us that a king is nothing but a composition of mind and muscle, because Mr. Roscoe tells us that the machinery of the state may be changed in analogy to the machinery of a manufactory, and that a reform bill may be passed and carried into effect as easily as a turnpike bill;† or because the clamour of ignorance is knocking at the doors of parliament, at the instigation of noisy, unprincipled men?

Mr. Oldfield writes upon the “representative history” of Great Britain and Ireland, and of the representative system we took him to be really enamoured in the pure form in which it displays itself to his imagination, for in the outset of his magniloquent preface he pronounces “the representative system to be as ancient as the establishment of civil society in the world.” But in page 160 of his first volume, he remarks of the Commons, in the times to which he is alluding, and which appear by the context to be those of the Saxons, that “in ancient writs they were called deputies.” And then he proceeds to say that “Hume tells us, he (Edward I.) issued writs to the sheriffs to send to parliament two *deputies* from each borough within their county, provided with sufficient powers to consent in their name to

* Vol. I. p. 364.

† See Letter to Henry Brougham, Esq. p. 6.

what he and his council should require of them ; as what concerns all should be approved of by all. A noble principle ! which may seem to indicate a liberal mind, if it had been honestly adhered to. There are instances recorded, that when new matter was proposed by the King, the deputies replied they could not consider the subject without returning to the country to receive fresh instructions. It was not till later times, when they had manifested themselves worthy of no trust whatever, that they assumed the name, and arrogated the powers of representatives."

Now whether this writer only arrogates, or really possesses "the powers of a representative" of the body of reformers in this country we know not, but here is a pretty explicit renunciation of the representative system altogether. And we think he has in some measure redeemed his consistency in so doing, for nothing can reconcile a representative system with universal suffrage in the election of members of parliament but an universal confusion of ideas. We can easily comprehend the function of a deputy, as that above alluded to, always upon wheels, or upon the tramp, between the House and his constituents, upon every hard question, raking up the sense of the community from its miry bottom, carrying back the instructions of paupers on the complex subject of their own management, and the prevailing opinion of peasants and artisans on the expediency of taxation in general. But a representation of these descriptions of persons there can be none, except in as much as their interests are included in the moral faculty and feeling of the virtuous and cultivated portion of the population. A numerical representation is absolute nonsense ; all that can be done is to take off an impression of that which alone has unity, body, and consistency, the leading opinions of men of thought. The people can neither be numerically represented, nor can the elected represent individually. The real representation is in the whole house ; and whether this collective representation is sufficient or not depends upon the question whether it is a sufficiently broad specimen of the prevalent feeling, character, and mind, of the country ; or, in other terms, in the terms of the preamble to the Bill of Rights, are "all the estates (*i. e.* orders, classes, and degrees) of the people of the realm" represented ? The representation can only be virtual ; and to be so constituted as not only to bring the mind and intelligence of the whole country into operation, but to bring all its various interests, habits, talents, ranks, stations, and functions under contribution to its moral and intellectual fund, and at the same time to place them under the range of its supervision, it must remain accessible by all the various avenues through which all these various denominations of persons may

find their way to it. By far the least valuable portion of this great body are those who are brought to it upon the shoulders of the mob; and yet we would by no means have these excluded: even the present members for Westminster have their use in the general texture of the diversified fabric.

But we shall find very little consideration of all these complexional, and local, and habitual peculiarities and varieties under the mechanical and numerical plan of Mr. Oldfield;—not quite his own, indeed, being the great and only scheme of election uniformly proposed as the substitute for the present by all the *enlightened* upon this subject. He proposes ‘that the number of houses in Great Britain, amounting, according to the house tax, to twelve hundred thousand, should be divided into their ancient assemblies of ten, to be denominated after their original term of tithings. Ten of these tithings are to form the hundred court; and ten of these hundreds again are to form the court of the thousand, and two thousand to form the elective number to choose a representative for parliament. This mode, he concludes, would ensure a system of representation perfectly fair and equal, founded on the ancient practical constitution of the country. Should the plan for universal suffrage be adopted, the same system would be equally practicable, though on a more extended basis.’ (Vol. i. p. 47, 48.) And we collect from a subsequent passage what this writer thinks concerning the proper extension of the qualification;

“In support of personal right it is contended, that every one has what may be called property; every man has life, personal liberty, character, a right to his earnings, a right to his religious profession and worship according to his conscience, &c.; and many men who are in a state of dependence upon others, and who receive charity, have yet wives and children, in whom they have a right. Thus the poor are liable to be injured by the government in a variety of ways. According to the commonly received doctrine, that servants and those who receive alms have no right to vote for members of parliament, an immense multitude of people are deprived of all power to determine who shall be the protectors of their lives, their personal liberty, their little property (which though, singly considered, is of small value, yet is, in the aggregate, a great object), and the virtue of their wives and daughters. That which is peculiarly hard upon the poor in this case is that, though they have no share in determining who shall be the lawgivers of their country, they have a heavy share in raising the taxes which support its government. The taxes on malt, beer, leather, soap, candles, and other articles, which are paid chiefly by the poor, who are allowed no vote for members of parliament, are equal in amount to a heavy land tax. The landed interest would complain grievously if they had no power of electing representatives; and it is in free states an established maxim, that whoever contributes to the expenses of government, ought to be

satisfied concerning the application of the money contributed by him, and consequently, ought to have a share in electing those who have power over its application." (Oldfield, vol. iii. p. 4, 5.)

There is something very diverting in the whinings and whimperings of this political philanthropist over the case of paupers and menial servants who "are deprived of all power, by this exclusion from their share in the legislation, of protecting the virtue of their wives and daughters." We should be sorry to say any thing which might be construed into disrespect or want of consideration for the ladies of these families; but on the general scheme of arithmetical classification, and humane extension of the franchise which the above passage recommends, we will observe, first, that to this extent the franchise must be carried, if we mean to have no more of unequal representation and parliamentary reform; and that even after an expansion so liberal as to take the sense of those who never think, we should still be liable to the reproach of leaving out the fair sex, whose virtue, according to Mr. Oldfield, is so connected with the right of suffrage, and so properly under the surveillance and political gallantry of the legislature.

Those who contend for natural equality should be prepared to go all the length of the principle. To make property, or even contribution to rates and assessments, a qualification, is in utter inconsistency with the notion. On the footing of natural right, all are entitled but those under natural disability; the natural equality of the man without sixpence in his pocket stands most in need of protection: poverty is privilege, and ignorance is strength: in this naked system of political ethics the order of preference is in some degree inverted, distinctions become retrograde, dignity descends, and power is sown in weakness. Every arrangement short of laying the thing entirely open, and carrying representation down to the dregs of the community, will be an infringement of the right to which, on the principles of the ultimate reformists, every man is born. And this latitude in the recognition of the right has moreover the great merit of simplicity; since, if in the work of reform shades of qualification are admitted, the modifications become infinite, and scarcely two men are found to agree upon the subject. There is no reasonable hope, therefore, of producing general content, or of silencing the orators of Palace-yard by any reduction of the standard of qualification, unless the "mutable rank-scented many" to whom these orators address themselves were to be fully restored to that which this book calls their birth-right. But then there stands this difficulty in the way of universal suffrage, that it is not possible to bring it to pass. It may be given, but it will not, it cannot be exercised. It may exist in name, but it cannot in effect. The

condition of man, especially that of social man, is under an appointment, which no artificial arrangements, or coercing methods, can overrule. It is impossible to give any permanent advantage to numerical over moral strength. Knowledge, and wealth, and talent, will always be disturbing the economy of such a distribution. Men can not be dealt with as counters: dispose them how you will, the tendencies of natural inequality will soon turn them into figures standing for more or less according to their places in the table. No force of human contrivance can associate independence with extreme poverty: will and want will soon enter into compromise, and the birth-right of the hungry will soon be exchanged for a mess of pottage, although it were made clearer than the noon-day sun that the genealogy of the privilege is deducible from the Saxon Wittenagemote. The inference is this, that every vote given to a man who lives by the labour of his hands, from day to day, in poverty and dependence, is a vote given to some great proprietor in land, or merchandize, or money, in addition to his own. According to Mr. Oldfield's statement in his representative history of the counties, all the tenantry, though some little property they must have to qualify them to vote, are more or less under the dominion of the great proprietors among whom the land is divided; what freedom then in the exercise of their suffrages could be expected from those who depend for the subsistence of the day upon alms, or manual labour? The calculations from experience must be wholly fallacious if the disproportionate aggrandizement of the wealthy, and the depression of the smaller properties, which are the stamina of the state, would not be the speedy consequence of this endeavour to diffuse Mr. Bentham's benison of "democratic ascendancy."

In this way of examining the subject, we arrive at the solution of the apparently strange conduct of *some* of our nobility and wealthy capitalists, who, with the consequences above alluded to full in sight, have not been quite such bad calculators as they might to some have seemed to be, in maintaining the right of the lowest of the people to the elective franchise. They have had wit enough to anticipate, not democratic, but aristocratic ascendancy in raising mendicity and indigence to a level with property and independence. They are practically acquainted with this theorem in our constitutional polity, that the more diffusively below the point of independence the franchise is bestowed, the more contracted will be the bounds of representation. They know that there is no such thing as numerical worth, numerical representation, numerical election; that a man's virtues and abilities are not arithmetically commensurate with the number of his nominal constituents, and that neither

dignity nor security in political calculation accord with any ratio of physical aggregation or force: they know too that they lie when they babble about their tenderness for the people's rights, and they know full well that the suffrage will converge, while it seems to diverge; that if given to the dependent population, it is in effect given to themselves; that the constituent body by this increase of its extent will merge all the little independent estates, and then resign its massy and momentous power into the hands of those who can command employment and dispense subsistence. A system of representation, more close by many degrees than that borough system so loudly complained of, would soon arise out of this plausible scheme; and that middle body which, by its present weight and influence, prevents the collision of discordant elements, which serves as the reconciling medium by which distant things are softened into relation, which is the best recipient of political truth, which is the natural place of virtue and intelligence, which is least liable to impose or be imposed upon, where liberty, disturbed and oscillating, and trembling at its extremities, finds a central repose, a moral hold and stay amidst the restless agitations of factious wealth, and prostitute indigence,—all this moral medium of equipoise and stability would vanish from the political scene, and leave society a stage of contest between rival opulence, ambition, and abuse. But even this state of things could not long endure. These great men and their low friends would inevitably fall out. Major Cartwright and Mr. Cobbett, and men of their description, would not allow the people, with their present taste for an agrarian distribution, to forget their physical strength amidst their moral degradation; and the immediate and constant contact between the high and low would probably end in mutual contempt, mutual contagion, mutual alarm, and common ruin.

Universal suffrage, and an universal community of goods, terms which stand upon a common basis of folly, and have more practical agreement than some of our short-sighted nobility perceive, and the friends of "democratic ascendancy" will allow, are neither of them possible to be in effective existence; the common people could not use the one, or hold the other; the one would sell itself to the best bidder, the other would run into new masses of accumulation; but the tendency of each of these doctrines is as violent as vain; impotent to create, but effective to destroy; and as the road to ruin would be the same to both, the probability is that they would shake hands by the way, join in the plunder, riot in the spoil, together destroy the sources both of power and subsistence, and die the victims of credulity and vice, amidst waste and want, excess and inanition.

We are quite satisfied that the suffrage in the hands of the poor not only could not be employed to their own advantage, but must necessarily slip from them, and fall under the direction of those standing at the farthest remove from them, and having the least in common with them of natural and civil regards; and we are of opinion that we have as good a House of Commons as any system of parliamentary representation could give us. We cannot but think too, that any approach to what is called a full representation of the people would fail in removing a particle of the present discontent or clamour on the subject. The minds of the multitude have been too long amused with visions of equality to acquiesce in any thing short of the restitution of their full original complement of rights; such as they have been told were theirs till they lost them, nobody knows how or when; and if their whole demand were obtained, to the extent of giving the right of suffrage to every man in the country, adult and sane, discontent would be as loud as ever while the taxes remained, while the revenues of the church continued to be raised, and while the public creditor had his claims upon the public enforced. Something might be sacrificed to the object of general tranquillity and satisfaction; but the public would not be better for any latitude given to the right of election, nor would they think themselves better.

Under these circumstances it seems very foolish to stir, and undo and discompose what has been established, has been tried, and has been found to answer. The end of good government is to make the people happy, and wealthy, and powerful, and susceptible of expansion and improvement. The system of polity is good from which good is derived, and under which happiness breeds and propagates, till life teems with beneficence and virtue. In such a case, no theory is worth a thought which does not flow from the facts themselves,—which is not extracted from the bowels of experience. It may systematise that out of which it springs; it may even remove its decays, and correct its aberrations; just as in works of taste, art first draws from nature, and then reforms, and improves, and adorns her, by the application of her own rules. But to attempt to reform our constitution by foreign rules, rules derived *à priori*, rules of general theory, and where the means have only an argumentative and philosophical fitness to their ends, is to proceed in an order the reverse of that by which, since the days of alchymy, and the dreams of the schools, learning and science have been promoted, and the landmarks of the human understanding have been made to advance upon the domains of nature and truth.

It is the misfortune of this subject to be treated as a question of principle rather than expedience, and as a problem involving a

mere abstract truth, rather than as one in which the solution is found in the passions, the wants, and the weaknesses of ordinary humanity. Our constitution is looked upon as a building in which exterior grace is every thing, and internal accommodations nothing. An architect glowing with the classic principles of his art may be for knocking away all the buttresses and supports from the outside, and simplifying all the complex arrangements for convenience in the interior: under such hands the building may, indeed, be made to look fair and sightly; but for business, hospitality, and repose, it becomes wholly unfit, and every concession of the elements exposes its want of solidity. But we are sensible we concede much in allowing any exterior grace to the propositions of reform; they are for the most part conceived in bad taste, and replete with incongruities. Mr. Jeremy Bentham holds a very oracular place among those who call loudest for a reform of parliament, and has some of the pleasantest ideas upon the subject; but it will, we think, be found, upon a near view of his publication of "A Plan of Parliamentary Reform in the Form of a Catechism," which we have placed at the top of this article, that a Venus has not arisen from the froth of his speculations, or a Minerva from his teeming brain.

"Talk of *mixture*—yes, this *may* serve, and *must* serve:—but then, the intrinsically noxious ingredients—the ingredients which must be kept in, though for no better reason than that we are used to them—and being so used to them, could not bear—(for who is there that could bear?)—to part with them—these ingredients—of which the greatest praise would be that they were inoperative—must not be in any such proportion of force, as to destroy, or materially to impair, the efficiency of the only essentially useful one.

"Talk of *balance*, never will it do: leave that to Mother Goose and Mother Blackstone. Balance—balance—politicians upon roses—to whom, to save the toil of thinking—on questions most wide in extent, and most high in importance—an allusion—an emblem—an anything—so as it has been accepted by others, is accepted as conclusive evidence—what mean ye by this your *balance*? Know ye not, that in a machine of any kind, when forces *balance* each other, the machine is at a stand?—Well, and in the machine of government, immobility—the perpetual absence of all motion—is that the thing which is wanted? Know ye not that—since an emblem you must have—since you can neither talk, nor attempt to think, but in hieroglyphics—know you not that, as in the case of the body *natural*, so in the case of the body *politic*, when motion ceases, the body dies?

"So much for the *balance*: now for the *mixture*:—the mixture to which, as such, such virtue is wont to be ascribed. Here is a form of government, in which the power is divided among three interests:—the interest of the great body of the people—of the *many*—and two separate interests—the interest of the *one* and the interest of the *few*—both of which are adverse to it,—two separate and narrow interests, neither

of which is kept on foot—but at the expense, to the loss, and by the sacrifice, of the broader interest. This form of government (say you) has its advantages, its advantages?—compared with what?—compared with those forms of government, in which the people have no power at all, or in which, if they have any, they have not so much?—Oh yes; with any such form of government for an object of comparison, its excellence is unquestionable. But, compare it with a form of government in which the interest of the people is the only interest that is looked to:—in which neither a single man, with a separate and adverse interest of his own, nor a knot of men with a separate and adverse interest of their own, are to be found;—where no interest is kept up at the expense, to the loss, by the sacrifice, of the universal interest to it,—where is then the excellence?

“May but (says somebody) in the form of government in question, what the supreme—the universal power is—is a compound—a mixture of the three powers corresponding to the three interests: what the excellence produced by it is in—not any one of the three ingredients taken by itself: no—it is the mixture. Take away any one of the three masses of power, the mixture is changed: the excellence is diminished:—take away two of them, mixture has place no longer:—the excellence vanishes.

“Good:—this notion about mixture:—O yes, good enough, so long as the respective natures of the several interests are kept out of sight. Look at them, and then see whether it be possible that, taking the power of the people for the simple substance,—by the adding to it either or both of the two other powers, and thus making a mixture,—any such quality as excellence, with reference to what belongs to the simple substance taken by itself, can be produced.

“A form of government, in which the interest of the whole is the only interest provided for;—in which the only power is a power having for its object the support of that interest;—in this form of government behold the simple substance. To this simple substance add, separately or conjunctively, a power employed in the support of the interest of one single person, and a power employed in the support of the interest of a comparatively small knot of persons:—in either of these cases you have a mixture—well, compared then with the simple substance, what advantage can be the advantages of this mixture.

“What? what, could man ever find to say in behalf of monarchy, but that monarchy is legitimacy? or in behalf of aristocracy, but that property is virtue?

“Four questions these;—should any man feel disposed, to answer them, let the answers be so too: and let them not—oh! let them not! be either imprisonment or death!

“Go to the flour-mill: get a sack of flour, in which there is flour, and nothing else:—make bread of it,—there you have the simple substance. In making your bread, add now to the flour some powder of chalk, with or without some powder of burnt bones:—in either case you have a mixture. Well; in either case, so long as you do not add to the flour too much of that which is not flour, your bread may afford sustenance—it may give to your constitution—to the constitution, of

your natural body—a support. But, from either of these two new ingredients, does this body of yours derive any nourishment? the constitution of it any support? your bread any thing that can be called by the name of *excellence*?

“Father of the *representative system*! O rare *Simon De Montfort*! thou who, in giving birth to it—without perhaps intending good to human being, save one—didst to mankind more good than ever was done by any one other mortal man! in giving birth to that most beneficent system, thou gavest birth to the only practicable democracy; to the only democracy, of which extent beyond a nutshell, or duration beyond a day, are attainable attributes!—Comes the persecution of the *Stuarts*, and democracy—representative democracy is planted in America, with nothing but monarchy to hang over it:—comes the persecution of the G——, the monarchy is now cut up:—and now the salutiferous plant, established in its own roots, cleared of every weed that had choked it, shines in all its purity,—rears and spreads itself,—with matchless, and enviable, and envied, and hated, and dreaded vigour. By the mere passing from the one country to the other, oh, what a host of plagues and miseries in detail—major each in itself, minor compared with the two capital ones—did it not leave behind! Well worth taking and holding up to view would be the list of these abuses: but, for any such task the present is no place.

“No:—*but* for the English Constitution, *democracy*, the only democracy worth the name, never could have been known. Oh rare English Constitution! there, there is thy greatest—there thy only lasting praise!

“*Balance? equality?* no: I can not say *equality*, when what I mean is *ascendency*. Palsied would be this hand—motionless this pen—if, for the first time in a life, already of some length, it were to attempt deception. *Ascendency*—this I do mean, nothing less: more I do not mean—indeed I do not. The Monarch may for ought I know, plunge his hangman’s knife in my bowels; but I am not for “cashiering kings.” The one thing needful and sufficient for the purpose—this I would have if I could: this I would have if I could, whatever were its name. More than this, not being in my view needful for the purpose, more I would not have if I could. For any more than for myself, for, for any more than myself, no title have I to speak. In speaking thus for myself, I speak what I should expect to find the sense—so long as it were the quiet sense—of a vast majority of the people—in two at least of the three kingdoms—high and low—rich and poor together. But, should the only remedy be refused, oppression continue, and exasperation rise against it, then it is not quiet sense that will speak, but exasperation: and, as to what exasperation may say or do, who is there that can undertake to measure it?” (Bentham, p. li—lvi.)

After this insane stuff, and a great deal more of the same sort, involving the cause of radical reform, may we not say of reform altogether, in a degree of ridicule so much the greater, as this author seems to write with an honesty of feeling which belongs to but few of his party in opinion, surely we may aver that our awkward

and ill-proportioned system, with all its excrescences, warts, and protuberances, will stand a comparison with this finished draught of Mr. Bentham's creation. We remember a turn of expression used by Burns, the Scottish poet, in relation to a clumsy, strong-minded man of his acquaintance, which is not altogether unsuitable to this ill-made constitution of ours, "it has a strong knock-knee'd sort of a soul." To the question put by the author to Mr. Wilberforce, in page 197 of his work, "Say, Mr. Wilberforce, how long shall a state of things like this be looked upon with no other than a smiling and admiring countenance? How long shall reform, and not abuse, be the object of all fears? Just so long, possibly, Mr. Wilberforce would answer, as your plan of radical reform, gentle Sir, shall be more the object of my fears than any abuses of which you complain; just so long as I am convinced that no abuses which exist can lead to consequences so dreadful as the pamaacea you propose for the remedy of all abuses.

The distinctness with which Mr. Bentham feels his subject, even to the minutest hair-breadth subdivision into which its details may be laboured out, may be seen admirably exemplified in the long note which occurs in page 106; and great would be our admiration of that reader's capacity who could, from the perusal, come forth with a distinct idea of Mr. Bentham's distinctness. We have already introduced so large an extract from this work, for the sake of presenting a pretty average specimen of what we have found it utterly impossible to explain, that we cannot afford room for the whole note, but we cannot resist the temptation to exhibit a portion of it, to show that, besides the innumerable varieties and degrees included under the notion of moderate reform, radical reform has also its shades of radicality, and from Sir Francis Burdett to Major Cartwright, from Major Cartwright to Mr. Bentham, and from Mr. Bentham to Mr. Cobbett, passes through a succession of grades, from the moderate to radical radicality, which last degree bears some sort of analogy to what the chemists call their hyper-oxymuriatic acid gas. Behold, then, the promised portion of this most delectable passage:

"Such, at any rate in my own view, it cannot fail to be: for in this state, for a long course of years, was my own mind:—the object a dark, and thence a hideous phantom, until, elicited by severe and external pressure, the light of reason—or, if this word be too assuming, the light of *ratiocination*—was brought to bear upon it. In the *Plan* itself may be seen at what period (*viz.* anno 1800), fearful of going further—embracing the occasion of finding, in *derivative* judgment, an exterior support—I was not only content, but glad, to stop at the degree of extension indicated by the word *householders*;—taking at the same time for conclusive evidence of *householdership*, the fact of having paid

direct taxes. But, the more frequently my mind has returned itself upon the subject—the more close the application made to it—the more minute the anxiety with which every niche and cranny has been pryed into—the stronger has been the persuasion produced,—that, even from an extent as unbounded as that which would have been given to the principle by the vigorous, and laborious, and experienced mind of the Duke of Richmond (always with the proviso, that, by that secrecy,—which, somehow or other he could not bear to look in the face,—freedom should be secured) no mischief, no danger, in any such shape as that which is denoted by the words *anarchy* or *equalization*, i. e. *destruction* of property, would ensue: in a word, not any the smallest defalcation from any rights, but those which are universally acknowledged to be mere *trust-rights*—rights, the exercise of which ought to be directed to the advancement—not of the separate interests of him to whom they are intrusted, but of the joint and universal interest.

“Tranquillized, on the other hand, by the persuasion—that, although, by defalcation after defalcation, very considerable reduction were made in respect of *extent*, still no very determinate and distinguishable defalcation might be made from the beneficent influence of the *universal-interest-comprehension principle*,—and that, by every extension obtained, the way could be smoothed to any such ulterior extension, the demand for which should, in the continued application of that principle, guided by the experience of security, under the experienced degree of extension, have found its due support,—with little regret, considering the subject in a theoretical point of view, and altogether without regret, considering it with a view to *conciliation*, and in that sense in a practical point of view,—thus it was that without difficulty I found I could accede to the extent indicated by the words *householders*, or *direct-tax-paying* householders: due regard being at the same time paid to the arrangements prescribed by the *simplification principle*, as above.” (Bentham, p. cvi, cvii.)

The reader will have observed the surprise insinuated in the above passage, at the aversion entertained by the Duke of Richmond to the secret process of election by ballot, a very favourite part of Mr. Bentham's plan, but concerning which there is a great discordancy of opinion among our alchemists of reform. Mr. Bentham, as well as Major Cartwright, have both been properly sensible that the vote by ballot, called in the volume now before us “*secrecy of suffrage*,” was indispensable to their plan; as it was but too plain, that, to extend the right to the lower part of the community, was but to increase the quantity of what Mr. Bentham, with his usual philosophical intrepidity of expression, denominates the *matter of corruption*, unless the votes could by some contrivance be rendered valueless to the parties bestowing them; and the effectual way of doing this appeared to be by adopting the method by ballot. It is rather remarkable that, with the vital importance of this secret method of voting to

his system of universal suffrage, full in his mind, as being the proper security for the "undangerousness" of that remedy, Mr. Bentham should have adverted, with some degree of naïveté, to the "entire and assured secrecy" with which the votes under such a shelter might indulge propensities which he dared not avow, and sacrifice public good to private feelings, or interests, or spleen. But it was absolutely necessary that Mr. Bentham should justify the secret operation of the ballot, or his whole scheme was infallibly lost—lost certainly; by his own direct confession in page 174, wherein he admits that, under "the system of publicity," as he terms it, the subsistence, the very existence of the pauper-voter would depend upon the local magistracy. "Think," says he, "of the proportion borne by those who are already in a state of pauperism to those who are not yet fallen into that disastrous state. This vast part of the democracy would be completely in the hands of the removeable nominees of the crown." But alas! this necessary constituent of the moderately radical system of the acute Mr. Bentham is but ill received among honest men, and even among some of the most radical of radical reformers. The Duke of Richmond, in his celebrated letter to Colonel Sharman, thus delivers his opinion on the eligibility of the ballot form. "With regard to the question, if voting by ballot is advisable? I am clearly of opinion that it is not. The idea of a ballot can have arisen but to avoid the effect of some improper influence; and I conceive it much more noble directly to check that influence than indirectly to evade it by concealment and deceit. I am convinced that trivial circumstances, in things like these, tend greatly to form the national character; and it is most consistent with that of a British or Irish freeman; that all his actions should be open and avowed, and that he should not be ashamed of declaring, in the face of his country, whom he wishes to intrust with its interests. Upon the same idea that ballots may be a cover for independence, they must be also a cloak for bribery, and a school for lying and deceit." It is ridiculous in the extreme to imagine that the ballot would prevent canvassing; and while canvassing goes on, promises must be interchanged; and we have only next to ask, how would those promises be performed? The current of venality would be but little checked, and the streams of hypocrisy and insincerity would spread themselves over the land.

Respecting the legislatures in America, of the happy and honourable state of which, in almost every other page of his work, Mr. Jeremy Bentham speaks in terms of such unmeasured praise, Lord Selkirk, in his letter, addressed to Major Cartwright, on the subject of parliamentary reform, declares that, from the observations which his Lordship had had occasion to make in the

United States of America, where a system of representation was established, approaching as nearly as perhaps was practicable to the theoretical perfection in the Major's contemplation, and where that system was combined with a general diffusion of property, of itself calculated in a great degree to check the force of corruption, he had been convinced that universal suffrage and frequency of election had proved no bar to the misconduct of representatives; and that a political adventurer, raised to power by popular favour, was full as likely to abuse that power as the purchaser of a rotten borough.' His Lordship continued to remark, that there was no ground for the idea that, in that country, public affairs were managed with a higher regard to public welfare than in our own. 'The Parliament of England, with all its corruptions, could not be accused of proceedings, approaching in disgrace to the infamous and bare-faced jobs which have been transacted in many of the legislatures of America.'

Annual parliaments is another most important feature of this grand catholic system of reform. To us it would be sufficiently odious as favouring what this high German doctor of the state, Mr. Jeremy Bentham, calls his "sole remedy in principle, *democratic ascendancy*," that fetid drug of sovereign efficacy in setting afloat all the humours of the body politic; but we doubt its effect in producing this delectable predicament of "democratic ascendancy," it would certainly perpetuate tumult and disorder to the utmost extent that could be wished; but its more probable constitutional evil would be the aristocratic ascendancy of wealth; for what small proprietor, or man of mediocrity, could enter into annual contest with the man of great estate, or the princely proprietor of mills, or mines, or founderies. If votes become of little value, men will have little respect for their votes; and instead of being the object of intrigue or canvass, of interest or favour, the consideration of each exercise of the franchise among the persons of saleable conscience would probably soon settle into a stated money price, the value perhaps of a day's drunkenness; and dereliction of home and duty. We are not altogether sure whether these annual parliaments might not become perennial, by beating competition out of the market; neither are we sure that they would not become ephemeral; of this we *are* sure, that nobody could calculate, or with any assurance foretell, the final catastrophe of these "arrangements for general confusion."

Before the triennial law of King William's reign we had long parliaments, because parliaments were indefinite. One of these long parliaments destroyed legitimate authority, the other legal liberty, for which reason it became necessary to fix the term of duration, and it seemed good to the wisdom of that day to fix it to three years. The great men whom we are now reviewing

think very differently from the great men of that momentous period. Our great reformists altogether deny the right of the representatives to alter the duration of parliaments; they claim the restoration of a system as old as civil society; or at least as old as records retrace the history of our constitution. Lord Somers, and the great men of the Revolution, considering the people as only capable of exerting their moral strength through their representatives, and the representation sufficient, as it stood, for all purposes of renewal and establishment, considering, too, that the sovereign power and spring of regeneration must be held to reside somewhere, and that it could only reside in a state of efficiency in the parliament as it then was constituted, instead of losing themselves in metaphysical questions of competency, proceeded with their work, and saved the country. Soon after this great event parliaments were enacted to be triennial; and by the same right, the sovereign right, which must somewhere live, and breathe, and act in every state or commonwealth, the duration of parliaments was lengthened to seven years in the beginning of the reign of George I. The septennial act had the same foundation as the triennial act; it was an amendment of that law, with the same end in view, of fixing the duration of parliaments; its corrective purpose with respect to the triennial law was the prevention of an eternal canvass.

But we are told by our reformists that annual parliaments are as old as the creation of our constitution, and that by the law of Edward I. (a declaratory law, to be sure; for if adopted as the foundation of the right, then the question of competency is given up, and more than given up,) parliaments were decreed to be holden annually or oftener if need may be. The whole is quibble and perversion. Before the reign of Edward III. annual parliaments, says Bishop Burnet, were in no sense a part of our constitution. They did never before that time exist in practice, nor is there any thing in the facts of history to show that they had any fixed duration at all. This is so historically clear, as to need no illustration. The words of the 4th Edward I. c. 14 are these "Ensement est accorde que parlements soient tenuz chascun an une foitz ou plus si mestier soit." It is recorded that a parliament shall be holden every year once, or oftener if need be; not that a parliament shall be elected; but that a parliament shall be holden once, that is, meet once, in every year, or oftener if need be. And in confirmation of this natural construction we add that no one instance can be produced in the whole compass of our history of an *ipso facto* dissolution of the parliament at the end of the year from its election. Nor does it appear in any one instance that, though the King's authority has often put an abrupt end to the existence of the

parliament before it has lived through a year, that when parliament has exceeded its year, such protraction of its date has been treated as an infringement of the constitution by any general expression of national complaint. Parliaments, or national councils, were, in early times, of short duration, ephemeral, annual, indefinite according to the exigency. The business was short, the matters of discussion few and simple, and the sittings commensurate. Times, occurrences, and situations, varied the number and duration of the sessions; and after the popular part of our constitution became happily more defined, and momentous, and independent, parliaments sat till dissolved; and such was their habit, till, in the auspicious year of the Revolution, an act was passed, which made the term of three years from their election the limited period of their existence, and the end of that period an *ipso facto* dissolution of that body. So much for annual parliaments, and universal suffrage, and secret election by ballot; or, to use the sublime language of Mr. Bentham, so much for the universal-interest-comprehension principle, the simplification principle, the universal suffrage-plan, the virtually universal-suffrage plan, the secrecy of suffrage-plan, with their appropriate intellectual aptitudes, and appropriate active talent, remedies in principle, remedies in detail and all other remedies against universal-personal-destroying security acts, universal gagging acts, liberty of the press-destroying statutes, judge-made-*post-facto* laws, universal-popular-destroying-communication acts, petition rejecting and hope-extinguishing decisions, and orders and resolutions.—We take leave once for all, for we never can again return to it, of all this nauseating stuff, this dismal cant, and this despicable nonsense.

III We are unwilling again to recur to Mr. Oldfield, of whom, and whose opinions, our readers have probably by this time had quite enough; but, that the spirit in which this gentleman writes may be the better known, for it is the spirit of the whole *Radically Reforming* tribe, and of many of those who come faintly forth in the garb of moderation, we will point to a few passages of this author which appear to be most in character.

"Whatever," says this wise man, "tends to the debasement of religion, diminishes political authority, and weakens the sanction of civil government" (vol. i. p. 434); but observe that the opposition to Mr. Beaumont's motion for obtaining a repeal of the corporation and test acts, is the debasement of which he complains, and which draws from him this fine defence of the civil importance of religion; and that it is thus that this pious advocate for the functions of religion in matters of government speaks of its ministers and their proper functions in another place. "The clergy of all denominations have always made the worst use

of power, whenever it has been entrusted to them. Had it been once ascertained that they possess a right to sit in the House, a most dangerous infusion of bigotry and malignity might have been expected. Confined within their proper sphere, and teaching good morals on just principles, the clergy are, perhaps, a body of men respectable and useful." (Vol. ii. p. 122.) So that the clergy may see what *they* are to expect from our radical reformers. Mr. Burke supplies us with a wholesome caution against such observations on our clergy from a similar quarter. "It is not with much credulity that I listen to any, when they speak evil of those whom they are going to plunder. I rather suspect that vices are feigned or exaggerated, when profit is looked for in their punishment." It is thus that this good man further unfolds his meaning on this delicate subject:

"The House of Commons not finding themselves strong enough at this time dissolved; but shortly after they destroyed the episcopal hierarchy, root and branch, and established presbyterianism upon the ruins of the church. Instead of this, had they taken away the church lands, and applied them to the service of the state, they would have taken away the true bone of contention. Had they destroyed all ecclesiastical power, they had destroyed an evil in the state, and abundant matter of vexation. Had they protected all men alike in their different modes of worshipping God, they would have taken away all just occasion of offence, and established peace amongst men." (Oldfield, vol. ii. p. 472.)

In p. 508 of the first volume of this great depository of the sentiments of our reformers, we find a tolerably accurate display of the view which these patriots take of the French revolution and its principles.

"The Revolution, which had by this time occurred in France, materially changed the face of affairs throughout Europe. The cause of the deposition of the French monarch, and the nature of the provocations and injuries which preceded and produced that event, not being well understood in this country, it made an impression on the minds of a great part of the people unfavorable to its principles, already perverted and biased by the violent declamations of Mr. Burke and his partizans. The horrid massacres of September entirely alienated their minds from the Revolution, although these detestable enormities could not, in any rational sense, be said to originate in the Revolution; but arose from the opposition made to its establishment; and so much was the nation terrified at the idea of political innovation of any kind, that the name of reform became the subject of indiscriminate reprobation. Under this impression, an association, sanctioned by government, was formed in London, for the protection of liberty and property against republicans and levellers. The rage of associating spread throughout the kingdom, and resolutions were every where subscribed, expressive of loyalty and attachment to the King and Constitution, and

abhorrence of all levelling and republican doctrines. There is, as Helvetius observes, a description of men with hearts incapable of virtuous emotion, furiously enraged against every one who wishes to convulse the empire of imposture; who aim against him the very passions themselves despise, and terrify weak minds by incessant harangues on the dangers of novelty and innovation; as if truth must necessarily banish virtue out of the world; as if every thing partaking of its nature was so productive of vice, that no one can be virtuous who is not unenlightened; as if the very essential qualities of morality demonstrated this idea, and consequently that the study of this science was prejudicial to society; they wish to make the people venerate received and established prejudices, in the same manner as the Egyptians of old were kept prostrate before the sacred crocodile of Memphis." (Oldfield, vol. i. p. 508—510.)

It is very pleasant to observe how this trenchant writer disposes of Mr. Windham and Mr. Burke:—"The motion (of Mr. Flood for reform) was vehemently opposed by Mr. Windham, who had adopted all the eccentricities and elevations from the rule of right of Mr. Burke, of whom he was the obsequious admirer." And soon after, Mr. Burke himself is presented to us as an "eloquent madman." It must be owned, he has said the newest thing upon Mr. Pitt's character as a minister, which has yet occurred to any enemy of his memory. "His wavering and uncertain policy, so unlike that of a great statesman, is not, however, to be entirely attributed to a want of original genius, but was owing in part to his excessive thirst of popularity." His eulogy on Sir Francis Burdett and Lord Cochrane are in equally good taste, and in his phrase of "the lucky hand of John Felton," we see how patriotically prepared he is to look with complacency upon the adoption of summary expedients in a good cause. But let not the ladies be terrified by these symptoms of a sanguinary disposition in good Mr. Oldfield, for he is really a gallant man, like the philosopher Helvetius, from whom he seems to have borrowed some of his sentiments. Not to mention his anxiety, of which we have had already an instance, about the virtue of the wives and daughters of menial servants and paupers, he will appear by the following passage to take an equal interest in their innocent gratifications.

"They have engrossed within a line of their own drawing, all hares, wild fowls, and fish, as well those which are foreign, as those which are natives of this kingdom; which in their own nature, being wild and wandering, and not subject to restraint, are therefore the natural right of the first man that can catch them. But these laws have not only subverted this natural right of mankind, but established their own with a bitterness little less than cruelty; for they are guarded and defended with the same selfish spirit that the most riggardly miser would guard his treasure; so that a poor man cannot entertain his longing wife with,

a gudgeon of his own catching, without being guilty of felony; or kill a partridge without fine and imprisonment. (Oldfield, *vol. i. p. 495, 496.*)

We may now, we think, take leave of Messieurs the reformers Oldfield and Bentham, the great historian and the great philosopher of the sect, leaving them to contest the palm of superiority. We are truly happy to have done with them; for we have not, since the commencement of the *British Review*, had a duty more thoroughly disagreeable to perform. We have felt it, however, to be a duty imposed upon us by our sincere love of our country.

“England, with all thy faults I love thee still.”

At the eve of the ensuing general election, it is the duty of every man to do what he can by argument and exhortation, to prevent that fatal crisis with which these methods of improving us are pregnant; and the more so, as a confederacy appears to be formed between the defamers of our constitution and government at home; the defamers of our victories and sacrifices abroad; and the defamers of our church and its holy and heavenly services. What adds to the sacred call upon all persons worthy of the name of Britons at this awful hour to do their utmost to save the nation, and to stop the people in their career towards despotism under the semblance of enlarging that liberty which is already breaking its conservative restraints, and taking the form of wrong, and insult, and outrage, is the mad support which some amongst us, most elevated in station, are lending to the systematic attacks upon religion and its observances, forgetting that their rank and place in society have no other real or fundamental support, but well-regulated public opinion, and Christian principles of respect for social and civil appointments.

We do not hesitate to declare our firm opinion to be, deriving it from a pretty accurate and anxious course of observation, that the demoralizing attempts upon the lower orders in this country are triumphing over all the expedients in motion to diffuse the benefits of education; and that this state of things cannot long exist without a ruinous issue, unless the most vigorous efforts of counteraction are adopted. The two great means of reform are the church and the press; and those who have the patronage of the one, or power to influence the other, have a fearful account to give. In the mean time, it is a prayer which we may, and without presumption, be permitted to make to the Giver of every good and perfect gift, that we and our children may be long preserved from the proffered blessings of these radical reformers of our constitution, and may rather die in the desert, in which they tell us we are sojourning, than taste the milk and honey of their promised land.

Our endeavours, however, must evince our sincerity, and can alone justify a hope of Providential interference in our behalf. The object of these endeavours must be to stay the progress of a growing contempt of the authorities of this world, and of all that concerns the preparation for the next. This is the influence which has increased, is increasing, and ought to be diminished: and it is an influence mixed up with both aristocratic and democratic ascendancy. To check its disastrous course, or turn it backward, is that special reform which the times demand, and which cannot be too rapid or radical. Other reforms of a political kind will naturally and necessarily follow in an order consistent with that process of development which experience is carrying on, and which it is the peculiar excellence of our constitution to promote and adopt. It holds what is good till it proves what is better, maintaining a principle of preservation together with a spirit of improvement, in harmony with the prescribed course in which the best gifts of Providence are carried towards their perfection.

APP. II.—*Beppo, a Venetian Story.* 8vo. pp. 50. Murray. London, 1818.

WHEN any new entertainment is observed to be rising fast in fashion and favour in the country, it requires to be watched a little by those who exercise any guardianship over the morals of the community, but which, except when it infects the literature of the day, does not fall under the cognizance of reviewers. Of this description is the practice of what is called *quizzing*. In its object and character, it is in the moral, not much unlike that which, in the political world, is called the levelling principle: it is by far the most effectual weapon by which virtue and decency can be assailed: it is strong in proportion to the indelicacy of the person using it, and the dignity of the person or thing against which it is employed. "Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report," are the natural game after which the quizzer is in restless pursuit. The poem before us is a very superior performance of the quizzing kind. It has a double aspect, being at once an apparent parody on Lord Byron's poetry when dressed in its best attire—the Spenser stanza; and at the same time an attack upon the charities and bonds of social life in a spirit of seeming good humour, careless scorn, and gay indecency.

As far as it can be considered as a burlesque upon Lord Byron's manner, it is harmless and happy. It detracts no more from the high claims of the original than the *Battle of the Frogs* has had any such effect upon the *Iliad* of Homer;—a comparison which such of our readers as suspect the poem before us to have really proceeded from the pen of Lord Byron himself will acknowledge to be peculiarly appropriate. And, indeed, as far as the profligacy of sentiment running through this poem of *Beppo* can be placed to the account of imitation and parody, it is a part of its merit; for the resemblance between the solemn, banters, and epicurean sarcasm which mark every page of the *Childe Harold*, and the derisory ease and ironical pleasantry with which all serious things are treated in this poem of *Beppo*, is most successfully preserved; so successfully, indeed, that we cannot help yielding to the suspicion that these productions, both original and imitative, are by the same hand.

“None but himself could be his parallel.”

If Lord Byron has been his own imitator, his task could not have been difficult; since he had little else to do than to adapt the measure and spirit of a style of poetry, in which he was so habitually conversant to villainy less heroic, and vice in its more domestic and familiar habitudes. And it is worthy of remark also how little of the charm, and vivacity, and melody of this species of versification is lost in treating of subjects the most familiar.

Flexibility and compass, and a certain facility of accommodation to all subjects, whether sublime or mean, sad or humorous, loose or severe, are the privileges of this stanza, on which Spenser has impressed the seal of his genius, and fixed our prejudices for ever. There is besides, in its structure, a sort of quaint simplicity which humours the mock seriousness of the burlesque. Even the imperfections of this verse were favourable to the objects which this writer had in view. The prolixity of the stanza has a tendency to dilute its strength, and sometimes to produce a nerveless expletory line to make up the complement of the verse, which must, for the most part, sustain the thought unbroken to the end; and this is perfectly in harmony with that colloquial humour and familiar cast of expression which is so playful and pleasing throughout this little poem. Put feeling, and virtue, and the interests of human happiness, out of the question; assume the hypothesis of a world without souls; level man to the consideration of brutes; take him out of his moral state; set him at large the vagrant son of nature in full physical freedom to indulge his temperament; suppose all the enclosures of civilized life laid open, and family ties, and “relations dear,” and “all the charities—of father, son, and brother” fairly out of the way, and then

this little poem of *Beppo*, which it is said, but which we are slow to believe, Lord Byron, an English nobleman, an English husband, and an English father, hath scot-reeking from the stews of Venice, is a production of good humour and unquestionable excellence. There is throughout the performance an evident care taken to make the ridicule fall on the manner, or the sentiment, or the principles of Lord Byron's poems, but upon poor unsuspecting virtuous love, and woman's honour, and rustic shame, and household joys, and home-drum human happiness. We are quite sure that many a maiden (and many a mother, British-born and British-bred) will rise from the perusal of this little delightful display of Italian satirists; this light and sportive railery on the marriage, with many troublesome prejudices removed, an increased dread of being righteous overmuch, and a resolution, in spite of a prying and censorious world, to live in charity with her neighbours of the other sex, though it should be called facility or levity.

In all seriousness, then, we mean to say, that the way in which the writer of this bantering poem has treated the sin of adultery, and all the sanctions by which marriage is made holy and happy, designates it as the product of a mind careless, cold, and callous; for who but a man of such a mind could, at a distance from his country and home, with a full knowledge of what makes that country great and prosperous, her families honourable, her sons manly and true, and her daughters the objects of delicate and respectful love, send among us a tale of pollution, dropped in the deepest dye of Italian debauchery, relieved and recommended by vivacity and grace of colouring that takes from the mischief its apparent turpitude, and disarms the vigilance of virtue.

Madame de Staël, who, amidst her eccentricities and varieties, seemed to have possessed a good heart, and had certainly a perspicacious mind, has felt and described with great truth, in many places of her work on Germany, the dreadful force of ridicule as the auxiliary of vice. In the language of that distinguished lady, this mischievous power "has erected for itself a sort of republican government, which pronounces a sentence of ostracism on all that is strong and distinguished in human nature. It undermines love, religion, all things, except that selfishness which cannot be reached by irony, because it exposes itself to censure, but not to ridicule." It was in this spirit that Voltaire composed his *Candide*; that effort of diabolical gaiety, which appears to have been written by a being of a different nature from ourselves; insensible to our condition, well-pleased with our sufferings, and laughing like a demon or an ape, at the miseries of the human species with which he has nothing in common. *Candide* brings into action that scolding philosophy, so indignant in appearance, in reality so ferocious.

Such is the real character, and such the success, of all these little factious, frolicsome attacks upon the great pillars of human repose. These supports resist the storm and the tempest, the loud and boisterous agitation of those angry elements that vex the moral world; God's threatenings pass by and spare; but when a few human hands begin the work of undermining, with their little implements of mattock and spade, digging away the earth, until the foundation is laid bare, then the slightest impulse suffices to bring to the dust the fairest fabric of man's labour, and the monument of ages. Society reels and totters when its fastenings and stays are loosened, and the solid ground loses its tenacity, and forsakes the base; while civil commotions, and even revolutions, with all their dire concomitants, will often leave the moral structure fundamentally and vitally whole. There is but one way, says the ingenious lady from whom we have already quoted, of resisting this influence (speaking of the influence of French ridicule), and that consists in very decided national habits and character. And we are quite of the same opinion, only perhaps a little differing from her as to the extent and comparative dignity of the great formative principles of national character. We are not among those who rejoice in the cosmopolitan liberality, which has of late years become a marked feature in the system of British philosophy. If it arose from a Christian enlargement of sentiment, like that which animates our societies for carrying to foreign parts the blessings of God's Holy Word, it would at least have commanded our respect; but as, to speak the truth, we impute it rather to a growing indifference to the distinction of moral worth, than to any Christian expansion of benevolence, we cannot hold it in any high estimation. We dread an amalgamation with the Continent: we feel quite persuaded that our nationality and our morality have so long mutually upheld each other that they cannot be separated without mutual injury. No one can have paid any attention to the aspect of society in this country, since the late revolution in France, and the gradual change in the colours of its fashions and habits, without marking the growing indications of a denationalizing spirit, an unconcernedness about our honour, or exploits, our prosperity; and, worst of all, a decay of that masculine decency, and sobriety, and soundness of sentiment, which, about half a century ago, made us dread the contagion of French or Italian manners, and placed us in a proud security above the reach of their pollutions.

It is impossible not to see all this with hearts too serious to suffer us to read much of the best poetry of the present day, with pleasure or pride, the great aim of which is to shake the basis of that felicity, which is laid in female honour, and virtuous

love. On various other occasions, and particularly in our remarks upon the poems of Mr. Moore, and the former productions of Lord Byron, we have spoken out very decidedly on the scandalous objects to which some of the best efforts of the British Muse have been devoted; we shall, therefore, conclude our observations on this little piece of rhyming mischief, with an extract or two, in which such of our readers as have not had the work in their hands, may have a specimen of the spirit and tone in which it is written, without any sacrifice on our parts of the dignity and decency of our pages. The parts we shall select, to become intelligible, will not require the story to be told, which is, in truth, nothing but a trumpery narrative of a lady and her gallant, and a base acquiescing husband, who, nevertheless, is presented to us as a person of sense and worth.

"England! with all thy faults I love thee still;
I said at Calais, and have not forgot it;
I like to speak and lucubrate my fill;
I like the government (but that is not it);
I like the freedom of the press and quill;
I like the Habeas Corpus (when we have got it);
I like a parliamentary debate,
Particularly when 'tis not too late;

"I like the taxes, when they're not too many;
I like a seacoal fire, when not too dear;
I like a beef-steak, too, as well as any;
Have no objection to a pot of beer;
I like the weather, when it is not rainy,
That is, I like two months of every year.
And so God save the Regent, Church, and King!
Which means that I like all and every thing.

"Our standing army, and disbanded seamen,
Poor's rate, Reform, my own, the nation's debt,
Our little riots just to show we are free men,
Our trifling bankruptcies in the Gazette,
Our cloudy climate, and our chilly women,
All these I can forgive, and those forget,
And greatly venerate our recent glories,
And wish they were not owing to the Tories.

"But to my tale of Laura,—for I find
Digression is a sin, that by degrees
Becomes exceeding tedious to my mind;
And, therefore, may the reader too dispense—
The gentle reader, who may wax unkind,
And caring little for the author's ease,
Insist on knowing what he means, a hard
And hapless situation for a bard.

" Oh that I had the art of easy writing
 What should be easy reading! could I scale
 Parnassus, where the Muses sit inditing
 Those pretty poems never known to fail,
 How quickly would I print (the world delighting)
 A Grecian, Syrian, or Assyrian tale;
 And sell you, mix'd with western sentimentalism,
 Some samples of the finest Orientalism.
 " But I am but a nameless sort of person,
 (A broken Dandy lately on my travels)
 And take for rhyme, to hook my rambling verse on,
 The first that Walker's Lexicon unravels,
 And when I can't find that, I put a worse on,
 Not caring as I ought for critic's cavils;
 I've half a mind to tumble down to prose,
 But verse is more in fashion—so here goes!" (P. 23—26.)

Again,

" The morning now was on the point of breaking,
 A turn of time at which I would advise
 Ladies who have been dancing, or partaking
 In any other kind of exercise,
 To make their preparations for forsaking
 The ball-room ere the sun begins to rise,
 Because when once the lamps and candles fail,
 His blushes make them look a little pale.
 " I've seen some balls and revels in my time,
 And staid them over for some silly reason,
 And then I looked, (I hope it was no crime,)
 To see what lady best stood out the season;
 And though I've seen some thousands in their prime,
 Lovely and pleasing, and who still may please on,
 I never saw but one, (the stars withdrawn,)
 Whose bloom could after dancing dare the dawn.
 " The name of this Aurora I'll not mention,
 Although I might, for she was nought to me
 More than that patent work of God's invention,
 A charming woman, whom we like to see;
 But writing names would merit reprehension,
 Yet if you like to find out this fair *she*,
 At the next London or Parisian ball
 You still may mark her cheek, out-blooming all." (P. 40, 41.)

We wish we could have parted better friends with the author of *Beppo*, whoever he may be, for we cannot help respecting his genius. We rather hope that those will be found right in their conjecture who have ascribed it to Lord Byron himself; for, under all circumstances, we do not wish for a duplicate of that eccentric nobleman. Such is the value of correct opinion, and

a right moral feeling, among Britons at this moment, that we cannot afford to be amused at the expense of decency, and delicacy, and principle. We have no right, however, to take it for granted that Beppo is Lord Byron's; and as his Lordship has given us so much painful employment in the examination of his avowed performances, we do not wish to multiply this task upon ourselves, by assuming what is not ascertained. According to the advertisements, we are soon to have before us another Canto of the Childe Harold. We shall be happy to find in it some reparation for the injury done to the cause of virtue and religion by those which have appeared; and dread, for his sake, the accumulation of that fearful accountability which accompanies the gift of such great talents as unquestionably belong to him. We shall not fail to bestow upon it that honest criticism which the important productions of his genius have, we are sure, always experienced from us, whose pens are obedient to no motives or influences but the love of our dear country, its mind, and its character.

ART. III.—CAMBRIDGE PREACHERS.

1. *A Course of Sermons, preached at Great Saint Mary's Church, before the University of Cambridge, during the Month of April, 1816.* By the Rev. William Sharpe, A. M. Chaplain of Trinity College, Cambridge. *The Second Edition, with an Appendix.* 8vo. pp. 144. Rivingtons. London, 1817.
2. *A Theological Inquiry into the Sacrament of Baptism, and the Nature of Baptismal Regeneration, in five Discourses, preached before the University of Cambridge, in April, 1817.* By the Rev. C. Benson, M. A. Member of Trinity College, and Lecturer of St. John's, Newcastle-upon-Tyne. 8vo. pp. 110. Rivingtons. London, 1817.
3. *The True Test of Religion in the Soul: or Practical Christianity Delineated. A Sermon preached before the University of Cambridge, March 9, 1817.* By the Rev. Charles Simeon, M. A. Fellow of King's College. 8vo. pp. 25. Cadell and Davies. London, 1817.

It has been often remarked, that the ruin of any establishment more frequently proceeds from itself than from extraneous sources. An external shock often conduces to brace the system and confirm its stability; but when the symptoms of decay arise from an internal source, they are usually of a slow, but at the

same time of a progressive and destructive nature. This remark seems especially applicable to our revered ecclesiastical establishment; in which we are not afraid that the irruptions of hostile violence will ever make any very alarming conquest while the citadel remains safely guarded from within. But should a time ever arrive in which defection, strife, ostentation, apathy, or other injurious characteristics and dispositions, followed by a corresponding system of conduct, shall dissolve the internal supports of our church establishment, we cannot doubt that it must speedily hasten to its downfall. Viewing the affair in this serious aspect, and connecting with the possible dissolution of the established religion, the subversion of not a little that is good and lovely, not a little that is conducive to the morals, the happiness, and the eternal safety of mankind, we cannot express the anxiety we have ever felt in witnessing the prevalence of those qualities which must, in proportion as they extend, prove the fruitful sources of danger and dilapidation.

In making the preceding remarks, we are perfectly aware that we have placed upon an equal footing things which, in the opinion of but too many persons, are not only totally distinct, but appear greatly to vary in their comparative measure of importance. To not a few men, even of intellect and learning, the preservation of scriptural purity of doctrine appears a point of very subordinate moment to the inculcation of virtue of life; or, in other words, they imagine that it is of very little consequence what we think, at least on the controversial parts of Christianity, as long as we are not vicious in our ordinary deportment. To persons of this description, the works enumerated at the head of this paper will, of course, appear wholly unnecessary and uninteresting. Whether baptism be, or be not, inseparably connected with regeneration; whether conversion to God be necessary, and what is its nature, and what are its effects; whether we are justified in the Divine sight by faith or by works, or by neither, or by both, must be considered, by such readers, as subjects very unworthy of intellectual speculation. We need not say that such is not our own feeling; for if Christianity be really what it professes to be, a revelation from God of the utmost importance to mankind, and involving all our best and dearest interests, both for the present and the future world, it cannot be a matter of slight importance, whether or not we are duly acquainted with its characters and nature, so far, at least, as is necessary to secure our own salvation.

On these grounds, then, among others; we do not object to the legitimate and temperate discussion of religious subjects, even when that discussion assumes something of a controversial form. We would not, indeed, proceed to the length of the Rev. John

Hume Spry in preaching a visitation sermon expressly to inculcate "the Duty of Controversy;"* but we should be far from shrinking from "the duty," where it appeared to be really such, a case which we imagine happens much less often than zealous partisans are willing to admit. Of all places, however, the pulpit appears to us to be the most unfit for practising this "duty."

With these views, we scarcely know how to estimate the propriety of the sermons before us. On the one hand, several subjects of grave theological discussion have arisen, deeply interesting to Christians in general, and to churchmen in particular; and, most of all, to the younger members of the sacred profession. In addition also to this, the University preacher has been always privileged to wander somewhat beyond the ordinary bounds of parochial instruction, and to consider various topics more immediately connected with the studies and the habits of life, and the future prospects of the larger part of his learned and dignified auditory. A critical question, a point of subtle disputation, a revived heresy, a learned difficulty, and topics even of a merely local and personal range, may often be admissible in a University sermon, which would be wholly misplaced, and perhaps even positively injurious, if introduced before a more mixed and less intellectual congregation. On the other hand, it may with equal justice be contended, that a University audience meet, or ought to meet, in the temple of God for the same purposes as the members of the most illiterate parish; that the aim of pulpit instruction ought to be direct, practical, and devotional; that the enlargement of the mind is a very subordinate point to the improvement of the heart; and that, in short, whatever may be the subject or mode of discussion, man ought still to be contemplated in the same humbling points of view which would be fitted for an assemblage of untutored rustics.

In each of these aspects, the controversy before us may be alternately censured or defended. On the one side, to convert the Christian pulpit into an arena for the display of controversial prowess, and to make practical utility bend to the love of speculation, can admit of no excuse. Yet, on the other, to defend "the faith once delivered to the saints," to repel the arguments of innovators, and to guide the youthful student into the right track, is too important a duty to be neglected, even though in the attempt to gain the point proposed the fountains of controversy may be opened. We shall not, therefore, absolutely object to the turn which these discourses seem to indicate that the public preaching at Cambridge has lately taken; though, upon the

* See his Sermon, with this title, preached July 23, 1817, before the Archdeacon of Stafford, and the clergy who attended his visitation.

whole, we think St. Mary's might have been better employed than in so warm and lengthened a discussion. We cannot but picture to ourselves the number of young men who must have proceeded to their respective cures with minds inflamed by theological controversy, and consequently with very incorrect views of the relative proportions of religious duty. Persons of this description, especially if but little acquainted with professional studies before their entrance at College, can scarcely fail to carry into their parishes something of the tone and manner of pulpit instruction which they have been accustomed to admire at the University. Indeed, so far does this disposition already prevail, that no small number of the young divines of the present day have so much to do with attacking and defending, that they can scarcely find time or patience for the tame and ordinary employment of peaceable instruction. To retail the arguments of an admired University sermon, or what will sometimes do nearly as well, to collect its invectives against "Methodists" and "Evangelical Ministers," forgetting the reasons by which they were attempted to be supported, is, to a young man of warm feelings and little piety, a more congenial occupation, than so to preach, and so to live, as to expose himself by his virtues to the very appellations which he ridicules.

There is nothing we more dread than a polemical race of clergy. Though a minister's views should be correct, and his conduct regular, yet if he imbibe a spirit more calculated for disputing than acting, more ready to discover what is wrong in other classes of divines than what is his own duty, and what may most benefit the souls committed to his care, all his virtues and orthodoxy will be of little practical avail. On this ground, therefore, we greatly fear the possible effects of University controversies in the pulpit. If our young men are to be trained to a cavilling, disputatious mode of viewing scriptural truth, rather than to a warm, vivid, and operative feeling of its importance, the cause of genuine Christianity must necessarily languish within our walls; and all that animated our forefathers, all that made them happy upon earth, and guided them to heaven, will soon become extinct.

In thus deprecating the effects of a litigious spirit in the clergy, we are not intending to lay any particular share of blame upon any of the individuals whose works have suggested these remarks. Each one of these clergymen doubtless thought his own view of Scripture of great practical importance; and it is only when the *general effect* is beheld by a bystander that the real evils incidental to such controversies become apparent. At the time, each attack and defence doubtless appeared naturally to follow what had gone before; and not to have made replies and

rejoinders in due form might have been construed into a breach of an incumbent duty. But when the whole effect is contemplated, it is impossible for the mind not to observe something harsh and revolting in this pulpit war; and in our office as reviewers, as well as in correspondence with our feelings as Christians, we could wish that, if controversial subjects must be discussed in the pulpit (as of course, in an age like this, they too often must), they should, as far as possible, be divested of their martial form, and be mellowed down to the most kindly shape which they are capable of assuming.

The chief subjects to which the discussion before us extends, may be inferred from the titles of Mr. Sharpe's sermons, which are on Original Sin; Regeneration; Justification by Faith; and Final Perseverance.

It would be unjust not to admit that Mr. Sharpe has discussed each of these intricate subjects with considerable ingenuity; yet we are by no means satisfied with the result of his speculations upon any one of the great points in question. Indeed, independently of what we consider to be incorrect views on many important branches of Christian theology, there is throughout his reasoning, as well as that of Mr. Benson, and many other divines of the same school, a cold, dry, scholastic manner, which rather suits the professor's chair than the pulpit. Sermons like these do not greatly interest the heart, or influence the conduct. Even when correct and orthodox, they rather furnish an amusement (doubtless a rational and salutary one) for the understanding, than an appeal to the spiritual and moral powers. No man goes away from the disputation with a heart humbled to penitence, or with affections raised above the vanities and perturbations of the world, to the high and interesting objects of eternity.

But this deficiency of *impression* is not the only, nor perhaps is it the greatest evil of the kind of preaching to which we allude; and which may be defined to consist in logically reasoning upon admitted principles in religion, rather than in explaining and enforcing Scripture doctrine as plainly and unostentatiously revealed in the Divine Word. The *greatest* evil is, that by means of a process, the individual steps of which appear quite correct and logical, a result may oftentimes be produced which is the very reverse of another which equally appeared to flow from admitted principles. Suppose, for example, instead of listening simply to the language of Scripture on some litigated question between the Calvinists and Arminians, we assume the character of the Deity as a point granted, and begin to reason in the aforesaid harsh and technical manner upon the admitted fact. It is easy to perceive that, beginning with premises quite correct and undeniable, we

may follow them out to inferences of the most contrary nature, both of which cannot be true, and neither of which, perhaps, is so. The Calvinist, for instance, beginning with the infinite wisdom of God, infers his foreknowledge; and, by an easy step, goes from foreknowledge to predestination. Or, arguing again from the depravity of man, and the acknowledged need of the Divine influences, he may proceed, point by point, till he comes even to deny (or rather till his opponent comes to deny for him) the voluntary agency and responsibility of man. The Arminian, on the contrary, taking other attributes of the Deity,—for example, his love and mercy,—arrives at conclusions of a very different and even opposite kind. Yet, perhaps, each conducted his argument by a chain of reasoning, the links of which appeared indissoluble. Indeed, in religious controversies, nothing is more evident than the impossibility of settling great questions by this scholastic method; and it ought, therefore, to be an axiom in divinity that no controverted proposition shall be considered as proved, unless the conclusion, as well as the premises, correspond with the sacred Scriptures. The adoption of this rule would go far to silence many of the disputes which infest the Christian world, and to cut down those long and subtle arguments about predestination, and regeneration, and original sin, and similar subjects, which, while they give no small degree of complacency to the advocate and his friends, seldom or never convince his opponent, who, from other premises, equally undeniable, derives inferences of a quite contrary nature.

On these grounds, also, we object to the method so often employed by polemics, of following up the arguments of their adversaries to an absurdity, and then denouncing them as wicked or ridiculous. In physical science this practice (though even here it has been sometimes objected to) is an important means of detecting or proving a truth which no other process could reach; but in questions relative to subjects far above human reason, and unfolded only in the pages of revelation, no method of ratiocination can be more fallacious. The Scriptures were never intended to be cramped into the nooks and windings of our feeble dialectics. A broad outline is exhibited, the traces of which we cannot mistake; but the moment we quit its confines, and pass on to regions unexplored, we can scarcely fail to lose ourselves in uncertainty and error. There is hardly a fact or doctrine but which, by means of fine-spun deductions and inferences, might be followed out to some most unwarrantable conclusion. We therefore by no means admit as decisive the following argument employed by Mr. Sharpe:

“The principles, which we have been tracing into their consequences, introduce in their train, by natural and necessary con-

noxiæ, the tremendous doctrines of absolute predestination, of private and personal election and reprobation. We are not ignorant indeed that the advocates of the opinions we are opposing reject these, and similar deductions from them, with the utmost aversion and disgust; but they are to be reminded that the laws of reasoning do not allow them the liberty of adopting such a summary course of proceeding; they are either bound to shew the fallacy of the argument by which these conclusions are derived, or, if they are allowed to be legitimately deduced, they and the hypothesis must go together—they must be both admitted or both rejected." (P. 7.)

Now, if this be admitted (and we allow that *in theory* it at first appears quite fair), Mr. Sharpe's adversaries might equally pursue not a few of his own positions to consequences which he would certainly not be prepared to admit; and which, in fact, no opponent would be justified in urging upon him. Thus might mutual recrimination too easily glide into that place which ought to be reserved for Christian charity; and either party, measuring his adversary's sentiments not by what he himself advances, or what he thinks Scripture countenances, but surveying them through the medium of remote inferences and deductions, would be led to cherish feelings of jealousy and hostility, which a little good sense and good temper might have prevented.

Mr. Sharpe, in beginning with the doctrine of original sin, touches upon that which lies at the root of all the chief differences between the two opposing classes of the clergy. If the pravity of man be nothing more than what this author designates in softened phrase "a mitigated degree of moral disorganization," it is impossible his views of other scriptural doctrines can correspond with those of persons who think that we are gone "very far" (*quam longissimè*) from original righteousness. The disease and the remedy must necessarily bear a due correspondence; and, consequently, all the doctrines which relate to the justification and sanctification of a sinner, must assume, in the mind of a theologian, a complexion analogous to that of the fundamental position to which they have reference. We certainly think the texts which Mr. Sharpe introduces in proving his "mitigated" view, or censuring the view of his opponents, considerably warped by the process. For instance, that passage in the Book of Job, "*How much more abominable and filthy is man, who drinketh iniquity like water,*" had been urged, it seems (whether correctly or not we are not professing to decide), to countenance the doctrine of original sin in a fuller measure than Mr. Sharpe is inclined to admit. He therefore argues, that so far from this text proving the doctrine *intended* to be proved by it, it proves the very contrary; for that the expression *drinketh* shows that the transgressor "*acquires and imbibes* that which was at first *extraneous*

to him." Had he only questioned the relevancy of the passage to the subject of discussion, we should not have thought it necessary, at least in this place, to argue the question; but certainly the inference which he deduces is by no means unimpeachable; for the inquiry still remains, what *made* man thus delight to "*drink iniquity like water*?" Indeed nothing is more obvious, from the existing circumstances of the world, than that the depravity of mankind is deep and radical; that "the thoughts of the heart of man are only evil, and that continually." A "mitigated" hypothesis will not account for the facts of the case; and we have but to open our eyes to surrounding scenes in order to learn the unimpeachable, though unwelcome fact, that our once holy and perfect nature has become so extensively corrupt, that "there is no health in us."

If, however, we have not agreed with Mr. Sharpe, in some of his fundamental principles, we feel much pleasure in quoting the following practical conclusions, annexed to his sermon, on the subject under consideration :

"In conclusion therefore let us endeavour, on the principles of reason and of Scripture, to imprint upon our minds a deep and solid sense of the heinousness of *actual* sin, an employment highly salutary at all times, and particularly proper at *this* season, when we commemorate the sacrifice of 'the Lamb of God, who taketh away the sins of the world.'

"And first, let us contemplate the enormity of sin, considered as an act of disobedience and ingratitude towards God.—The criminality of disobedience and ingratitude is always in exact proportion to the degree of obedience due from the offending party, and the nature and extent of the obligations conferred on him by his benefactor. And which of the sons of men can apply this equitable maxim as a measure of his own transgressions against God, without feeling his countenance fall with shame and grief, his conscience shudder with terrific apprehension, and his whole heart and soul within him become 'even like melting wax.' Man, originally a clod of earth, moulded by the Almighty Artificer into a form and substance, whose properties and wonders are past finding out; waked into being out of the sleep of chaos, by an infusion into his nostrils of the breath of life, and placed in a station of proud pre-eminence over all the other works of God;—bearing on his brow the stamp of divinity, and possessing in his internal constitution a particle of its essence, a rational mind, an immortal soul, capable of feeling and of enjoying existence, of pondering on the past, of perceiving the present, of anticipating the future, of discerning the harmonies, and tasting the sweets of virtue, and of knowing, adoring, and loving God; man, a being invested with the most ample means of virtuous happiness here, by the very use and enjoyment of which he was designed, in the gracious purpose of his Maker, to prepare himself for a state of *endless* happiness hereafter;—man, a creature thus constituted, thus endowed, and thus appointed,

can find it in his heart to insult the Giver of these unspeakable blessings, and, by deliberately choosing that which is hateful in his sight, to frustrate the riches of his goodness, and make void his counsel against himself. Oh! my brethren, let us think of these things, of these unbounded mercies which we have all so often despised, and let each of us veil his head, and smite upon his breast, saying, 'God be merciful to me a sinner.'

"In the next place, we may form some notion of the malignity of sin, by observing its effects on the world at large, and on the sinner himself. When we compare the actual state of things around us with what it might be, and would be, but for the wickedness of man, how striking and how dreadful is the contrast; instead of beholding an earthly paradise, peopled with a race of beings, whose principal care and employment it is to glorify their common Father which is in heaven, and to alleviate the natural misfortunes, and augment the happiness of each and all of their kindred men, how frequently and how widely are we compelled to witness the mournful ravages of sin; sometimes appearing under the form of ambition, and slaughtering men in mere wantonness, till the sword is drunk with the blood of the slain;—sometimes destroying the confidence of civil life, by acts of violence, injustice, and oppression;—sometimes by perfidy and ingratitude tearing asunder the strongest ties which knit the heart of man to man;—and sometimes, in the indulgence of private profligacy, infusing poison into the cup of innocence, and planting in the bosom, where parental and conjugal affection had produced a sweet oblivion of the ills of life, unutterable anguish and bitterness of soul. Such is the face which *creation* wears, in consequence of the voluntary depravity of its lord; but who shall depict even the temporal misery which he is accumulating for *himself* as often as he transgresses the law of his God; who can descend into the dark recesses of the sinner's soul, and describe the sounds and sights of woe which burst upon it from every quarter; the fearfulness and trembling, the suspicion and dismay, wherewith the mind is haunted, when no mortal enemy is by; the trumpet-tongue of conscience, which ceases not to cry neither day nor night; and the convulsive agitations of a tortured spirit, which is 'like the troubled sea when it cannot rest.' Tranquillity must be sought in the ways of virtue, for 'there is no peace, saith God, to the wicked.'

"Again—let us read the nature and desert of sin in characters visible to the *external* eye, which are daily and hourly presented to our notice, and written by the immediate finger of God. According to his all-righteous judgment 'the wages of sin is death,' and the sentence pronounced as a *penalty* on the first transgressor, is regularly inflicted on all his descendants, as an awful *memento* (among other purposes) of what is properly due to sin, and as a present intimation of what it may expect to receive in a future and eternal world. See, then, the sorry and loathsome remnant of that noble creature, man, when the spirit has fled, and resigned its habitation to the worms. How wonderful! how terrible! that he, who was lately beheld with complacency, it may be with affection and delight, is now transformed at once into an

object of aversion, disgust, and horror. It is *sin* that has wrought the mighty ruin; in the fearful exhibition of mortality, it is *sin* that sits triumphant on the throne, and death is only the minister by her side.

“Lastly, let us learn the enormity of sin in the sight of a pure and righteous God, by the value of the atonement, which he required to be made for it. Neither ‘thousands of rams’ for a sacrifice, nor ‘ten thousands of rivers of oil’ for a libation, could send up a savour unto heaven sufficiently grateful to appease its wrath; no, nor could even repentance and reformation cancel the hand-writing of ordinances against us, and restore the sinner to the unqualified favour of his Maker. And as no one could avail to liberate himself from the curse of the law, much less was he able to redeem his brother, or make atonement unto God for him; and all creation would have groaned together in bondage until now had not the second Man from heaven, compassiating our infirmities and miseries, condescended to lay aside the inherent glory of the only-begotten of the Father, and offer himself as a Lamb for a burnt-offering, holy and acceptable unto God. With what feelings then of deep remorse, of self-abasement, and self-condemnation, should we ‘look upon him whom we have pierced,’ when it was our iniquity that nailed him to the tree; and with what unfeigned and fervent gratitude to him who died for us that we might live through him.

“And can we then continue in sin now that grace and mercy have thus abounded to us, and love and cherish the mortal enemy of God, which called his Son from heaven to the cross. Oh! let us be infinitely careful how we ‘crucify the Son of God afresh, and put him again to an open shame;’ for, if we ‘count the blood of the covenant an unholy thing,’ and refuse to avail ourselves of its sanctifying influence, ‘there remaineth no more sacrifice for sin, but a certain fearful looking-for of judgment and fiery indignation.’” (P. 31—34.)

Another topic which prominently occupies the pages of Mr. Sharpe, and to which the whole of Mr. Benson’s work is devoted, is that long controverted subject—the effects of Christian baptism. On this, after so much has been said, we are not aware that we can throw any new light, and therefore shall not fatigue our readers with repeating the arguments which both parties have produced to countenance their opinions. We cannot, however, but remark with much satisfaction, that the nature of the controversy has considerably changed since we first formally brought the subject before the public. The concessions, indeed, are so numerous, that we can scarcely recognize, in the cautious and select expressions of several recent authors, the positions which first startled us in the tracts of Dr. Mant. The *inseparable* connexion between baptism and regeneration, taking the word *regeneration* in its highest sense, is now loudly disclaimed by all parties. Even Mr. Benson argues:

“The spiritual blessings of baptism *at the time* of its reception, like the spiritual blessings of the covenant itself, are to be measured

by the worthiness of the recipient. And wherever an individual is *capable* of fulfilling the conditions we have specified, his worthiness must of course be estimated according to their fulfilment.

"If, therefore, a rational and intelligent adult, an adult blessed with the opportunity of learning and the capacity of understanding his duty,—an adult living in a Christian country, and attending upon a Christian ministry, should presumptuously approach the waters of baptism, without penitence or belief, it is evident that the administration of the ordinance would communicate to him at the time no beneficial effect whatsoever. For the impenitence and unbelief of such a man must necessarily be considered as a *wilful* want of the requisite qualifications, and consequently as a bar to the benefits of a conditional covenant, whose saving power depends upon the worthiness of its members. And if that bar should still continue, and if that man should go on and live the life and die the death of impenitence and unbelief, doubtless, his damnation will be greater, and his punishment the more severe. He has sinned against the law, and therefore *must* be judged by the law, and be beaten with many stripes, because he knew, or at least had an opportunity of knowing and doing, the will of God, and did it not. Yet I would not dare, even in this extreme case, to say, that baptism, as the solemn institution of my Saviour and my God, is altogether without any *possible* benefit. The case of a wilfully faithless and unrepenting recipient of baptism, is, indeed, in reality as dangerous, as it is horrible in contemplation, and we may well expect, that having sinned against the light of his conscience and the truth, the light will be for ever withdrawn from his eyes, and he himself condemned to all the wickedness and wretchedness of a *reprobate* mind, the anguish and despair of a hopeless destiny. Still, however, we cannot, without denying the general efficacy of the sacrament itself, deny, that every one is by baptism made either a worthy or unworthy member of the covenant of grace, of that covenant which admits and rewards the labourers of the vineyard even as late as the eleventh hour of the day, and expressly declares, that 'every one that believeth and is baptised shall be saved,' without specifying any particular moment, beyond which that faith will be ineffectual. Destitute, therefore, as we may be of all rational or probable expectation of such an event, we still feel authorized to maintain, that if the character of an unbelieving and impenitent recipient of baptism should at any subsequent period of life experience a favourable and godly change, and from an unworthy, he should become a worthy member of the Christian covenant; his previous admission into it by baptism will be made effectual to salvation without any second administration of the ordinance." (P. 15—17.)

We do not, in bringing forward this extract, pretend entirely to vindicate the theology which pervades it. The way, for instance, in which the term *worthy* is more than once used, is not, we conceive, quite free from exception: we are, however, glad to find our author, in another part of his work, expressing himself upon this subject in a less dubious manner:

“ It may safely be asserted, that faith and repentance are not the meritorious conditions of the salvation of the members of Christianity; and if this distinction had been carefully observed and openly allowed, it might not perhaps have altogether precluded that difference of opinion, which has so long been entertained upon the qualifications of baptism; but it certainly would have prevented much of that animosity to which this difference of opinion has given rise. For, every thing that we are, and every thing that we do, it is by the grace of God. We are not sufficient of ourselves to do any thing as of ourselves; and therefore not even to turn and prepare ourselves for a participation in the redemption of Jesus, by the acquisition of the virtues of repentance and faith. Our sufficiency for that, as well as for any other good work, must be of God; and consequently, being the gift of his goodness, cannot claim from his justice the reward of redemption as a debt. For no reward can be said, in strictness, to be due from the giver to the possessor of a gift, merely for the sake and on account of that gift.” (P. 45, 46.)

We have already stated, that much of the difference in opinion between the two classes of clergy under consideration, arises from the different views which they entertain of the natural condition of man, and consequently of the nature and extent of the remedy provided, and the mode and means of its application. To this we may add, that they equally differ in their ideas of what constitutes a Christian; so that their statements, wherever this idea occurs, must necessarily be incongruous. Mr. Benson, for example, tells us (p. 30) that “ baptism” even “ *without faith*, maketh us Christians;” and again, speaking of the Gospel as “ a covenant,” alludes to its “ unbelieving and impenitent members,” as well as to those who “ repent and believe.” In like manner Mr. Sharpe has an elaborate argument to prove that a “ true faith” and a “ dead faith” are *precisely the same*, only that to the one is superadded good works, which are not added to the other. The opposite party deny these positions. They do not consider a man as entitled to the exalted name of a Christian, whose heart and life are not conformable to the religion which he professes. They do not admit *that* to be a “ true” faith, which does not proceed to holiness and good works. They cannot conceive the existence of an unbelieving and impenitent member of Christ. They would speak of a wicked man, notwithstanding his baptism, as needing to be converted that he may live; as requiring to be born again to a new and spiritual existence; in a word, as a *nominal* and not a *real* Christian; a distinction which neither Mr. Benson nor Mr. Sharpe would be willing to allow. Mr. Simeon’s view of the subject is as follows:

“ In the text is drawn a broad line of distinction between the child of God, and every other person under heaven.

“ Christians are either nominal or real. Each class has gradations,

from the highest to the lowest; but between the two classes there is an immense gulph, that separates them as far as the east is from the west. To ascertain to which of the two we belong is of infinite importance: but self-love blinds our eyes, and renders the discovery of it extremely difficult. This Scripture however holds up, as it were, a mirror before us; and, if we will look stedfastly into it, we may discern with great precision what manner of persons we are.

"The difference between the two classes is this: the nominal Christian, however eminent he may in appearance be, is partial in his regard for God's precepts; but the true Christian approves and loves them all without exception.

"The nominal Christian, we say, is partial in his regard for God's precepts. He may esteem those *which countenance his own particular party*. The Papist, for instance, and the Protestant, will severally glory in those passages of Holy Writ, which seem to justify their adherence to their respective modes of worship, and to afford them ground for believing, that theirs is the more scriptural and apostolic church. The various classes of Protestants also will manifest an ardent zeal for the support of their respective tenets, and be almost ready to anathematize each other, as not giving sufficient weight to those particular passages, on which they severally found their respective differences. They not only esteem their own grounds of faith 'to be right,' but they 'hate' the sentiments opposed to them 'as erroneous and false.'

"The nominal Christian may also love those precepts *which do not materially condemn him*. The man who is sober, chaste, honest, just, temperate, benevolent; may take a real pleasure in such passages of Scripture as inculcate the virtues in which he supposes himself to have excelled; and may feel an indignation against the ways, by which those precepts are grossly violated.

"He may yet further delight in such precepts as, according to his interpretation of them, *afford him ground for rejecting the gospel*. No passages in all the Word of God are more delightful to him than such as these: 'Be not righteous overmuch;' and 'What doth the Lord thy God require of thee, but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God?' He has no fear lest he should not be *righteous enough*; nor is he very anxious to inquire what is implied in *walking humbly* with God: it is sufficient for him that these passages are, in his eyes, opposed to what he calls enthusiasm; setting aside the necessity of faith in the Lord Jesus, and of a life of entire devotedness to his service: and his hatred of all passages that bear an opposite aspect, is in exact proportion to his zeal for these.

"But, whilst such parts of Scripture are approved by him, does he love *all* that the Inspired Volume contains? Does he love those precepts which are *most sublime and scriptural*? No; it is no pleasure to him to hear of 'setting his affections on things above,' or of having 'his conversation in heaven:' nor does it afford him any gratification to be told, that the measure of holiness which he must aspire after, is that which was exhibited in the Lord Jesus, whose example he is to follow in the whole of his spirit and temper, his conversation and conduct, 'walking in all things as he walked.'

"Nor does he particularly affect those precepts which require *self-denial*. 'To crucify the flesh with the affections and lusts,' and to root out from his soul every evil, though it be dear to him 'as a right eye,' or necessary to him as 'a right hand,' and to have a compliance with these precepts as his only alternative between that and the taking his portion 'in hell-fire,' is no pleasing sound in his ears, notwithstanding it proceeds from the meek and lowly Jesus.

"Least of all is he gratified with precepts that *strike at his besetting sin*. The proud man does not delight to hear the workings of pride delineated; nor the covetous man the evils of covetousness depicted; nor the gay and dissipated the folly of their ways exposed; nor the self-righteous man the delusive nature of his hopes declared. No, they are all ready to deride the statements that condemn their ways, just as the Pharisees derided our Lord, when he had unveiled their covetous and hypocritical devices: 'The Pharisees were covetous (it is said), and they derided him.' The hearts of these people rise against all such doctrines, and with no little bitterness they exclaim, 'In so saying thou reproachest us.'

"The true Christian, on the contrary, approves and loves all the commands of God; both *those which are evangelical*, and *those which are moral*." (P. 4-8.)

Our readers will perceive that we have not ventured to enter into the various discussions to which our authors introduce us. The subjects of original sin, predestination, regeneration, justification by faith, &c. &c. are not to be set at rest by a few abstract and pithy remarks. These are questions which the theological student must be content to learn, not in the "seat of the scorners," or of "the vain disputer of this world," but humbly upon his knees, and by the slow and cautious process of self scrutiny, with a habit of comparing what he reads in the Divine Record of his faith; with what he feels passing in his own bosom, and what he observes in the world around him. If he is anxious to jump into conclusions, he will almost inevitably go wrong; and not less so, if he trusts rather to the powers of human dialectics and the processes of cold philosophical reasoning than to the humble and practical study of the Holy Scriptures, in submissive dependance upon that Divine instruction, which is never withheld where it is devoutly implored. It is easy to sit down and invent arguments against the most undeniable positions in theology; it is easy to make scruples where none really existed, and to silence them where they ought to have been heard. No system whatever will stand this process. We must be content to yield to truth, as we find it clearly displayed in revelation, and as it accounts fairly and simply for the actual phenomena existing in the world. If we are to be startled at every awkward or incongruous consequence which a subtle controversialist may contrive to draw from it or tack to it, we shall never obtain any thing like a settled and

consistent view of the Christian faith. We are not therefore, for example, inclined to admit that the doctrines entertained by the moderate and consistent part of what are called the evangelical clergy are incorrect or unscriptural, even though an author should be able ingeniously, or even logically, to advance a number of strong counter-positions. To take a single case: Mr. Sharpe contends that the doctrine of justification by faith, as held and inculcated by his opponents, leads to consequences hostile to morality. It is true, that, in this instance, we think we could easily confute his whole argument, and show the very contrary to be the case. But even supposing we could not, we should not therefore necessarily be induced to yield an opinion, founded, as we conceive, on the plain declarations of Scripture; and which, in point of fact, we do *not* find followed (as Mr. Sharpe would attempt to prove it *ought* in consistency to be followed,) by immorality of life. We may fairly demand with Mr. Simeon,

“If justification by faith alone be necessarily productive of laxness in morals, whence comes it that a higher tone of morality is universally expected from those who maintain that doctrine, than from others? Whence is it that the smallest evils in such persons are more severely marked, than the most licentious courses of the ungodly world? We appeal to all who hear us, whether, if a professor, and especially a preacher, of this doctrine were to demean himself in all things for one single day in the way that the generality of his own age and station live all the year round, the mouths of all who beheld him would not be opened against him as a hypocrite? Whence should this be, if those who maintain the doctrine of justification by faith alone, represented it as liberating men from their obligation to good works? And how comes it, that the very persons who are complained of for the licentious tendency of their principles, should at the same time be universally condemned for the over-righteous sanctity of their lives?” (P. 16—18.)

We think we could quite as forcibly prove that the doctrine of baptismal regeneration necessarily leads to carelessness of life, as Mr. Sharpe, or any other author can, that the doctrine of justification by faith is liable to produce this effect; to which we might add, from real fact and experience, that the former often *does* so; while both Scripture and fact convince us that the latter has the very opposite tendency. Yet we would not charge an opponent with intentional mischief, as long as he pursues the course prescribed, as follows, by Mr. Benson:

“What danger can arise so long as we conclude, that neither the grace of baptism availeth any thing to salvation, nor the want of that grace, but ‘faith working by love;’ but faith made energetic and effectual by the works of holiness, and crowned with the qualifications of virtue, knowledge, meekness, gentleness, patience, brotherly kind-

ness, and all goodness, and universal charity. Why, what evil have we done in declaring baptism to be 'the power of God unto salvation,' so long as we be not negligent to put men in remembrance of their duty, and to tell them that the cause without the effect is dead; that the gift without the fruits of the Spirit is vain; to warn them lest they should forget that they have been 'purged from their sins;' and to exhort them, as a consequence, 'to give all diligence to make their calling and election sure:' because, though we believe, that by reason of the baptism of our infancy, the Lord doth work in us both to will and to do, yet after all we confess, that it is ourselves alone upon whom depends the working out of our own salvation. Being baptised, we were 'born again into a lively hope of an inheritance, reserved in heaven for them who are kept by the power of God.' Being baptised, we were endued with 'power to become the sons of God.'

"But then it is a power which may be neglected, or abused, or lost. But then if careless and perverse, and without perseverance, we shall *not* be kept by the power of God unto salvation, and so all the liveliness of our hope will become dead, and fade away before the presence of our iniquities. This is the regeneration which we preach." (P. 80, 81.)

We are glad to find that this is the regeneration which they preach, and have only to wish that it were more uniformly and constantly followed up by such practical appeals as the foregoing, from the same author. In giving the extracts, we cannot but again remark how greatly the doctrine of baptismal regeneration has been softened down by the late discussions. Mr. Benson, its avowed champion, admits, as we shall see, that though all "have been" regenerate in baptism, all are not "now" regenerate, and that consequently they need a change of heart. Now whether that change be called a "conversion," a "new-birth," a "renovation," or by whatever other term, is comparatively of little consequence, as long as it is co-extensive with the facts and necessities of the case. We do not argue for words, but for things. It is true we *still* consider even Mr. Benson's modified view to be incorrect, and that there is something far from plausible in the idea, that men are all regenerate in baptism, though in the experiment they almost always turn out unregenerate as soon as they are capable of shewing their true character. We, in fact, view this modified doctrine as but a kind of compromise by which the main position of the evangelical clergy as to the *real obvious* condition of the great body of mankind is admitted in substance; while the terms in which it is announced are such as to remove the appearance of concession on the part of their opponents. The "evangelical clergy" we conceive will not greatly quarrel with any brother who shall preach to men *as they are*, and as Scripture describes them to be, whatever may be his speculative notions as to what men *may* have been at the moment of their

baptism. If the doctrine be never employed but as an argument to induce sinners to return to their baptismal privileges, and to come back to the God whom they have forsaken;—if it be never so exhibited as to make it appear to supersede in the public mind, that real and practical change of heart which is necessary to salvation, and which it is conceded may not actually exist even in a baptised person;—if it be so held as to be consistent with adequate views of human guilt and depravity, and the necessity of being in fact, as well as in theory, new creatures in Christ Jesus;—if it be followed up by exhortations to that deep penitence, and humble faith, and persevering holiness, which alone can give any satisfactory evidence of our being “born again;”—the doctrine, though still, as we conceive, incorrect and inconsistent with itself, will certainly not be open to those censures which in its unmodified state it so justly incurred. But to proceed to the extract which gave rise to these remarks:

“Turn we then, for one single moment, to examine what those practical inferences are, to which this doctrine of *baptismal* regeneration leads.

“If we have spoken the truth, every one here has been born again of the Spirit. As infants, they were brought by the piety of their parents to the fountain of life, to the cleansing waters of healing and of baptism, and passing through the laver of regeneration, were there and then regenerated by the Holy Ghost. They have all received the new and spiritual *birth*. But are they all living the new and spiritual *life*? Many that are born do die, and never reach that maturity of strength, and those powers of body and of mind, for the attainment and the use of which they are born into the world. Many that are born do die, some in infancy and some in youth, some in folly and some in pride, and many through the neglect, and many through the abuse of their faculties, do linger out a wretched and diseased existence without vigour, without health, and without hope. It is the same too in the spiritual life, and the analogy may still be continued with a mournful truth. Many have been born *again* who, as spiritual creatures, are dying or are dead. Of all that were brought to the waters of baptism, of all the filth of whose flesh has been washed away, and into whom the principle of godliness has been infused, and the power of becoming the sons of God been given; how few there be, that in the hour of life that now is, in the hour of death that shall be, and in the day of judgment that must be, will be able to bring the answer of a good conscience before God! All have been born *again*, but all are not born of *God*, or abiding in God. All have been regenerated, but all are not now regenerate; and their spiritual life remaineth not, or flourisheth not in them. Some are buried in sins, and some have fallen asleep in negligence. Some in carelessness, and some in wickedness, and some in violence, have checked, or weakened, or perchance, have quenched the principle of light and love. And many there be, who, through indolence, perverseness, or contempt, are no more than very

children in holiness still ;—still tottering in the weakness and helplessness of spiritual infancy. They have never duly cherished and improved the means of growing in grace, and so have never attained unto the perfect man, or reached ‘ the measure of the stature of the fullness of Christ.’ For the seed of holiness, that is sown in our hearts in baptism, may so decay, or die for want of cultivation, as either to bring forth no fruit at all, or no fruit unto perfection. Examine therefore yourselves brethren, whether, after having been born unto God, ye live unto God ; whether, the Spirit having been given you to profit withal, ye, according to the measure of that Spirit, have worked withal. The Spirit indeed worketh when and how it listeth, and we know not when or how. But we know its power, and we know its effects. We refer you not therefore to feelings, but to facts, in order to learn whether ye are continuing, as ye ought to do, to shew forth in your lives the evidences of your regeneration. The works of the workings of the Spirit are these: peace, and faith, and love, and every virtue; and every virtue proceeding out of a good and honest heart, and unfeigned sincerity of obedience to the will of God. If these things then be in you and abound, blessed are ye ; for then ye are the sons of God, led by his Spirit, and the heirs, through perseverance, of everlasting glory. But, if these things be in you only imperfectly, or casually, or feebly, all hope indeed is not departed for ever ; but it may well become you to remember, to ‘ stir up the gift of God which is in you,’ through baptism, and by temperance, sobriety, and chastity ; by meditation, and piety, and prayer ; by every common virtue, which obtains the praise of man ; and much more by the practice of every uncommon duty, which is despised and neglected of men, to seek after the praise of God, and labour to restore the health, and preserve the life of your souls ; lest the angel of death should come, and ye should be found wicked or wanting. But if none of these things be in you, or remain in you *at all* ; if seeking for goodness in your hearts, ye can find *none* ; if there be in you the powers of reasoning, without the effects of righteousness ; the labour of learning, without learning to do well in any measure or degree ; if there be in you the excellency of speech, and the barren glories of understanding and knowledge, without any of the real and the eternal excellencies of purity and godliness ; the truth must be spoken, though with tears ; if ye have utterly quenched, and are altogether dead to the Spirit, it is impossible, says the Apostle, ‘ for those who were made partakers of the Holy Ghost, and were once enlightened, and have tasted of the heavenly gift ; if they should fall away, to renew them again unto repentance.’” (P. 104—108.)

We shall allude, and even that transiently, to but one topic more, which is introduced to our notice by the present works—we mean that fatal error to which, in avoiding a contrary extreme, not a few individuals in the present day have reverted, or appear inclined to revert. We cannot open the subject better than with the remarks of Mr. Simeon :

“ From the passage before us, we may, in the next place, offer’s

reproof to those who would abuse the gospel. We have already acknowledged, and with deep grief we confess it, that there are some persons professedly of Antinomian principles, who are so occupied with contemplating what Christ has wrought out for them, that they cannot bestow a thought on what he has engaged to work in them. To speak of holiness, or any point of duty, they account low, and legal: yea, they think that Christ has by his own obedience to the law superseded the necessity of holiness in us; and that the whole work of salvation is so finished by him, that there remains nothing to be done by us, nothing of repentance for sin, nothing of obedience to God's commands, but solely to maintain confidence in the provisions of God's everlasting covenant, and to rejoice in God as our God and portion.

"Shocking as these sentiments are, they have been professed of late to a great extent; and many have been deceived by them: but, to show how unscriptural they are, we need only refer to the character of David, as drawn in the words of our text: Does he discard the law as a rule of life? Does he pour contempt upon the precepts of God as unworthy of his notice? No: throughout all his Psalms he speaks of them as objects of his supreme delight: 'O how I love thy law! all the day long is my study in it.' 'I love thy precepts above gold; they are sweeter to me than honey and the honey-comb.' To the same effect St. Paul also speaks: 'I consent unto the law that it is good:' and again, 'I delight in the law of God after the inward man!' He does, it is true, speak of himself as 'dead to the law;' and of the law as dead with respect to him; and from thence, that the marriage bonds, by which the law and we were formerly united, are for ever dissolved. But what use does he teach us to make of this liberty? Does he speak of it as freeing us from all moral restrictions? No; but as a reason for our giving up ourselves henceforth in a marriage union to Christ, as our second husband, *that we may bring forth fruit unto God.* Now then, we would ask, Were David and Paul right? If so, what must we think of the sentiments of these deluded people? Are they more spiritual than David? Or have they a deeper insight into the gospel than Paul? The very circumstance of their discarding all the exhortations of St. Paul, and casting behind them all his practical instructions, demonstrates, that they are, for the present at least, 'given up to a delusion, to believe a lie.' Some of them, we trust, do not practically live according to these principles; and, where this is the case, we hope that God, in his mercy, will sooner or later give them to see their errors: but, if they practically carry into effect their principles, they will have reason to curse the day that ever they were born.

"To the younger part of our audience we will beg permission to suggest a few hints on this important subject.

"You, when you go into the world, will be in danger of being ensnared by people of this stamp. There is something very imposing in the idea of glorifying the Lord Jesus Christ, and of making him 'all in all.' The devout mind is delighted with this thought; and is easily induced to regard with jealousy any thing that may be supposed to

interfere with it. But be not wise above that which is written; and let nothing tempt you to imagine that you can honour Christ by setting aside any of his commandments. It is by your love to his commandments that you are to approve yourselves his disciples; and, however delighted you may be with the visions of Mount Tabor, you must never forget that you have work also to do in the plain. We are far from wishing any one to be working from self-righteous principles, or in a legal spirit: nor would we utter a word that should discourage the fullest confidence in God. It is our privilege, doubtless, to trace all our mercies up to his everlasting love, and to view them all as secured to us by covenant and by oath: but then it is no less our privilege to fulfil God's will, and to resemble the holy angels, of whom it is said, that 'they do his commandments, hearkening to the voice of his word.' Beware then lest ye ever be led off from his ground. Rejoice in the Lord Jesus Christ, as the propitiation for your sins, as your all-prevailing Advocate, and as your living Head: but, whilst you believe in him, and love him, and rejoice in him, let your faith, and love, and joy, stimulate you to a holy and unreserved obedience. If he has 'set your heart at liberty,' let the effect be to 'make you run with more enlargement the way of his commandments.' (P. 18—22.)

Independently of the immediate evil effects of the Antinomianism which Mr. Simeon exposes, it is greatly to be dreaded on account of the unfounded jealousies to which it often gives rise, respecting the tendency of what is called evangelical preaching; which, though as far as possible removed from the errors in question, may easily be represented to the unthinking part of the world, as in intimate connexion with them. The style of preaching which Mr. Simeon censures, consists almost exclusively in the application of stimuli. Its object is to animate and comfort the dejected Christian; but even supposing, what is not always the case, that the methods taken to produce this effect were quite right and scriptural, still, comforting men is but one part of the ministerial function, and ought not to supersede all the rest. We need to be instructed, and corrected, and warned; to be excited to what is right, and deterred from what is wrong. The proportion of those in an ordinary congregation whose case demands what these divines would denominate "a *comforting sermon*" is very small, compared with those who need to be taught the first elements of religion, those who require to be aroused from carelessness, those whose prejudices want correcting, whose hearts want exciting, whose consciences are secure, and who need all the most powerful warnings and sanctions of revelation to awaken them even to the slightest degree of spiritual impression. The varieties of the moral constitution are not studied in this mode of preaching. Instead of reserving "strong drink for them that are ready to perish, and wine for those that are of a heavy

heart," the same stimulating diet is administered to all, whatever be their cases; so that while perhaps a few dejected persons derive what they imagine particularly suits their frame of mind, the great body of persons present must either remain uninterested spectators, or indulge in feelings which, in their present state of character, would be positively, and perhaps irreparably, injurious.

This result would, in some measure occur, even supposing that the error in question arose only from an indiscreet selection and undue preponderance of a few topics, in themselves not inconsistent with revelation, but which formed only one among many aspects in which religious truth might be contemplated. In the same manner as a too frequent and harsh statement of the awful threatenings of Scripture, to the exclusion of its promises and invitations, might drive a penitent to despair, the contrary error would probably lead to false security and presumption. But how much more must this be the case when, as in the instances which we are contemplating, the stimulants employed are not only used in undue quantities, but are of a positively injurious quality. This we conceive to be the case with the sermons of Antinomian ministers, and, in a slighter degree, of all those who tread, though at some distance, in their steps. The mode in which they speak of self-examination, and their contempt for every thing like a sober, and rational, and scriptural estimate of the heart by the conduct, of the faith by the works, must necessarily lead to the most evil consequences. To affect to connect the body of the evangelical clergy with men of this description is eminently unfair. Indeed, neither the term "evangelical," nor that of "orthodox," nor any similar appellation, can be considered as describing an exact and well-defined species of character. We must judge of ministers and their doctrines individually, and not by a reference to some party standard, to which they are supposed to belong. We must not be deterred or frightened by a few hard words on either side: truth in religion is of too much importance to be sacrificed to names or parties; and wherever it is found ought to be hailed by every good man, whatever may be the class of persons among whom it may have taken up its residence.

ART. IV.—*Narrative of a Voyage to New Zealand, performed in the Years 1814 and 1815, in Company with the Rev. Samuel Marsden, principal Chaplain of New South Wales.* By John Liddiard Nicholas, Esq. 2 vols. 8vo. pp. 828. Black and Son, London, 1817.

IN perusing the works that come before us in the shape of voyages, travels, and personal narratives, we have often attempt-

ed, but in vain, to renew the keen delight and enthusiasm of those early periods of existence, in which every thing was in its vernal dress. For the opening mind, writings of this kind have a nameless charm, which they soon lose in after life. The habit also of reading much and superficially, a habit now universal throughout the educated part of the community, accelerates the decay of that peculiar zest, which usually accompanies the first willing efforts of childhood and youth. Readers who enter with deep enthusiasm into their subject, are amongst those chiefly who read comparatively little. It is impossible for either the mind or the body exquisitely to enjoy a feast every day. The most attentive care to avoid literary repletion will not give to maturer years some of those peculiar delights which we remember to have felt in childhood, but the traces of which we find it impossible to recover.

In perusing, for instance, a narrative like that before us, interested as we certainly have been, we cannot feel again the exact sensations with which we read in infancy the voyages of Capt. Cook, or other navigators or circumnavigators to the same country. We have heard and read of too many savages to realize those feelings of awe, and astonishment, and curiosity, and pleasing terror, which we once experienced, but have now for ever lost, and which our children are now experiencing to lose it in their turn.

But though, in point of mere *sensation*, a narrative of voyages or travels necessarily parts with its power, in proportion as the mind is matured and knowledge enlarged, there are other views in which it is rendered even more interesting than it would have been in all the simplicity and raciness of early youth. The fact is, that it furnishes important materials for *thinking*; which is as much the delight of the advanced mind as feeling is our delight in the earlier stages of knowledge and experience. If the mere difference of colour, or climate, or modes of life, cannot again excite any of those youthful emotions of wonder, or contempt, or abhorrence, to which they once gave rise; yet the moral and physical varieties of the species will still furnish subjects of contemplation and profound delight.

Now in *both* these points of view the volumes before us deserve notice. They contain, on the one hand, a very interesting and apparently faithful delineation of savage life in one of its lowest and most degrading, yet one of its most energetic and manly forms, and amongst a nation hitherto comparatively but little known. They cannot, therefore, fail to interest even the younger members of the family party; while at the same time, by opening new worlds to our view, by furnishing fresh materials for speculation, by throwing new light upon the history and habits of the species, they commend themselves to the notice of the philosopher and

political economist: we might have added of the zealous Christian also, who cannot but feel interested in the promotion of the moral and religious welfare of the barbarous, yet noble race of beings, whose manners are here detailed, and for whose spiritual benefit we are happy to find that the benevolent exertions of our fellow countrymen and fellow churchmen have been already exerted.

The two islands which constitute New Zealand, though visited and minutely described by Capt. Cook, seem since that period to have been almost entirely neglected; and we are sorry to say that the few visits made to them have been far from favourable to the desirable object of a permanent intercourse. We well remember the characteristic remark of a sailor, who was punished in Capt. Cook's first voyage for going on shore, and stealing the potatoes of the natives—that "he thought a British seaman had a right to do such things to the Indians." The additional half dozen lashes which he received for this notable speech do not seem to have eradicated this opinion from the minds of his contemporaries and successors. The fact is, that almost all the intercourse of Europeans with the natives has been that of spoliation and revenge. Constant quarrels have arisen from the insults of the sailors to their women; and with so little ceremony have the feelings or the rights of this people been treated that private individuals, and even chiefs, who have visited European vessels, have been carried off, either because the captain was not in a humour to take the trouble to land them, or because he had occasion for their services on board his vessel. We regret to say, that all the attempts made to stop these lawless proceedings have hitherto failed. The stations of benevolent settlers are constantly rendered insecure by means of these outrages, nor can any thing effectual be done for civilizing the natives, till such measures shall be adopted by government itself as shall secure their confidence and esteem. The efforts of private philanthropy cannot possibly succeed while they are constantly counteracted by the brutal and unprovoked incursions of South-Whalers, and other European crews, who often land on the New Zealand shores to supply their immediate necessities, without any calculation as to what may be the effects of their conduct upon the fate of others who shall touch there in future. The natural result is, that in more than one instance a fearful revenge has been taken by the natives upon the innocent for the provocations of the guilty. Mr. Kendall, a missionary settler in New Zealand, was recently appointed, by the Governor of New South Wales, a magistrate for those islands; and without his authority, certified in writing, no British subject was in future either to land, or to take a native on board. This measure has not, however, been effectual; and petitions we have understood

have been presented to the government at home to take some more effectual means for securing so humane and important an object. Unless something can be done, it will be almost impossible for benevolent persons to settle in the South Sea Islands with security to themselves, or with benefit to the inhabitants. It is true, that the prudent conciliating conduct of the Church of England Missionary Colony, at the Bay of Islands, has been such as to secure, amidst all these drawbacks on their popularity and influence, the respect and esteem of the natives, and that much benefit has in consequence accrued to the latter from their residence. It is true, also, that the natives have pledged themselves not to molest the brig *Active*, which belongs to the missionaries; while they would give no such pledge as to European vessels in general. But though these circumstances prove that the New Zealanders can make distinctions, and are not destitute of generous feelings, and that the missionary establishment has been such as to deserve their confidence; yet no man who knows the temper and character of savage nations, and more especially of these islanders, can doubt that imminent danger still impends over every European who touches on their shores, as long as unprovoked outrages shall continue to be received from other European visitors, who have not the principle or feeling to regulate their conduct by the rules of justice or humanity.

The New Zealanders, it is well known, are addicted to cannibalism; whether through dearth of food, or preference for this horrid banquet, or only from principles of revenge in the case of enemies slain in war, has been a subject of dispute. Mr. Nicholas inclines to the latter opinion.* But which soever of these

* "My opinion on the subject is, that a kind of superstitious revenge is the grand actuating principle that incites them to this horrible practice. Born in the grossest ignorance, and nurtured amidst wild dissensions, they give loose to all the violence of their ungovernable passions; while superstition teaches them to believe that their revenge can reach beyond the grave, and that the future existence of their wretched victims must be totally annihilated, by this unnatural destruction of their mortal remains. With this shocking idea the children are bred up from their infancy; when hearing continually of bloody achievements, and learning from the lips of their fathers the various deeds of carnage in which they have been engaged, they grow up so much habituated to these enormities, that they consider them congenial with their very existence, while they form the favourite topic of their conversations, and the darling theme of their poetical rhapsodies. But there are several circumstances which serve to corroborate, if not to establish, the opinion I here offer on the subject in question. While they devour the bodies of their enemies with a furious greediness that instantly tears them reeking from the slaughter, they look with horror on the idea of feeding on the corpses of their friends; and burying them with many superstitious obsequies, the place is for ever after held sacred against the intrusion of all persons who are not among the number of the initiated. Hence I should draw the conclusion, that the desire of devouring human flesh is not the motive that leads them to do so; but that the same superstition which disposes them to respect with the most scrupulous veneration the dead

opinions be true, there can be no doubt that revenge is their ruling principle of action. The narratives of different voyagers abound with illustrations of this point. Few readers have forgotten the dreadful relation given of the massacre of a boat's crew, belonging to Capt. Furneaux's vessel, the *Adventure*, by the natives of Queen Charlotte's Sound. A cutter, manned by seven seamen, under the command of the first mate, and accompanied by a lieutenant, and a servant, were to proceed up the Sound to Grass Cove, to gather vegetable produce for the use of the ship's crew. Night arriving without the return of the boat, the Captain destined the launch the next morning to proceed in search of the lost company. Instead, however, of finding the cutter, a scene the most horrible presented itself to view on their landing; the mutilated limbs and vitals of their lost associates were discovered in a mangled condition, partly broiled and partly raw, and accompanied with circumstances of aggravation and horror, which we cannot suffer ourselves to describe. The bodies appeared to have been divided among different parties of the savages; and the remains of them could not be recognized, except in a few cases, in which, either by some remaining article of dress still attaching to them, or by a wound or mark in the hands that were found, a trace of identity was inadvertently left.

With regard indeed to their cruelty and cannibalism Capt. Cook's people remarked that in most of the coves they found, near the places where fires had been made, the bones of men; and among the human heads that were brought on board, some had a kind of false eyes, and ornaments in the ears as if alive. Tasman, a Dutch navigator, who first discovered the islands in 1642, was attacked almost the moment he anchored, and had three of his men killed, and a fourth mortally wounded. He was obliged to sail away without landing, after bestowing upon the harbour the formidable appellation of "Murderer's Bay."

These and various other proofs of their cruelty and cannibalism might be easily adduced; but still, as we shall have occasion to see more fully in the course of these pages, the New Zealanders are a noble though savage race, and furnish materials of the most promising kind for the exertions of European benevolence. The horrid details which we have recited, and to which we are about to add one still more recent and not less painful, are but proofs of an untamed and uncivilized spirit, acting under the dictates of a barbarous education, and perhaps excited by

bodies of their friends, acting conversely, impels them to gorge themselves upon the mangled remains of their hostile opponents. Such in my mind is the true cause of cannibalism in New Zealand, and I have now to observe that it does not prevail in this island alone, but is also common to some others in the Pacific Ocean."—(Vol. II, p. 68, 69.)

numerous provocations with which we are not acquainted. The narrative of the destruction of the *Boyd*, which we are about to relate, will prove that their most atrocious acts spring from revenge for a real or supposed injury; and though we cannot plead in favour of so horrible a principle, yet we are willing to remove a part of our indignation from these untutored savages, in order to fix it upon those falsely-called civilized barbarians, whose conduct is usually the means of exciting it to action. We select the case of the *Boyd*, as illustrative both of the nature of those provocations to which the New Zealanders have been repeatedly exposed, and of the revenge which they have it often in their power, and always in their inclination to execute. The transaction also casts considerable light upon their general feelings and habits, and suggests no slight argument for conveying to them the knowledge and the practice of a better system.

It appears that the *Boyd*, a vessel of five hundred tons, commanded by Captain Thompson, was chartered in 1809 to take out convicts to Botany Bay, when, having completed her charter-party and received a number of passengers for England, she proceeded to New Zealand for a cargo of timber. Here the crew were surprised and massacred by the tribe of Wangerua, commanded by a chief of the name of George, an appellation which seems to have been given him by the European sailors. This man, who had served on board an English whaler, and could speak our language fluently, appears, from the character which Mr. Nicholas gives of him, to have been fully capable of any transaction however base and lawless. In his features, which were not otherwise unsightly, there appeared to lurk a dark and subtle malignity of intention, and a depravity which fitted him for an actor in this atrocious proceeding. He had acquired from his intercourse with European sailors a coarse familiarity of manner bordering on impudence, and very distant from the native rudeness of his countrymen. On Mr. Nicholas's first accosting him he returned the compliment with an exclamation of "How do you do, my boy," in a tone of vulgar insolence. From this man our author received the following circumstances.

He had been, he stated, at Port Jackson, where he agreed with Captain Thompson to work his passage to his own country. Being however seized with severe illness during the voyage, he was unable to perform his duty, which the Captain not believing, or professing not to believe to be the case, he was threatened and abused for his supposed indolence. Mr. Thompson being a man of capricious temper, it was in vain for George to urge that his plea was but too well founded, and that his rank as a chief in his own country entitled him to some degree of decency and respect. The enraged Captain, paying no regard to

his remonstrances called him a *cookee cookee* (a common man), and ordered him to be tied to the gangway and flogged most severely. This degrading treatment on the part of the Captain taking away all restraint from the ship's company, George was subjected during the remainder of the voyage to every indignity and cruelty which they had it in their power to devise or inflict.

Whether George meditated his revenge during the voyage, or was prompted by the favourable opportunity which presented itself, does not clearly appear; though, from the circumstance of his having told the Captain emphatically, in answer to a taunt respecting his not being a chief, that "he should find him such on his arrival at New Zealand," the former appears probable. The vessel (probably at the suggestion of George, though he would not acknowledge the fact) was anchored at Wangeroa, a harbour which had never, it is thought, been entered by any European vessel before, and which lying in the very territory of the offended chief gives great probability to the supposition that his scheme of revenge was projected before his landing.

Under these circumstances, the Captain, according to the statement of George, sent him on shore stripped of every thing English in his possession, even to his very clothes. Returning to his countrymen in a state of complete nudity, he related his hardships while on board. The indignant tribe immediately and peremptorily insisted upon revenge, and no plan short of murdering the crew and taking possession of the vessel could satisfy their fury. George consented, and a scheme for the purpose was instantly devised.

In the mean time Captain Thompson, without reflecting upon the character of the New Zealand savage, whose first and dearest principle of action is revenge; a revenge which, if George's narrative can be believed, had been but too sensibly provoked, had the rashness to leave the ship unprotected, and to proceed to the shore with only a boat's crew. On landing he found the natives prepared for his destruction. The duration of the dreadful tragedy was but short. The captain had scarcely set his foot on shore when he was knocked down and murdered, and all his sailors having immediately shared the same fate, were stripped by the barbarians, who, immediately dressing themselves in the clothes of their victims, hastened to the ship to complete the carnage. On their arrival they instantly overpowered and massacred the crew with all the passengers. Those who had concealed themselves at the commencement of the action, with the exception of three, were discovered and dragged from their concealment to suffer the most excruciating torments. Some of the sailors, who had run up the rigging in hopes that when the fury of the savages had subsided they might possibly be spared, met

with the same fate as their companions. The abovementioned three, who had eluded the search till the thirst for blood was satiated, were afterwards treated with mercy, as well as the cabin boy, whom George had spared on account of some kindnesses received from him during the voyage. Not less than seventy persons are calculated to have perished in this furious carnage; and, to add to the horrors of the scene, their mangled carcases were devoured to glut still further the revenge of their inveterate murderers.

An attempt was made some time after by the crews of several whalers to retaliate the injury; but unhappily (whether wilfully or not is not apparent) their vengeance fell upon an innocent tribe whose chief had been ever the friend and protector of the English. His island was completely depopulated. Neither age nor sex was spared. Tippahee himself, the chief, just escaped with his life, though severely wounded; and his cottage still remains in ruins in the midst of a desert island, an affecting memorial of this disgraceful transaction.

The immediate object of the voyage before us was to establish a missionary settlement in New Zealand. The design had been here recommended to the Church Missionary Society by the Rev. S. Marsden, his Majesty's principal chaplain in New South Wales; and though from the uncivilized character of the natives it appeared to most persons, and especially to the inhabitants of Port Jackson, a dangerous and unpromising experiment, yet from the more minute inquiries which Mr. Marsden had it in his power to make, he thought he discovered features in the New Zealanders which justified a higher estimate than that which was generally current, and induced him to spare no effort or exertion for their civilization and religious advantage. Indeed his intercourse at Port Jackson with different New Zealanders, whom he had made a practice of inviting to his house and entertaining with kindness in order to elicit their character, had induced him to think that with all their faults the natives of those long-dreaded coasts possess a considerable degree of manliness, and generosity of character; and he determined, as far as possible, to wipe away the odium that had attached in their minds to the very name of Europeans, by pursuing towards them a line of conduct the very reverse of that to which they had hitherto unhappily been accustomed.

The voyage from New South Wales to the islands of New Zealand afforded considerable opportunities of discovering still more particularly the character of these people by means of several of them who, having landed at Port Jackson, determined to return with our voyagers to their native country. Among these were three chiefs, Duaterra, Shunghi, and Korra-korra. The

first of these was a man in the full bloom of youth, of tall and commanding stature, great muscular strength, and dignified and animated deportment. His noble and expressive countenance had not undergone the hideous operation of tattooing, so that he formed a very marked contrast to his brother chiefs, who had all submitted to this disgusting embellishment. His complexion was not darker than that of a Spaniard or Portuguese. But what added most to the pleasure excited by his personal appearance was his correct and unobtrusive deportment, which was the more extraordinary from the circumstance of his having but very recently mixed with civilized human beings, and those only of the rudest orders. Mr. Nicholas had occasion some time after to visit this lamented chief in his dying hours; and we shall avail ourselves of that part of his narrative to introduce Duaterra again to our readers, with some particulars of his eventful life extracted from other sources.

Shunghi was a chief of higher rank and more extensive dominions than Duaterra. He was not equally robust in his person; and his countenance, which was marked with the tattoo, wanted that noble serenity which characterized the other. As Duaterra's mind was devoted to agricultural pursuits, Shunghi's was bent exclusively on the mechanical arts, in which he gave extraordinary specimens of his skill and ingenuity. Among his other productions was a carving in wood of a New Zealander, which excited much attention at the colony of Port Jackson, by the boldness and fidelity of its design and execution. This man, though of a disposition the most mild and inoffensive, had the reputation of being one of the greatest warriors in his country.

The third chief, Korra-korra, was the very reverse of his companions in his manners and disposition. He despised both agriculture and the arts, and devoted himself exclusively to war. To this all his thoughts were turned with an avidity and enthusiasm bordering on madness. When recounting the battles he had fought, or singing the war song, he worked himself to a frenzy of exultation, inconceivable by a member of a civilized community. His whole frame shook with rage, his eyes flashed with ferocity, and a savage fury distorted every feature; yet, although thus transformed into a demon of vengeance and cruelty by his attachment to war, he was not incapable of the softer affections. He would immediately burst into tears upon offending any one who had rendered him a kindness. His expressions of gratitude and fidelity were remarkably sincere and vivid. Though delighting in battles, and utterly detesting the arts of peace, a single word of reproof, which he was conscious of deserving, would melt him into compunction. Furious beyond expression when provoked, he was gentle and affectionate when

well-treated, and his friendship once gained might be relied upon as permanent.

Such were our voyagers' companions; from this description of whom a tolerably correct idea may be gained of their countrymen at large. Scarcely, however, had the passengers and crew embarked, when a circumstance arose which had nearly endangered the success of the whole plan, and might have been fatal to the lives, not only of the benevolent settlers who were about immediately to colonize the New Zealand shores, but of, perhaps, many other Europeans for years to come. The chiefs, on whose good will the success of the expedition depended, were seen to become suddenly gloomy, and sullen, and reserved. This strange alteration was particularly observable in Duaterra, whose animated and intelligent countenance became clouded with an impenetrable melancholy and moroseness. The other chiefs were not less gloomy; but the symptoms were not so evident in them as in Duaterra, whose dark brow, knitted into indignant frowns, showed but too plainly the violence of some internal passion. Surprised and disconcerted at this unexpected change of character, Mr. Marsden and his friend knew not how to act. The presents which the chiefs had received were of considerable value in their own country, and calculated to raise them high in the estimation of their fellow islanders. The utmost impartiality had been used in the distribution of them; yet as the slightest trifle was sufficient to excite the jealousy of these rival chiefs, it was at first imagined that their unusual change of deportment might have arisen from some supposed preference or neglect in the distribution. There indeed appeared no other possible reason, as all the chiefs had warmly concurred in the project of a missionary colony settling in their country. At length, however, Duaterra, with some hesitation, disclosed to Mr. Marsden his earnest wish that he had never embarked in the enterprise; and assigned as his reason, that a gentleman at Sydney had informed him that the whole was a deep laid scheme for seizing the island and destroying the natives, or at least reducing them to slavery. To proceed while such an opinion existed in the minds of the chiefs would have been a most hazardous experiment, as the lives of the missionaries and other colonists would necessarily be at their mercy. Mr. Marsden, therefore, after expostulating with Duaterra, and pointing out the real and benevolent designs of the intended colonists, frankly offered to return to Sydney Cove, and never more think of holding any intercourse with the country. This argument produced an instantaneous effect upon the chief, whose zeal for the civilization of his people nothing but so infamous a slander could for a moment have counteracted. Convinced of his error he implored Mr. Marsden to proceed, reassuring the

missionaries of his protection and fidelity, which, it is but justice to add, he continued to the last moment of his life. He could not, however, answer equally for the conduct of the other chiefs, whose knowledge of Mr. Marsden and the missionaries was less intimate and extensive. He therefore advised that the intended colony should be established in the Bay of Islands, where himself and his tribe could easily protect it. This request being readily complied with, Duaterra resumed his wonted good humour, and the vessel proceeded in peace towards her destination.

Mr. Nicholas regrets that he could not ascertain the name of the wretch who had propagated the slander—a slander, the effects of which might have been most direful. Duaterra, from a principle of honour, refused to disclose his author. For ourselves we are not anxious to penetrate the mystery; for we are sorry to say that in England, as well as New South Wales, there are not a few individuals who are equally active in imputing base motives to our missionaries, with the worthy gentleman to whom Mr. Marsden was so much indebted on this occasion. The worst that we wish, both to this nameless individual and to other individuals who shall be nameless also, is, that they may live to repent of misrepresentations, which are so much the worse from the circumstance of being directed against men of the most peaceful, religious, and industrious lives, and whose self denying sacrifices, in the cause of Christianity and their fellow creatures, ought surely to entitle them to something better than the obloquy to which, we regret to say, they are often exposed.

On Dec. 17, 1814, the vessel arrived off the North Cape, where our voyagers, by means of an amicable traffic, conciliated the confidence and esteem of the inhabitants. Thence they steered for the Bay of Islands, and on Dec. 19, found themselves in front of the harbour of Wangeroa, the scene of the fatal tragedy of the *Boyd*. At Rangehoo, in the abovementioned Bay, they landed and met with a friendly reception; and there established their little colony, consisting of Messrs. Hall and King, with their families, who were afterwards joined by Mr. Kendall, who is now acting in the useful capacity of schoolmaster, having a considerable number of native children under his care. The whole number of settlers, including women and children, amounted to twenty-five.

Having seen the mission established, the voyagers made an excursion from the Bay of Islands to visit the river Thames (so named by Cook) and the native settlements on its banks. After an absence of four months from Sydney, the vessel arrived there, bringing back a cargo of New Zealand timber, flax, &c. having planted a settlement which promises much towards civilizing the

natives, and rendering their country both important in point of commerce, and interesting for the moralizing and civilizing process which has even already begun to take effect.

Having thus slightly glanced at the narrative of the voyage, we proceed to give some of its results, and to sketch the conduct and character of the inhabitants whose country furnished the scene of the expedition.

In person the New Zealanders are a fine race of men, generally above the middle stature, some even six feet and upwards, and remarkable for perfect symmetry and muscular strength. Their countenances, with few exceptions, are pleasing and intelligent, and by no means indicate that ferocity which the imagination naturally attaches to cannibals.

Their dress consists of a large mat made of their native flax, which descends below the middle of the body, and is fastened round by a belt of the same material. Another, tied round the neck, is thrown negligently over the right shoulder, and hangs down quite loose like a Spanish cloak. These two articles of apparel complete the whole of their simple costume. We have seen specimens of these vestments which do high credit to their taste and skill; the borders being stained with pigments of different colours, in a manner really elegant and pleasing even to an European eye. Their love of finery, like that of most savage nations, is excessive. Many instances of this occur in the present volumes. For instance:

"Gunnah's merchandize consisted of a number of the white feathers of the gannet, which are universally worn by both sexes in this country, but prepared exclusively in the Bay of Islands, whence they are carried into the other districts, and form a staple article of trade. These feathers are neatly dressed, and each of them has a small piece of wood tied round the quill end, which serves to stick in the hair.

"Our humorous friend was now the magnet of attraction to all the ladies of the village, in consequence of his valuable and ornamental wares; and seating himself in the midst of the gay circle, he prepared to untie the box that enclosed the feathers, to gratify their impatient eyes. The sight at once filled the whole group with rapture; and taking some of the feathers out of the box, in which he had laid them with as much dexterity as if they had been packed up by the most experienced man-milliner in London, he stuck several of them in the heads of the surrounding ladies, who, when thus decorated, congratulated each other with extatic transports, while they individually betrayed a ludicrous self-complacency. He then counted out twelve of the feathers, and laid them down with much gallantry at the feet of the young damsel who had the mat, giving her at the same time a large bunch of the down of the gannet, which is used as an ornament for the ear: upon receiving these she immediately gave him the mat in exchange, and Gunnah, carefully tying up his box again, walked off to supply more customers." (Vol. i. p. 398, 399.)

Besides the common people, or *cookees*, the New Zealanders appear to possess three distinct orders; the lowest, or *rungateedas*; the chiefs; and the *areekes*. The *rungateedas* claim ascendancy over the multitude, with many political privileges on account of their alliance with the chiefs; while the chiefs, though inheriting independent sovereignties, are obliged by the usages of the country to lend their services to the *areekes*, or principal chief, whenever he thinks proper to make war upon any other tribe. The *cookees*, or body of the people, are held in a state of vassalage, though, in some few instances, they appear to have an independent interest in the ground which they occupy.

The population, contrary to what might, perhaps, be expected from the fertility of the soil and the facilities for procuring food, is very limited and scattered. In the Bay of Islands the people are divided into small communities, living apart from each other, and which, taken collectively, amounted to but a very small number. The tribe of Ranghoo, which is the largest society in the group, scarcely reached the aggregate of three hundred souls; while in the principal town belonging to the *areekes* Wangeroa, which stands about twenty miles in the interior, only fifty or sixty inhabitants were found; and the utmost it could possibly contain would be about four hundred. The villages in general average only from twenty to fifty, or a hundred inhabitants. The largest number of warriors which Mr. Nicholas had an opportunity of seeing, and which comprised the whole male population of the surrounding districts, did not exceed, including both armies, the number of four hundred. Dr. Foster computes the inhabitants of New Zealand at 100,000 souls; but even allowing half as many more, and taking the number at 150,000, the aggregate will still be very small for the quantity of land. The northern island (*Eaheinomauwe*) contains about sixteen or seventeen millions of square acres; so that there will be seventy or eighty acres for the support of each individual, after deducting about one third for rivers, marshes, and those high lands which cannot be brought into cultivation. The Romans considered one acre as sufficient for an individual, and in a highly cultivated country still less may be sufficient; so that New Zealand, by this computation, might very possibly support one hundred times its present population.

Among the causes which check the population, may be enumerated the degraded state of the female sex, the practice of polygamy, constant wars, suicide, and numerous superstitions which materially thin their numbers.

With regard to the first of these, we find that in New Zealand woman is born only as a slave. She labours for her task-master while her health and youth remain; but the period soon arrives

when hardships and privations produce their natural effects upon her frame, and she is rendered no longer capable of further drudgery. The men by no means view themselves as cruel or unjust in their harsh conduct towards the female sex, considering them as an inferior species, whose most toilsome services they have a right to claim. They, on the other hand, are not conscious of their degradation, but submit to their fate with the patient endurance which they think becomes their character.

Polygamy, which we have mentioned as a second cause of the scantiness of the population, prevails almost universally among the inhabitants. The head wife exclusively appears to enjoy the affections of her husband, while all the inferior wives are treated by her, as well as by him, as a kind of servants, or humble dependants. They have none of the privileges connected with the name which they bear, except that of labouring for one who pays no attention to their wants or wishes, and feels no interest in their welfare, except as useful servants whom it might be inconvenient to lose.

The constant wars of the different tribes, and still more the modes of living necessary to such a state of things, are eminently unfavourable to the increase of their numbers. In this respect the feudal chieftainships are most injurious to the country. Were the inhabitants subject to but one governor, they would not be liable to those wars and barbarous dissensions to which the present system continually gives rise; but while under the arbitrary control of local and independent chiefs, it cannot be wondered at that perpetual and fatal hostilities should occur. In point of fact, there are constant struggles for separate interests, without any general regard to the welfare of the whole community; and thus the population is not only positively diminished on the one hand, but on the other is daily subjected to such restraints, and fears, and privations, as must necessarily tend to prevent its further increase.

Superstition also exerts its influence in the same cause. No sooner, for example, is a person seriously ill, than he is considered as under the wrath of the Etua, or Deity; and to attempt his cure would be considered at once an impious and unavailing effort. Many a victim is thus left to perish in the midst of his friends, who might easily have been restored to health and vigour. Nor is this the worst; for the unfortunate wife is expected, by the customs of the country, to immolate herself at the funeral of her husband, a mark of attachment which she seldom or never fails to bestow.

The character of the New Zealanders will, in a considerable measure, have appeared from these remarks, to which our readers will allow us to add still a few more. Among their vices, Mr.

Nicholas particularly mentions falsehood and selfishness. He relates, for example, as an instance of the former, that Korra-korra told the passengers a long story about a design that was entertained by some of the natives for cutting off the ship. According to this tale, it appeared that Madu, a man living in the same district with Pomaree, was much dissatisfied with the payments made for timber cut down by his men for the ship's cargo; and, in consequence, had plotted to surprise the vessel and massacre all on board; which intention would have been carried into effect on a particular day and hour, which Korra-korra expressly named, had not Tarra interfered, and promised protection to every ship that touched on his side the bay. This story, with all its embellishments, turned out to be nothing more than an extempore invention of Korra-korra; for no earthly motive that could be devised except the pleasure of telling a horrible tale. One of his countrymen was induced to own, upon this occasion, that the New Zealanders are rather too much accustomed to *henerecka*—telling falsehoods.

Their *selfishness* was apparent in every transaction with the ship's company; and their attempts to make a favourable bargain were not always conducted with the most conscientious scrupulousness. Mr. Nicholas loudly complains of them in this particular, and probably not without reason; but after all, the selfishness of a New Zealander is not greater than that of any other savage; nor indeed even greater than that which is witnessed every day in civilized society. The conduct of the navigators of a New Zealand canoe is but a rude sketch of the markets and exchanges of the first cities of Europe. The principle of selfishness is not the less though veiled by refinements, and restrained by salutary usages. Selfishness is the growth of all ages and all countries: unless, indeed, we except the self-devoted missionary, who resigns the comforts of civilized life to contend with the disgusting and degrading habitudes which characterize the barbarous and half-clad savage. Mr. Nicholas gives the following account of his attempt to cure one of his native customers of his insatiable cupidity.

“ The New Zealanders are, of all the people I ever met with, the most importunate in their demands upon strangers, and some of them are of so covetous a disposition, that give them what you will, they are not to be satisfied. Old Bennée was a striking instance of this avaricious spirit, and I would not hesitate to pronounce him the sturdiest beggar in the whole island. Mr. Marsden gave him a large fishhook and some other trifles, which he might consider gifts of immense value, but these did not prevent him from annoying us with his teasing solicitations whenever we approached him, and his constant cry was,

"Give it the wow," * "Give it the matow," † "Give it the toket," which he kept ringing in our ears, even after he had obtained them. One day while he was on board, I was willing, if possible, to cure him of this propensity, which had now rendered him perfectly irksome to us: and considering that ridicule might perhaps be the most effectual method I could adopt, I resolved to practise it upon him, and try how far it might be conducive to my purpose. Walking, therefore, upon the quarter-deck, I would go up to him and say, "Bennee, homi wow," (i. e. Bennee, give me a nail;) when he would stretch out his hand in anxious expectation of receiving one, but instead of giving it to him, I would look gravely at him, and make another request, "homi matow," (give me a fish-hook;) when he would again hold out his hand with increased avidity; and disappointing him a second time, I would ask him again, "homi toket," at which, unable to contain himself any longer, he would get into the wildest transports of delight, expecting every moment this treasure at my hands. At last, when I had thus raised his expectation to the highest pitch, and worked up his impatience to almost convulsive restlessness, I would say to him very coolly, "Bennee, homi kipoukee," (give me the ship,) when his features suddenly changing from the expression of extreme joy to that of the most dejected hopelessness, he would shake his head and cry, "Mr. Nicholas *nuee nuee henerecka*," (Mr. Nicholas jokes too much). This method had the desired effect, and the old chief, in his subsequent interviews with us, took very good care to restrain his impatience; while desisting from his troublesome urgency, he left it entirely to ourselves to give him whatever we thought proper." (Vol. ii. p. 32—34.)

Our author was not, however, always equally fortunate in his experiments on the native character. He once found that the anger of a savage is far too serious a trial of the human temper to be resorted to with safety. Having often seen Korra-korra in the full tide of his warlike paroxysms, he wished, it seems, to have an opportunity of observing his conduct under the impulse of irritated feelings. With a view to indulge his curiosity, he approached the place where the chief was sitting in conversation with his companions, and threw two or three small chips at him, which, however, he did not appear to notice, till, by repeating the experiment, Mr. Nicholas struck him rather sharply on the leg with a piece of wood, when Korra-korra, feeling the smart, snatched up a piece of pitch and aimed it, with ample retaliation, on the aggressor's face. This being our author's own seeking, he bore it with patience; and retiring shortly after into the cabin, was followed by the chief, who, having returned the injury in kind, was perfectly appeased and in good humour. Our author, however, somewhat foolishly persisting in making a trial of his temper, took a pair of pistols from his chest, and threatened to

* Nail.

† Fish-hook.

shoot him. The behaviour of Korra-korra was still composed, and without evincing either irritation or fear at so terrible an announcement, he began coolly to exculpate himself, by arguing that "it was not Korra-korra, but Mr. Nicholas who began first." Mr. Nicholas, however, repeated his threat with a firm and decided tone, telling him that nothing but his life could satisfy his resentment. Korra-korra now believing his intention really hostile, rushed upon him with an agility and strength which it was impossible to resist, and took instant possession of the pistols. Mr. Nicholas again appeased him by assuring him it was but a jest. Korra-korra now challenged our author in turn, giving him all the advantages of fire-arms. In a struggle that accidentally ensued, one of the pistols unintentionally exploded, when Korra-korra, thinking it a deliberate attempt on his life, instantly became ungovernably furious; and it required all the rhetoric of Mr. Marsden and our author to restore him again to reason. No sooner, however, was he convinced that he had mistaken Mr. Nicholas's intention, than, with a transition the most rapid, he burst into tears, and turned his reproaches upon himself, exclaiming, that "he was no good." Seeing Mr. Nicholas's finger slightly bleeding, he tore off a piece of linen that went round his own hair, and eagerly bound up the wound, the tears streaming from his eyes, and all his features expressing extreme concern that he had even inadvertently injured his friend in the struggle. An apparently trifling anecdote like this speaks most forcibly the noble character of these uncultivated islanders.

The strong feelings of the sturdy Korra-korra were evidenced on various other occasions. Once, in particular, on meeting by accident an aunt whom he had not seen for some time, the chief immediately fell upon her neck, in which posture they remained a considerable time, each talking in a low and mournful voice; then disengaging themselves from each other, they gave vent to their feelings by a flood of tears. The brave and hardy chief continued for a quarter of an hour leaning on his musket and weeping; when one of the young women, a daughter of his aunt, approached him, and a similar scene again occurred. Tui, another native, with whom our voyagers were intimate, priding himself on imitating the manners of Europe, told Mr. Nicholas that *he* would not weep, but would behave like an Englishman, and began to enter into careless conversation, attempting to force his spirits the whole time. His fortitude was, however, soon subdued; for being joined by a young chief about his own age, he flew to his arms, and bursting into tears, indulged the same emotions as the others. Such is the conduct of man unsophisticated, and unrestrained by the feelings of civilized society!

The islands of New Zealand do not produce any great variety

either of the animal or the vegetable race. Few flowers adorn its soil; and though the climate is fine, and the country well watered by rivers, the chief indigenous vegetable productions are fern, flax, and pine-trees of various kinds, some of which are unknown to Europeans. The fern, which grows here to a prodigious size, is the most important article of their food. They prepare it by heating it on a fire, and then pounding it with a mallet till it becomes soft and fit for eating. It has a sweetish and not unpleasant taste.

The *cultivated* products of the islands appear to be chiefly gourds, cabbages, turnips, Indian corn, and potatoes. Wheat and peas have been introduced by Europeans, but were not, at the period of our author's narrative, commonly known. The benevolent exertions of the missionaries promise rapidly to supply this defect. We have lately seen in Mr. Kendall's journals various notices of excursions to plant corn, or perform other agricultural offices for the natives. This is truly an enlightened species of benevolence. It is introducing the blessings of civilization and religion in their natural conjunction. Nothing will conduce so rapidly to raise this people from a state of barbarism and indolence, as this encouragement of the more simple artificial wants of European life. If these can be once excited, industry, peace, and security, will follow in their train. The Moravians, who have ever exhibited one of the most perfect models of missionary wisdom, have always made religion and civilization go hand in hand. We are glad to find that the Church Missionary Society has followed this enlightened policy. Moral lectures and abstruse religious discourses are likely to produce but little effect *at first* in reclaiming a people so totally immersed in ignorance and barbarity. The persons, therefore, who have been sent to this interesting colony, we are happy to find, are not only men of religious habits and scriptural attainments, but experienced and useful mechanics, who can instruct the natives to cultivate their ground, build their houses, and, in short, can regulate and improve their whole domestic economy. Every attention has been paid to excite habits of regular industry among them. The timber and flax with which the islands abound are likely in this point of view, to prove of great value to the natives; who, in proportion as they can be excited to commercial transactions, will find their habits of life necessarily improve. We are glad to learn that the missionaries proceed as far as possible upon the principle of barter rather than gift; and that the natives in their exchanges seem greatly to prefer articles of utility, among which iron tools, fish-hooks, &c. are most in demand. The latter are always welcome, as the coasts abound with numerous kinds of fish, so excellent as to have excited the praises of almost every navi-

gator who has touched upon these shores. No noxious animals have been found throughout the country.

The flax which has just been mentioned grows in great profusion, and in every kind of soil. The natives convert it to a variety of purposes, particularly for clothing, cordage, and fishing nets. The plant rises to the height of from five to seven feet, and very little trouble is requisite for its preparation. Samples of this flax, we have understood, have been brought to England for the purpose of experiment; but have not as yet fully answered the hopes which Mr. Nicholas and others seem to have entertained. It is trusted, however, that under more favourable circumstances the experiment will be attended with greater success; and at all events the commodity will be a valuable staple produce to the New Zealand Islands. The improvement of the native manufacture, by means of the European modes of culture and management, is an object of much attention with the settlers. Some of the chiefs and others have attended practically to the subject, and evince considerable ingenuity in acquiring the art of rope-making, &c. The benefits of their intercourse with Europeans will thus be speedily felt; especially as a school is instituted for the education of the native children under the care and superintendence of Mr. Kendall. We happen to have seen several of his manuscript lists, marked in the usual method of our national schools. His general rewards for punctual attendance and good conduct appear to be a needle, a nail, a small article of clothing, &c. and sometimes a fish, or other cheap article of provision. The names of the children, which are usually taken from some sensible object, and the excuses for non-attendance, such as going to fish for cockles, &c. render these lists sufficiently amusing, by the contrast between civilized and savage life. Indeed it will be easily conjectured that the habits of the latter are very adverse to scholastic discipline, and we are, therefore, only the more surprised and pleased to find that Mr. Kendall has already succeeded to an extent which we should scarcely have imagined practicable. We certainly wish the settlers every possible success in this important but arduous part of their labours; believing, as we do, that upon the early instruction of the young must depend much of the prosperity of all missionary efforts. We are glad to find this point so generally recognized. Almost every missionary settlement throughout the world, we believe, now makes the education of children a considerable part of its employment. For such are the habits of savage life, that scarcely any impression can usually be made upon the adult population. Even in North America, Indians, after spending years in the United States, are often found to revert to their original barbarism, despising the customs and restraints of civilization. The same remark applies to New Zealand, and the other South Sea Islands.

Mr. Nicholas met with an athletic, well-made man in New Zealand, who was an Otaheitean by birth, and whose history furnishes a strong corroboration of this tendency. At the age of eleven or twelve, Tishopango, or, as he was called by the English sailors, Jem, was brought from Otaheite to Port Jackson, where he was taken into a respectable service, and educated with the greatest benevolence and attention. His improvement was as rapid as to procure him great commendation, and his prospects in life seemed very favourable and inviting. But Jem, amidst all his new splendour, found the restraints of civilized life a burden, and longed for the easy, desultory employments of his untutored countrymen. To gratify his inclination, he embarked as a sailor on board an English vessel, and, by what chance no person knows, arrived at New Zealand, where, notwithstanding the barbarism of the natives, so greatly behind those of his own country, he determined to settle. Mr. Nicholas found him living at the North Cape, where he had married the daughter of a deceased chief, to whose power and territory he had contrived to succeed.

Another still more remarkable instance of the preference by these children of nature of their native habits to those of civilized life occurs in the case of Moyhanger, a New Zealander, whom many of our readers may recollect as having visited London and been introduced to his Majesty about ten years ago, and whom Mr. Nicholas, after much inquiry, met with in his native country. Mr. Savage, who brought him to England, speaks highly of his good sense and correctness of conduct, both which particulars our author had reason to think somewhat overcharged. Mr. Savage introduced him, when in London, to Earl Fitzwilliam, whom he represented to Moyhanger as "a chief" of considerable rank. The New Zealander accordingly entered the mansion with becoming respect, and was highly delighted with the furniture and paintings; but still more with the affability of his Lordship and the Countess, and the other "chiefs" who were present at the interview. The ornamental parts of the furniture did not excite so much of his admiration as might have been expected: and when he was supposed to be admiring some remarkably fine mirrors and other striking objects, it appeared that he was only counting the number of the chairs. He observed that *Nuee nuee tungata noho tippeehee*—"a great number of men sit with the chief." As often as the Earl turned his back, Moyhanger whispered to Mr. Savage, "a very good chief." He expressed an intention on his return to New Zealand of imitating a bust of his Lordship with which he had been much delighted; but notwithstanding all he had seen and enjoyed in civilized society, Mr. Nicholas found him now totally destitute of any desire to visit it again. He prefers his native ferns to the

rest beef of Old England. He seemed totally destitute even of curiosity about his friend Mr. Savage, being wholly absorbed in the more agreeable employment of thinking what he should ask for from the European visitors. Some nails were given him, and also a cat, to which he had taken a more than ordinary partiality. The expedition of this man to England does not seem to have produced any benefit whatever to his country; for being only a *celes* he had no power to enforce any improvements which he might think proper to suggest. The greatest piece of intelligence which he seemed to have acquired by his travels was, that King George was a *nuee nuee areckee*, a very very great king; but that the governor at Port Jackson, *proh pudor!* was no king at all.

The missionaries, as already intimated, were received with great kindness by the natives, who, by Duaterra's influence, exerted themselves with indefatigable industry to complete a large building for the immediate reception of the settlers. The dimensions of this structure were sixty feet in length and forty in breadth. They built the walls with strong posts fastened in the ground at short distances from each other, and interwoven with flags and rushes. On the top of the posts they placed a rail, to which the rafters were fastened, and the roof was of a ridge-like form, and thatched with rushes. The interior of the building was divided by partitions into four apartments, one for each family.

In this building the missionaries and their families assembled on the first Sunday after its erection to perform divine service. The chiefs and many of the natives attended, and behaved with the greatest propriety. The ground being wet, they spread their mats for our voyagers to put their feet upon, and were in every respect very friendly and obliging. Duaterra came in *nuee nuee corades*, (very, very angry) with his wife, who could not be persuaded to appear in the English dress which had been given her, on account of being exposed by means of it to the ridicule of her countrywomen. It appears, however, that she discovered her good taste in this instance, the dress being peculiarly unbecoming to her person.

This was not, however, the first opportunity the natives had had of seeing our religious service; for a fortnight before, on Christmas Day, the missionaries, with their families and the crew, had gone on shore for this purpose. As soon as our voyagers landed, Korra-korra drew up all his men rank and file into the enclosure, where the whole population of Ranghoo had assembled to witness their arrival. The chiefs were dressed in their war costume with their arms at their sides, keeping the people in good order, and awaiting, with becoming silence and gravity, the commencement of the service. Mr. Marsden, dressed in his surplice, ascended the place assigned for him, which was covered

over with the black cloth manufactured in the country, and began, in a solemn and impressive manner, the service of the day. The natives, ranged in a circle at a convenient distance, were directed by Korra-korra, who seems to have made an admirable beadle on the occasion; flourishing a cane to indicate when they were to rise or sit, as he saw the English do; and tapping on the head, with all due solemnity, such as seemed inclined to talk or trifle. They behaved, however, too well to need much of his assistance in this last respect. The prayers being finished, Mr. Marsden explained to his rude auditors, through the medium of Duaterra, the great importance of what they had heard, which was the doctrine of the only and true God, whom they should be anxious to know and worship, and whose will the settlers would more fully explain. Duaterra was ready enough to act as interpreter in the communication of these "glad tidings," and the natives were not a little importunate in asking questions about "this new thing."

"The service ended, we left the enclosure; and as soon as we had got out of it, the natives, to the number of three or four hundred, surrounding Mr. Marsden and myself, commenced their war dance, yelling and shouting in their usual style, which they did, I suppose, from the idea that this furious demonstration of their joy would be the most grateful return they could make us for the solemn spectacle they had witnessed. It was not, however, without feelings of sincere pleasure at the promise afforded by this day, of the future success of the mission, that we stepped into the boat to return to the ship; and the chiefs, with their people, gave us every reason to hope that they might, at no distant period, become as civilized as they were brave, and as enlightened as they were hospitable." (Vol. i. p. 206.)

The lamented young chief Duaterra, who acted so conspicuous a part on this occasion, and who died not long after, appears to have been one of those enlightened and benevolent individuals who are sometimes to be found even in savage countries, and who, in after ages, are celebrated as the inventors of arts and sciences, and the founders of their country's welfare. Unhappily he did not live sufficiently long to realize the hopes which had been formed relative to the advantages likely to accrue to his countrymen from his exertions.

Duaterra, of whose eventful history we are about to give a few traces, more connected than those to be found in Mr. Nicholas's immediate narrative, was born in New Zealand, and first left his country in 1805, on board the *Argo* whaler, for Port Jackson. During a cruise which the *Argo* made for fish on the coast of New Holland, Duaterra acted in the capacity of a common sailor, and was attached to one of the whale boats, when, after twelve months' service, he was discharged in Sydney Cove without any remuneration for his services. Leaving the *Argo*, he entered on

board the Albion whaler, the captain of which treated him kindly, and landed him, after six months' service, on his native shore. He shortly after entered on board the *Santa Anna*, which touched at New Zealand in her way to Bounty Island for seal-skins. At Bounty Island, Duaterra, with one of his countrymen, two Otabeiteans, and two Europeans, were put on shore for some months to kill seals; in performing which engagement their scanty provision failed, and they were nearly famished before the return of the vessel. On its arrival, Duaterra, impressed with the romantic desire to see the "great chief," King George, re-embarked as a common sailor, and arrived in the port of London in July, 1809. He often requested, but in vain, to be allowed to gratify his curiosity; but was constantly told either that the captain could not find the house where King George lived, or that his Majesty never permitted himself to be seen. In about a fortnight after arriving in the Thames, and without having been permitted to spend a single night on shore, the captain transferred him to the *Ann*, bound for New South Wales with convicts, refusing to give him either clothes or money for his services.

About this time the unfortunate chief, from hardships and disappointments, was seized with a dangerous illness, and was altogether so naked and miserable, that the master of the *Ann* could scarcely be persuaded to take him on board. It so happened that Mr. Marsden had been ordered to embark for his chaplaincy on board that vessel, where, for some time, he did not even know of Duaterra being on board, as he was then confined below by sickness. When Mr. Marsden first observed him, he was wrapped up in an old great coat, very sick and weak, affected with a violent cough and spitting of blood. His manly vigour was fled, his mind was greatly dejected, and he appeared about shortly to resign his miserable existence. In reply to Mr. Marsden's questions, he narrated the shameful hardships and wrongs he had received on board the *Santa Anna*, where he had been constantly beaten by the sailors, which was the cause of his spitting blood, as well as defrauded of his wages, and prevented seeing the King. Mr. Marsden endeavoured to sooth his afflictions, and promised him a supply of every want, and protection from insult. By the kindness of the surgeon and master he gradually recovered his health and spirits, and cheerfully performed his duty as a sailor. His gratitude for the attention shown him was unbounded.

Arriving at his destination, he resided some months with Mr. Marsden, till, anxious to see his country and friends once more, that gentleman procured him a passage on board the *Frederick*; the master of which willingly received both him and three other

New Zealanders, then resident in New South Wales, on condition that they should assist him in procuring his cargo of oil, after which he would land them on their own shore. All four being fine young men, and accustomed to the sea, were a valuable acquisition to the master. After performing their engagement for six months, and finding that the *Frederick* was about to return to England, they looked to the master for the fulfilment of his stipulation. At that time the vessel was at the mouth of the Bay of Islands, where they all resided, so that there could be no difficulty in putting them on shore. Under various excuses, however, the captain declined performing his promise, and bore away from the harbour. The broken-hearted Duaterra, who had now been absent several years from his wife and friends, was sent on shore at Norfolk Island, with his three countrymen, for water for the vessel, where they were all nearly drowned, having been washed under some hollow rocks. In such danger was he of losing his life in this perilous expedition, that, to use his own nervous expression, his "heart was full of water." The ship being well wooded and watered, and the master having no further need of the New Zealanders' services, he left Duaterra and two of his companions on Norfolk Island, having landed expressly to take away the fourth, who was a young chief, by force, notwithstanding his tears and earnest entreaties to remain with his companions. Thus basely deserted, defrauded of their wages, and left almost naked in an island where they had not a single friend, they were obliged to take their chance of the first vessel that might casually touch upon it, which fortunately was the *Ann*, commanded by a Mr. Gwynn, who supplied them with necessaries, and landed them once more in the neighbourhood of Mr. Maraden.

Duaterra often described, in the most piteous manner, his distress while in sight of his own district, which he was not permitted to touch, and still more when left on Norfolk Island without any prospect of ever revisiting his native shores. When he sailed from Port Jackson he had been benevolently supplied with seed wheat, agricultural tools, and various other articles, of all which he was despoiled in the voyage. His share also of the oil that had been procured by the *Frederick*, as well as that of his unfortunate companions, would have amounted, Mr. Gwynn stated, to one hundred pounds sterling each. Mr. Maraden again procured him a passage in another vessel, by which, to his unspeakable joy, he was at length landed safely amongst his subjects and friends.

During his residence with Mr. Maraden, he had been indefatigable in acquiring useful information, and particularly a knowledge of agriculture, in which he took great delight. With a spirit of philosophy far above his means of information, he

discerned the great advantages of agriculture in a national point of view, and was most anxious that his country should reap the natural advantages which he was conscious it possessed. He had been a second time supplied with seed wheat, a portion of which, upon his arrival at New Zealand, he judiciously distributed among six chiefs and a number of common men, assuring them that the Europeans made biscuit of it, such as they had seen and eaten on board their ships. A tale like this was, of course, too marvellous to gain credit; they resolved, however, to try the experiment, and, in consequence, put their wheat into the ground. It grew well; but before it was ripe many of them became impatient for the produce; and as they expected to find the edible parts at the root, as in their potatoes, they carefully examined the roots; when finding no wheat under ground, they pulled it all up and burned it, deriding Duaterra for attempting to impose upon their credulity. In time, however, his own crop, and that of his uncle Shungee, came to perfection, and was duly reaped and threshed. Still the manufacture of the article was impossible without a mill, and the natives, though much astonished that the grain was produced at the top instead of the bottom of the plant, could not be persuaded after all that wheat could make bread. Duaterra shortly afterwards had an opportunity of borrowing a pepper, or coffee mill from the Jefferson whaler, that happened to put into the Bay of Islands; but this being unfit for the purpose, only exposed him to new ridicule. He at length contrived to send a message to Mr. Marsden, by another vessel that casually anchored in the bay; and this gentleman very benevolently sent him out, by the Queen Charlotte, not only a mill, but some seed wheat, with hoes, and other agricultural tools. Unfortunately the vessel passed New Zealand without touching any where, and was afterwards seized by the natives of Otaheite, and the consignment taken or destroyed. Mr. Marsden appears to have been much concerned at these repeated disappointments to Duaterra's benevolent projects for the civilization and improvement of his countrymen; and in consequence determined, under the patronage of the Church Missionary Society, to establish a more certain and regular communication with New Zealand, and, if practicable, to found a settlement for the conversion of the natives. With this design a voyage of inspection was made, previously to sending out the families of the intended colonists. By this conveyance, Duaterra, having received a steel mill, a sieve, and other implements for his purpose, invited the chiefs and other natives to witness the ceremony of grinding his wheat and preparing bread. This was indeed a moment of triumph to the patriotic man, the natives dancing and shouting around him for joy the instant they saw the meal; and still more when, by means

of a frying pan which he happened to have in his possession, he baked a cake after the patriarchal manner, and presented it to his astonished and delighted friends. The chiefs immediately requested some more seed corn, and there can be little doubt that having discovered that "wheat will make bread," they will appreciate and improve the gift. We know of no greater benefactor to his race than the man who first plants upon a foreign shore the seed which is to nourish and sustain future generations of human beings long after he himself is laid low.

Duaterra returned to Port Jackson by the vessel that had gone on this preliminary voyage of inspection; and shortly afterwards accompanied Mr. Marsden, our author, and the missionaries, in the voyage before us. His important services in assisting the enterprise will already have been appreciated: and, indeed, it would have been almost impossible to have established the settlement without his active concurrence, which, to the honour both of his head and his heart, he readily bestowed; though he never entirely overcame the diabolical suggestion which had been insinuated into his mind relative to the ultimate intentions of the colonists. He was too warm a patriot to bear with patience the thought of his country being enslaved by the English; and this poisoned arrow seems to have rankled in his mind, and to have embittered his dying moments. The same idea seems, also, to have been a considerable impediment to his religious improvement. When Mr. Kendall first saw him, he appeared in a fair way to shake off his heathen customs altogether; but having imbibed strong prejudices against the missionary establishment, he, on his return to New Zealand with our voyagers, joined with his countrymen in all their superstitions, and finally altogether relapsed. Still, however, he had the merit of both introducing and settling the colonists, and thus, we trust, of perpetuating benefits to his country of no vulgar or ordinary magnitude. One of his earliest complaints to Mr. Marsden, when found on board the *Ann*, was, that the New Zealanders "did not know how to make a Sunday"—a complaint which it is to be hoped will be speedily remedied.

Duaterra was taken ill during the visit of our voyagers to the Bay of Islands, and was attended by them with the most affectionate solicitude, as, independent of the importance of his assistance to the objects of the mission, he had acquired by his personal character and conduct no small portion of their esteem and regard. It was with great difficulty they obtained admission to his death-bed; on account of the superstitious practice of *takooing* the sick, by which they are interdicted from all commerce with society. At the subsequent stages of his disorder this difficulty increased to an impossibility. The *Etua*, they imagine,

enters the body of the sick man, and begins to consume the vital parts; from which period, to administer food or assistance is considered at once hopeless and criminal. Mr. Marsden, having gained admittance by threats, found the chief in a shed, or rather enclosure, for it was quite open at top, where he lay stretched upon the ground, exposed to the burning rays of the sun, and surrounded by his wives and relations, who were watching for his death in silent expectation. The priest was present arranging the whole proceedings, and suffering nothing to be done without his interference. The utmost grief appeared to prevail amongst the spectators, for Duaterra was greatly beloved by his own tribe as well as by the Europeans. Though so weak as to be scarcely able to articulate a word, he fixed his languid eye on Mr. Marsden with an expression of pleasure, as if he felt consolation in once more seeing this tried and faithful friend. His frame, once so athletic and robust, was now rapidly decaying, and was worn away almost to a skeleton: for since the *taboo* had been put on he was not allowed to receive any sustenance, so that there was nothing to support life during the intermissions of a severe malady. While thus languishing under the last stage of exhaustion, he implored in indistinct accents a little wine from the settlement; which being taken to him in the course of the day, he appeared for a moment something revived, but soon became again feeble and exhausted. The decanter was not allowed to be taken away, being now *tabood*; as was every thing connected with the expiring chief, whose death they considered would be greatly accelerated by a violation of the interdict. Before Duaterra expired, he gave orders to his people to deliver up to the missionaries some iron of theirs which he had in his possession; but which, like every thing else being now *tabood*, was not returned without much reluctance on the part of the natives, who afterwards ascribed the fatal turn which the disorder took to the infringement of the *taboo*.

This promising young man was but about twenty-eight years of age when he expired. The loss sustained by his country must have been very great, and indeed greater than the natives knew how to appreciate. He told Mr. Marsden with much triumph a short time before his death, "I have now introduced the cultivation of wheat into New Zealand. New Zealand will become a great country; in two years more I shall be able to export wheat to Port Jackson in exchange for hoes, axes, spades, tea, sugar, &c." Under this impression, he made arrangements with his people for a very extensive cultivation, and formed his plan for building a new town, with regular streets, after the European mode, on a beautiful tract of ground which commanded the harbour and the adjacent country. The site of the intended church

was particularly fixed. In short, his whole conduct evinced him to be a man of true patriotism and far more enlightened policy than could have been hoped for under the very unfavourable circumstances of his life. Mr. Marsden represents him as possessing clear comprehension, quick perception, and sound judgment; with a mind void of fear, and with manners mild, affable, and courteous.

Mr. Nicholas offers some concluding remarks on the propriety of regularly colonizing New Zealand. He argues, from the fertility of the soil and the salubrity of the climate, and various other circumstances, that such a colony would soon become flourishing, and capable not only of supporting itself, but of being a blessing to the natives, and an advantage to the mother country. The whole of the northern island, and a considerable part of the southern, are well adapted for the growth of every kind of grain, and for all the rich vegetable products of the warmest parts of Europe. The timber of its extensive forests already finds a quick sale in the market of Port Jackson. The smaller timber is always welcome at Calcutta. The fisheries would be an invaluable source of wealth. Ursine-seals, or sea-bears are found in great numbers to the southward, and their skins are even at present a lucrative article to the merchants at Port Jackson. The native flax has been already mentioned. Land might be purchased of the chiefs for the price of a few axes, hoes, and implements of agriculture; and in the absence of the legalized forms of Europe, be secured by the taboo, which none of the natives dare violate. The church missionary settlers regularly purchased their land; for landed property is accurately defined in New Zealand, there being among the chiefs a mutual recognition of their respective territories, on which no encroachment must be made without the general consent. In the purchase just mentioned, the parties for the natives not being able to write, one of them ingeniously hit upon the expedient of giving a fac-simile of the tattooing on his face by way of signature. Mr. Nicholas presents us with a copy of the title-deeds: "Know all men to whom these presents shall come, that I, Ahoodé O Gunna, King of Rangee Hoo, in the island of New Zealand, have in consideration of twelve axes to me in hand now paid and delivered, &c. &c."

We take our leave of the benevolent author, with many thanks for a narrative of considerable interest, and with an apology for having rather attempted to condense his materials than to make citations from his work. We very cordially recommend these volumes as a valuable accession to our stock of information respecting a race of men till of late but little known, but who appear well worthy of a more intimate acquaintance.

ART. V.—DR. FRANKLIN'S LIFE AND CORRESPONDENCE.

1. *Memoirs of the Life and Writings of Benjamin Franklin, LL.D. F.R.S. &c. Written by himself to a late Period, and continued to the Time of his Death, by his Grandson, William Temple Franklin. Now first published from the Original MSS. comprising the Private Correspondence and Public Negotiations of Dr. Franklin, and a Selection from his Political, Philosophical, and Miscellaneous Works. 4to. pp. 538. Colburn. London, 1818.*
2. *The Private Correspondence of Benjamin Franklin, LL.D. F.R.S. &c., comprising a Series of Letters on Miscellaneous, Literary, and Political Subjects: written between the Years 1753 and 1790; illustrating the Memoirs of his Public and Private Life, and developing the Secret History of his Political Transactions and Negotiations. Published from the Originals, by his Grandson, William Temple Franklin. 8vo. 2 vols. pp. 962. Colburn. London, 1817.*

It has been frequently objected, that national prejudices have hitherto prevented the English from acknowledging transatlantic merit. The French, in particular, have raised an outcry against the jealousy with which that formidable rival of the British empire, as they are pleased to consider America, has been regarded by its ancient masters. The charge of illiberality has been loudly sounded against all who have ventured to doubt whether this rising power has as much reason to be proud of her poets and historians, her Barlows and her Marshalls, as of her Washington;—of her successful cultivation of the arts and sciences, as of the result of her struggle for independence. We are inclined to admit that the accusation is not altogether without foundation. Englishmen, have been, perhaps, too apt to under-rate the merits of individuals among the Americans; but in making this concession we decidedly object to the principle on which the charge is founded. We have no share in that liberality of sentiment, which affects to consider it as a matter of no importance whether a new star first sheds its lustre on the banks of the Delaware, or is added as another luminary to our national glories. National attachments whether considered as good or bad in themselves, are, somehow or other, found for the most part in the same breasts where virtue and honour reside.

The foregoing observations are meant to obviate the imputation of prejudice to which we might be rendered liable by the freedom of our remarks on that extraordinary man who is the subject of this article. Franklin's life deserves to be accurately cha-

racterized, for his own sake, and for that of the public. Obvious reasons have concurred hitherto to prevent his character from being fully understood; and, at the same time, it has been held out by himself, as well as by his friends, as a model for the imitation of the rising generation. Thus the two objects which several of his correspondents proposed to him in undertaking his own memoirs, were, first, to influence youth to be good as well as eminent; and, secondly, to give a noble rule and example of self-education, instead of the "false principles and clumsy apparatus," on which "school and other educations constantly proceed." We shall enter into only one of these questions; for there is no occasion to waste any words in pointing out the absurdity of reckoning Franklin's want of education among the instructive lessons which his life affords. It will be seen that, self-taught in religion, he became a fatalist, a deist, a doubter of revelation; self-taught in morals, he had to learn, by his own losses, that it is for the good of society that man should be honest; self-taught in science, his attention was called away from original researches, by the necessity of reaching, through his own unassisted efforts, the very conclusion, at which others had arrived long before. The intention, therefore, of the present article is to inquire how far Franklin's life is calculated to point out the manner in which men may arrive at goodness and eminence.

It will be necessary, first, to give a brief account of the materials which are afforded for this purpose by the volumes under review. The Editor is the grandson of Dr. Franklin, who has compiled the life of his ancestor from the memoirs left by Franklin himself, of more than fifty years of it; a part of which, only, has been before the public, from Stuber's *Continuation of the Life* published, we perceive, in America, and from other sources of information of unquestionable authority. The second volume, which, however, was published first, and has already reached a second edition, is filled with Franklin's private and political correspondence, forming, by far, the most interesting part of the work: and a third is announced as being in the press, which is intended to contain extracts from his philosophical and miscellaneous writings. It will be naturally asked, why the greater part of these documents have been so long withheld from the public view. The reasons which the Editor has given for his reserve, do him high honour, and we give him credit for his prudence. Franklin had no sooner ceased from public employment, than the French revolution broke out in all its violence, and his known attachment to republican principles induced many a furious anarchist to quote his name and authority in support of practices which he himself would have been the last to sanction. His correspondence, too, exhibits his opinions of public men and measures so unreservedly,

that it could not have been produced earlier, without awakening painful recollections, and rekindling dying animosities. So entirely do we approve of the Editor's forbearance, that we could have wished it had extended to the suppression of some remarks on which we shall have occasion to animadvert in the sequel, and which ought not to have been left on record after the irritation which gave rise to them had subsided. Harsh judgments are as uncharitable in politics as in religion; and the claim to infallibility is not more arrogant and absurd in one case than in the other. Now, however, that Franklin's sentiments are no longer likely to be perverted by mischievous or mistaken men, we are glad that these memoirs are presented to the world in an authentic form, were it only for the sake of refuting the idle story that all his papers had been purchased, at an enormous price, by the British ministry, for the purpose of concealment. This tale, absurd and calumnious as it is, has yet, like every other absurd and calumnious tale, found its believers; and it might, and probably would, have been brought forward at a time when it would not have been so easy to prove its falsehood. A very few words will be necessary to characterize the execution of this work. Autobiography is always interesting, and of Dr. Franklin's it need only be said, that it is the best and most amusing part of the volume, in spite of a vulgarity and coarseness of style which is not to be found in his other writings. He says indeed himself that men do not dress for private company as for a ball; but this will not be admitted as an excuse for dirt and slovenliness. Still there is abundant reason for regret whenever the Editor has been obliged to fill up the chasms which Franklin's continual occupations compelled him to leave in his journal, and which are but ill supplied by the letters from which we are left to collect the principal incidents of the latter years of his life. Though the reader does not look for impartiality, and scarcely even desires it at the hand of an Editor circumstanced as the present, yet he has a right to expect, at least, a clear narration. If that is the best history of a man which is the most perspicuous and illustrative, the desired object has not yet been attained in Franklin's case: and the following outline of his life will be, on that account, somewhat fuller than would have been necessary, had the narrative been finished by the same hand which began it.

Benjamin Franklin was born January the 17th, 1706, at Boston, in New England, whither his father had emigrated for the sake of the free exercise of his religion. He was a Non-conformist, though descended from a family of staunch Protestants, who, to their credit, continued so during the persecuting reign of Mary. In those unhappy days, to possess a copy of the Scriptures was as dangerous as to espouse the party of the unfortunate Lady

Jane Gray. Franklin's great-grandfather had a large English Bible, which he fastened under the cover of a joint stool; and when he wished to read it to his family, he placed the stool on his knees, and stationed one of the younger children at the door to watch for the officer of the Spiritual Court. Such stolen piety must have been sincere; but it is mortifying to observe, that when the reformed religion became dominant, the same spirit of persecution which gave rise to the artifice compelled the descendant of this good man to quit his country, on account of the intolerance of the prevailing party. Franklin was the youngest son of a large family; but showing a readiness in learning to read, his father destined him, as the tithe of his sons, to the church, and sent him, at eight years old, to the Boston Grammar School. He soon, however, abandoned this idea, from a consideration of the expense of education, and, in less than a year, removed his son to a school for writing and arithmetic; and finally took him home, at ten years old, to assist in his own trade of a tallow-chandler and soap-boiler. Thus the occupation of the future zealous champion of American independence was now to cut wicks; to fill the moulds for cast candles; to attend the shop, and go of errands. A mind of meaner cast might have been forgiven for disliking his present trade, and Franklin soon declared his desire of going to sea. His father opposed his wishes, and probably wisely, for it appears that he did not long retain a predilection for this line of life, and afterwards, when it lay in his power, neglected to gratify it. It was nothing but a boyish wish for change; his residence in a sea-port town naturally suggested the idea to him, as the readiest means of escaping from a profession which he viewed with disgust. We are told that here he learnt to swim, an art in which he is well known to have excelled. He mentions having had a project, when he was first in London, of opening a swimming school, in consequence of an application made to him by Sir William Wyndham to teach his two sons:—had he put his plan into execution, he would probably have been the best professor of swimming in the world; but the Americans would have lost *their Franklin*, as they are fond of styling him. His strength and address soon distinguished him among his playfellows, and he was generally the leader in all their schemes. Their great delight was fishing for minnows; and as their constant trampling had made the edge of the pond a quagmire, Franklin's active mind suggested to him the idea of building a little wharf for them to stand upon. Unluckily a heap of stones was collected, at no great distance, for building a new house; and one evening Franklin proposed to his companions to make free with them after the workmen were gone home. The project was approved, and executed with great industry; but the next morning the stones

were missed, inquiry was made, and the consequence was—a complaint against the boys. Franklin pleaded, in excuse, the utility of the work; but his father wisely took the opportunity of inculcating the excellent maxim, that what is not honest cannot be truly useful.

When Franklin was twelve years old, he narrowly escaped changing his trade of tallow-chandler for that of a cutler. He was placed for some days on trial with his cousin; but too large a fee was demanded for his apprenticeship, and he was taken home again. Soon after it was finally decided that he should be made a printer; and after some fruitless opposition on his own part, he was bound to one of his elder brothers, who was just setting up business in Boston. It was agreed that he should serve as apprentice till twenty-one, and should be allowed journeyman's wages the last year. His father was induced to take this step by observing his fondness for reading. All the money that came into his hands was employed in the purchase of books; and among those which first fell in his way were Bunyan's works, 40 volumes of Burton's Historical Collections, several of polemical divinity, Plutarch's Lives, Defoe's Essay on Projects, and Mather's Essay to do good. The two last mentioned books may have had some influence in turning his thoughts to plans of public utility; but who does not regret the loss of so good an opportunity of fixing in his mind sound religious principles? A proper choice of books is surely not the least important of parental duties, and much more depends upon it than appears to be usually thought. Whoever has remarked the aberrations of Franklin's powerful mind, will be at no loss to know to what cause they must be attributed when he sees the young inquirer slaking his thirst for knowledge in the shallow streams of Defoe and Mather, or laying the foundations of his religious creed in a library of polemical divinity. By degrees he obtained access to better books, and frequently sat up the greater part of the night in reading such as he could borrow from his brother apprentices, or from a friendly merchant, who, having remarked his assiduity, offered him the use of such volumes as his library afforded. It is curious to observe how eagerly he was carried away in pursuit of every new idea which presented itself. Meeting with some poetry, he suddenly fell to writing verses, and composed and printed two sea ballads. He calls them wretched stuff; but the Boston judges were not fastidious; and they had so great a sale, that he was in a fair way of becoming a bad poet for life, had it not been for some seasonable criticisms of his father, who, like Mr. Osbaldiston, looked upon all poets as fools and beggars. Thus, too, the perusal of Cocker's arithmetic made him an adept in numbers, in which he had twice failed when at school; and a volume of navigation set him on inquir-

ing into the principles of geometry, a science in which he made no great advances. Happening to meet with some absurd volume which recommended a vegetable diet, he presently turned Brahmin, and proposed to his brother, that, if he would give him half the sum he paid for his board, he would board himself. The proposition was readily accepted, and Franklin saved half his money by living on boiled potatoes or rice, or a handful of raisins and a glass of water. This afforded him a small fund for the purchase of books; and what was still better, a clear head and time for reading them, as he remained alone in the printing-house while his brother and the other apprentices were gone to their meals. He was cured of this freak, by observing, that the large fish preyed upon the smaller ones, whence he inferred, that if they eat one another there could be no harm in his eating them. He returned occasionally to a vegetable diet, from choice, or for its cheapness, and once prevailed upon a friend to make trial of it. He persevered for three months, suffered grievously, and at last, after being half-starved, ordered a roast pig in despair, inviting Franklin to partake of it. The pig unluckily was brought to table too soon; and not being able to resist the temptation, he eat the whole of it before his guest arrived. At another time Franklin had contracted a fondness for argument and a positive tone in conversation from his father's books of controversial divinity, till, meeting with Xenophon's *Memorabilia*, and a dispute in the Socratic method in an English grammar, he suddenly dropped abrupt contradiction, and became, as he says, a *humble inquirer*. Unhappily his inquiries led him to Shaftesbury and Collins, and from an inquirer he became a doubter, in which character he practised his Socratic method of arguing with so much success, that he obtained not a few victories which neither himself nor his cause deserved. From doubts upon points of minor importance he fell to doubting revelation itself. Some books *against* deism made him a thorough deist, the arguments which were quoted to be refuted appearing to him much stronger than the refutation. It was not till some time after that the conduct towards himself of some of his friends, whose principles he had been instrumental in perverting, and the recollection of certain *errata* of his own, led him to suspect that his doctrine, though it might be true, was not very useful.

In the midst of these oscillations of his mind, an odd volume of the *Spectator* chanced to fall in his way. He read it over and over again, was delighted with the style, and immediately applied himself to imitate it. His method was one which has been often practised with success in the study of the dead languages. He made notes of the contents of a paper, laid them aside for a few days, and then, after endeavouring to recompose the essay from

the paper of hints, compared it with the original. Finding himself deficient in words, he translated some of the tales into verse, and after some time turned them back again into prose. At other times he would jumble his hints together, and try to reduce them again into their natural order, as a means of acquiring method in the arrangement of his thoughts. "Thus," says he, "by comparing my work with the original, I discovered many faults, and corrected them; but I sometimes had the pleasure to fancy, that, in certain particulars of small consequence, I had been fortunate enough to improve the method or the language; and this encouraged me to think that I might in time come to be a tolerable English writer, of which I was extremely ambitious." Here again his father's good sense was of advantage to him. Some judicious remarks on one of his son's compositions, which fell into his hands, contributed to make him attentive to the two great essentials of a good style, elegant expression and perspicuity. The last accomplishment was attained by Franklin in an eminent degree, and he himself chiefly attributes his advancement in life to it. It may be doubted, perhaps, whether this is a talent on which less honest diplomatists would value themselves.

America had at this time, 1720, one newspaper, and it was doubted whether a second would meet with sufficient encouragement. However, Franklin's brother determined on setting up the *New England Courant*, and Franklin contributed to it his first printed attempts in prose, thrusting his performances, at night, under the door of the printing-house. They were warmly applauded, and thought to be the anonymous productions of some of the most ingenious and learned men in Boston, though Franklin afterwards began to suspect that the judgment of his admirers was not so very good as he once thought it. Some political papers, however, soon gave offence; and James Franklin, after a month's imprisonment, was forbidden to print his newspaper, which was in future continued in the name of Benjamin. To make this arrangement, it was necessary that the indenture of the latter should be discharged, and a new one executed, which was to be kept private. Franklin calls this a flimsy scheme; the sequel shows that it was worse than flimsy; it was fraudulent and dishonest; and he availed himself of it shortly afterwards to assert his freedom, in consequence of some dispute with his brother. The latter did not venture to produce the new indenture; but he was so successful in prejudicing all the trade against him, that no one in Boston would give him employment; and thus, at the age of seventeen, Franklin had contrived, by his imprudence, to put himself in a fair way of ruining his future prospects for ever. The government had their eyes upon him as an obnoxious character, and likely to prove dangerous to the state. His father and

brother were in open opposition to him; honest men considered him as unprincipled, and the good as an infidel and atheist. He had no resource but in flight; and accordingly, by the aid of a convenient friend, he secretly left his father's house, and on the third day found himself landed at New York, 300 miles from home, without recommendation or knowledge of any person in the place, and with no more money in his pocket than what the sale of his few books produced.—So much for the first fruits of self-education.

An old Pennsylvanian printer, who was settled at New York, persuaded Franklin to proceed, a hundred miles further, to Philadelphia, where his son was in want of a workman, and might possibly employ him. He performed this journey partly on foot and partly by water, and it was very near being his last. The boat leaked in which he embarked; and a storm coming on, the spray beat over it, and completely wetted all on board. In the evening, Franklin found himself in a high fever; but having somewhere seen plentiful draughts of cold water recommended, he followed the prescription, and rid himself of the disorder in the course of the night. If his constitution had been less strong, he would probably never have seen Philadelphia after trying such a remedy. He arrived safe, however, with a single dollar in his pocket, having been suspected, owing to his miserable appearance, of being some runaway indentured servant, which he relates without seeming to remember that he was in fact that very character. Early on a Sunday morning, in October, 1723, he was seen sauntering through the streets of Philadelphia, forming a singular contrast to the clean, well-dressed groups of Quakers who were flocking from all quarters to their meeting-house. He was in a working dress, with his pockets stuffed out with shirts and stockings, with a large penny roll under each arm, and eating another, having just quenched his thirst with the water of the Delaware. Such was Franklin's first entrance into the town where he afterwards made such a conspicuous figure. Fatigued with rowing, walking, and want of sleep, he at last strolled into the meeting-house, and sat down among the Quakers, where, after looking round for some time, and hearing nothing said, he slept soundly till the assembly broke up, when somebody had the good nature to rouse him. He soon found a lodging, and the next day got work with one Keimer, a printer, who had lately set up; and having little business, employed himself in making bad verses, which he could not be said to write, as he composed them in the types without ever committing them to paper. It was now Franklin's object to forget Boston as much as he could, and to conceal the place of his retreat from his friends, who were in great grief at his abrupt departure. However, to their no small

surprise, after he had been absent about seven months, he appeared again before them, as suddenly as he left them, with a genteel new suit from head to foot, a watch, and about 5*l.* sterling in his pocket, which, being in silver, was an extraordinary sight in Boston, where the currency was in paper. Franklin brought with him a letter from Sir William Keith, governor of Philadelphia, to his father, recommending him to set up his son as printer in that province, and promising his patronage and all the government business. The offer was declined civilly, but steadily; and as there was no prospect of an accommodation between the two brothers, old Franklin consented to his son's return to a place where he had equipped himself so handsomely in so short a time. He accordingly gave him his blessing, some good advice, and a few gifts as tokens of his love, and promised, that, if when he was twenty-one, he had saved near enough to set himself up, he would help him out with the remainder.

On arriving at Philadelphia, Governor Keith proposed, unsolicited, to set him up at his own expense, and agreed to send him over to England in the annual ship to purchase types and other necessary materials. "You shall repay me when you are able," said he; "I am resolved to have a good printer here, and I am sure you will succeed." It was some months before the packet was to sail, and he supported himself in the interval by working with his former master. When he left Boston he had been commissioned by one of his friends, to whom a debt of 35*l.* was owing in Pennsylvania, to receive the money on account, and transmit it at his convenience. Franklin imprudently suffered one Collins, who had talent, but was devoid of principle, and addicted to dram-drinking, to borrow, from time to time, a considerable part of this money, under pretence of re-payment as soon as he should be in business. This period never arrived, and in the mean time Franklin was fretting with fear lest he should be called upon to refund the deposit;—

— He hastened to restore the trust,
But fear alone, not virtue, made him just.

Luckily for him his creditor was kind, and did not call for the money till some years afterwards; but, as Franklin remarks, the affair proved that his father was right in considering him too young to manage business. Happily his desire of acquiring information did not give him much leisure for idle company, and all his acquaintances were lovers of reading, though all, excepting one, lax in their religious principles. Two were, by Franklin's own avowal, "unsettled" by himself, "for which," says he, "they both made me suffer." The fact was, they pillaged him; and he seems to think this made matters even between them;

not adverting to the difference between him who steals "*trash*," and him who "*filches the immediate jewel of the soul*."

After some delay, Franklin sailed for England; and, on presenting the letters, which he supposed to contain the promised recommendations, he discovered, to his extreme surprise, that the Governor had imposed upon him, and so far from having given him letters of credit, had no credit to give. By this paltry trick, Franklin found himself in the streets of London with fifteen pistoles in his pocket, to support himself and his friend Ralph, one of those whom Franklin had "unsettled," and who had deserted a wife and child in Philadelphia, in hopes of making his fortune in London. He succeeded better than he deserved, till Pope marred his prospects, and cured him of writing verses by putting him into the *Dunciad*. A circumstance, disgraceful to both parties, occasioned the cessation of all intercourse between the friends. During a temporary absence from London, owing to pecuniary difficulties, Ralph entrusted his mistress to the care of his countryman, which confidence Franklin so far abused, as to endeavour to seduce her. This, in Ralph's opinion, cancelled all obligations; "and," says Franklin, "the loss of his friendship relieved me from a heavy burthen." Surely there was some foundation for the opinion of those who considered him as a heartless character: but what shall we say of him who sits down, at the age of seventy, to communicate this shameful anecdote to his son, coolly calling it *another erratum*, in those very memoirs which were intended to teach posterity the means which he employed to raise himself to celebrity, and which, he thanks Providence, so well succeeded with him? (*Life*, p. 2.) We are sorry to see Dr. Franklin's memoirs afford a parallel to Rousseau's Confessions. Some, he thought, might deem these means fit to be imitated, should they find themselves in similar circumstances. Could he even have lived again, he did not wish to be better, but more fortunate. "If it were left to my choice," he writes, p. 2, "I should have no objection to go over the same life from its beginning to the end; requesting only the advantage authors have of correcting, in a second edition, the faults of the first. *So would I also wish to change some incidents of it, for others more favourable.*"

Franklin soon obtained employment in London, and recommended himself to his master by assiduity in his business, and to his companions in the printing-office by advancing them money when their finances failed before pay hours on Saturday night. He was enabled to do this by never keeping St. Monday, and by drinking water while they were drinking strong beer. His moderation recommended him so much to his Roman Catholic landlady, who also had a "saving mind," that she charged him only eighteen-pence a week for his lodging: He used to surp

with her; and their fare consisted of half an anchovy each, a very little slice of bread and butter, and half a pint of ale between them. Happening to be employed upon a reprint of Woollaston's Religion of Nature, this work suggested to him the idea of a small pamphlet, which he entitled, *A Dissertation on Liberty and Necessity, Pleasure and Pain*. This is called by Franklin another *erratum* in his life. His master expostulated with him on his principles, which he called abominable; and the nature of the work may be guessed by its procuring him an introduction to Mandeville, and to one Lyons, author of a book, entitled "The Infallibility of Human Judgment." Its object was to prove, from the attributes of God, that nothing could possibly be wrong in the world, and that vice and virtue were empty distinctions, no such things existing. He afterwards became convinced that truth, sincerity, and integrity in dealings between man and man, were of *some importance to the felicity of life*, and burned what copies remained of his pamphlet, of which fortunately only an hundred had been printed. His method of reasoning will be seen in the following extract; and it is remarkable that in this, as well as in many other passages, he appears to consider virtue in no other light than as a quality which had a tendency to increase the temporal happiness of man:

"Revelation had indeed no weight with me as such; but I entertained an opinion, that though certain actions might not be bad, *because* they were forbidden by it, or good *because* it commanded them; yet probably those actions might be forbidden, *because* they were bad for us, or commanded *because* they were beneficial to us, in their own natures, all the circumstances of things considered. And this persuasion, with the kind hand of Providence, or some guardian angel, or accidental favourable circumstances and situations, or all together, preserved me through this dangerous time of youth and the hazardous situations I was sometimes in among strangers, remote from the eye and advice of my father; free from any *wilful* gross immorality or injustice, that might have been expected from my want of religion. I say *wilful*, because the instances I have mentioned had something of *necessity* in them, from my youth, inexperience, and the knavery of others." (Franklin's Memoirs, p. 46.)

Some years afterwards he wrote a pamphlet on the other side of the question, which began with laying for its foundation this fact, *that almost all men in all ages and countries have at times made use of prayer*. "Thence I reasoned, that if all things are ordained, prayer must amongst the rest be ordained. But as prayer can procure no change in things that are ordained, praying must then be useless, and an absurdity. God would therefore not ordain praying, if every thing else was ordained. But praying exists, therefore all other things are not ordained," &c.

After passing about eighteen months in London, Franklin returned to Philadelphia, as clerk to a merchant, whose friendship he had acquired during the passage from America. He landed in October, 1726; and all went on prosperously for six months, when his master died, and left him once more to the world, with a small legacy as a token of regard. About the same time Franklin himself was nearly carried off by a pleurisy, gave himself up for lost, and was disappointed when he found himself recovering. He had just completed his twenty-first year; and in the three-fourths of his life which yet remained, he had a busy and important part to play. His old master, Keimer, now engaged him at high wages to take charge of his printing-house. He was here *factotum*; he was by turns compositor, pressman, engraver, and warehouseman; he made the ink, executed the first copper-plate press that had been seen in the country; and as their stock of types was very small, and there was then no letter-foundry in America, he contrived to cast a mould, and strike the matrices in lead, and thus supplied tolerably all deficiencies. He could not agree, however, with Keimer, better than with his brother, and in a short time entered into partnership with one Meredith, who, though no workman, had friends who engaged to furnish the stock, and set it against Franklin's skill in the business, on condition that the profits should be shared equally between the partners. Types were procured from London, a house was hired, and the new printers began business, notwithstanding the croakings and forebodings of an old gentleman, who maintained that Philadelphia was fast sinking into decay, and the people half bankrupts, in spite of the many new buildings, and the increase of rents. "This person," says Franklin, "continued to live in this decaying place, and to declaim in the same strain, refusing for many years to buy a house there, because all was going to destruction; and at last I had the pleasure of seeing him give five times as much for one as he might have bought it for when he first began croaking." The expenses of the establishment swallowed up all the ready cash the partners could command, when, by great good luck, one of their friends brought a countryman, as their first customer, whom he had found by chance in the street inquiring for a printer. This man's five shillings, being the first fruits of the business, and coming so seasonably, gave Franklin more pleasure than any money he afterwards earned. Among his chief supporters were the members of a debating society, called the Junto, of which he was the founder, all of whom exerted themselves in procuring him business. But what contributed more than any thing else to his success was his unremitting industry. The general opinion was that he must fail, as there were already two printers in the place. A Scotch-

man, however, Dr. Baird, of St. Andrew's, was a better judge of what industry would do, and he gave a contrary opinion. "For the industry of that Franklin," said he, "is superior to any thing I ever saw of the kind: I see him still at work when I go home from club, and he is at work again before his neighbours are out of bed." Baird was right. The business improved daily; a newspaper was added to it, from which personalities, which were then, and have been since the disgrace of American journals, were carefully excluded; some of the political articles excited attention, and the House of Assembly voted Franklin printer of the votes, laws, and other public business. Soon afterwards, in 1729, the partnership was dissolved, and Franklin remained sole proprietor, having procured friends who readily undertook to advance the money necessary for paying off the Company's debts, and continuing the business in his own name. His credit and character were good—he dressed plain, was never seen at places of diversion; and books, the only indulgence which ever drew him from his business, were a private amusement, and occasioned no scandal. He used to bring home his purchases of paper through the streets on a wheelbarrow, to show that he was not above his business. In short, all prospered so well, that in September, 1730, he ventured to marry a Miss Read, in whose family he had lodged on his first arrival in Philadelphia. They had conceived a mutual liking for each other, but it was not judged prudent for them to marry, and Franklin had forgotten her during his journey to England. She too had been persuaded to marry in his absence, but her husband was a worthless fellow, got in debt, and ran away; and the report of his having another wife in England, caused the marriage to be looked upon as invalid. Franklin scarcely mentions her afterwards; and we gather from some casual expressions, that he had a low opinion of the sex in general. However, they lived happily together, and he says of her that she proved "a good and faithful helpmate, assisted me much by attending to the shop; we thrived together, and ever mutually endeavoured to make each other happy." She thought highly of her husband, and one morning substituted a China bowl and silver spoon for the twopenny earthen porringer and spoon of pewter, with which he had been used to eat his humble breakfast of bread and milk; for which piece of luxury she had no other excuse to offer, than that she thought her husband deserved such finery as well as any of her neighbours.

"Live like yourself," was soon my lady's word;
And lo! "a silver spoon" upon the board.—

About this time there was a scarcity of money in the province, and the wealthy inhabitants opposed the issue of a paper currency.

Franklin published an anonymous essay in favour of it, entitled, *The Nature and Necessity of a Paper Currency*. The point was carried in the Assembly, and he was rewarded by being employed as the printer, which proved a very profitable job. He also projected a subscription library, and by means of the members of the Junto carried it into execution. The subscribers were at first fifty in number, at forty shillings each to begin with, and ten shillings annually. The company was afterwards increased to an hundred, a charter was obtained, and the example was speedily followed in all the considerable towns of North America. In 1792, he published, under the name of Richard Saunders, the almanack containing those proverbial sayings, inculcating industry and frugality, so well known by the title of *Poor Richard's Sayings*. It was continued for twenty-five years, and had so great a sale that not less than 10,000 were vended annually, a prodigious number for those times. In the following year he began to learn languages, and acquired successively a knowledge of French, Italian, and Spanish. He then applied to Latin, for which he found his previous studies had so effectually smoothed the way, that he mastered it without much difficulty. From this circumstance he too hastily concludes, that there is an inconsistency in the common method of teaching languages.

"I would therefore offer it to the consideration of those who superintend the education of our youth, whether since many of those who begin with the Latin, quit the same after spending some years without having made any great proficiency, and what they have learned becomes almost useless, so that their time has been lost; it would not have been better to have begun with the French, proceeding to the Italian and Latin. For though after spending the same time they should quit the study of languages and never arrive at the Latin, they would however have acquired another tongue or two, that being in modern use might be serviceable to them in common life." (*Memoirs*, p. 81.)

Here is the old attack upon the study of the classics, and supported upon the old grounds. We answer, as it has been answered before, that the ascendancy which classical learning has acquired, is not merely because it teaches to conjugate and decline; and that Homer and Virgil are not read only for the sake of the niceties of composition in a dead language, or for the insight which they afford into the system of heathen mythology: they are read because they lead to the general expansion of the intellectual faculties—to the correction of narrow views and contracted habits—to a larger acquaintance with man, and moral influences and habits—to the cultivation of the imagination and the development of the reasoning powers—to the extension of the field, and the augmentation of the materials of thinking. That time cannot have been "lost" which has been employed in the

study of works wherein the learner has had to collect and to compare, to combine and to distinguish for himself, even though the languages on which he has been occupied should not be "serviceable in common life." The value of masculine literature is this—that it leads to reflection and the active employment of the intellect; and were the attainment of that literature "easier," as Franklin thinks it would be, if it were customary to begin with the living languages, we should think its importance lessened. The labour with which the acquisition is made is not one of the smallest causes of that importance; and to shorten that labour would be at once to detract from the lasting impressions derived from the study, and to depreciate its chief value as an exercise of the mind.

In 1736, Franklin was chosen Clerk of the General Assembly, his first political promotion, and in the following year Deputy Postmaster General of the province, an office which was chiefly valuable to him, as it increased the correspondence and advertisements of his newspaper. He was thus gradually rising into importance, and what was still better, he began to find himself at leisure for the prosecution of the useful projects with which his head was teeming. To this leisure was owing the reformation of the city watch; the establishment of the first fire-office known in America; that of a philosophical society; of a public hospital; and the paving of the city. He was the inventor also of the Pennsylvanian fire stoves, for which he refused a patent, on the principle that in useful projects mankind in general were entitled to the benefit of discoveries. But why does not he who applies his ingenuity to the construction of a stove deserve a reward for his labours as much as he who writes a book to describe it. The principle of patents and of copyrights is the same, and is founded upon that universal law, that every one has originally a right to the produce of his own labour. It was at this time that Whitfield arrived in the country; and Franklin thinks his testimony in favour of his honesty entitled to weight, because he had no religious connexion with him. Whitfield used to pray for his conversion; but never, says Franklin, had the satisfaction of believing that his prayers were heard. He was, however, on good terms with him, and at one of his visits to Philadelphia offered him the use of his house. "If," replied the preacher, with more piety than judgment, considering his host's opinions; "If you make that kind offer for Christ's sake, you will not miss of a reward." Franklin seemed rather afraid of gaining this reward, and immediately begged that he might not be mistaken; for the offer was made "for his own, and not for Christ's sake." He says that Whitfield soon obtained numerous followers, notwithstanding he constantly told them that they were "naturally

half beasts and half devils." His voice, being loud and clear, was well suited to field preaching; and Franklin calculated by actual experiment that he might be distinctly heard by 30,000 people, allowing two square feet to each man. The clergy excluded him from their pulpits; but subscriptions were opened for a large building, which was vested in trustees for the use of any preacher of any religious persuasion; so that, were a Mohammedan missionary to visit Philadelphia, he would find that the liberality of the people had provided him with a pulpit. Franklin bears witness to the effect which was produced by Whitfield's preaching. "From being thoughtless or indifferent about religion, it seemed as if all the world were growing religious, so that one could not walk through the town in an evening without hearing psalms sung in different families of every street." The following anecdote is at once characteristic of the preacher and of the hearer.

"I happened soon after to attend one of his sermons, in the course of which I perceived he intended to finish with a collection, and I silently resolved he should get nothing from me: I had in my pocket a handful of copper money, three or four silver dollars, and five pistoles in gold: as he proceeded I began to soften, and concluded to give the copper. Another stroke of his oratory made me ashamed of that, and determined me to give the silver; and he finished so admirably that I emptied my pocket wholly into the collector's dish, gold and all! At this sermon there was also one of our club, who being of my sentiments respecting the building in Georgia, and suspecting a collection might be intended, had by precaution emptied his pockets before he came from home; towards the conclusion of the discourse, however, he felt a strong inclination to give, and applied to a neighbour who stood near him to lend him some money for the purpose. The request was fortunately made to perhaps the only man in the company who had the firmness not to be affected by the preacher. His answer was, "*At any other time, friend Hodgkinson, I would lend to thee freely; but not now, for thee seems to me to be out of thy right senses.*" (Memoirs, p. 85, 86.)

The safety of the province was now threatened by the union of Spain and France against Great Britain, and the Governor could not prevail on the House of Assembly, which was chiefly composed of Quakers, to pass a militia law for its defence. Franklin recommended a voluntary association in a pamphlet, called *Plain Truth*, and procured 10,000 subscribers, who were speedily armed, officered, and exercised, he himself declining the post of Colonel. He then proposed a lottery to defray the expense of erecting a battery and of purchasing cannon, which the Quakers themselves recommended and supported. In the course of these alarms this sect found themselves incommoded by their pacific principles. On one occasion the Governor having applied

to them for 3000*l.* to carry on the war, they refused the money to buy powder, but voted it for the purchase of bread, flour, wheat, or *other grain*. The Governor interpreted other grain to mean gunpowder, and bought it accordingly, without any objection being raised by his Quaker Parliament. On the return of peace, Franklin's thoughts were turned to another object, which, though not taken up as warmly as the last by the Governor and Council, gave rise to one of the most valuable institutions for which his country is indebted to him. This was the establishment of an academy, which was afterwards chartered and increased by grants till it rose into the present University of Philadelphia. It was resolved that predominancy should be given to no sect in the nomination of trustees, lest the whole of the funds should be in time appropriated to the use of any one religious persuasion. A Moravian was appointed among the rest, who gave offence to his colleagues, and at his death they resolved to have no more of that sect, whereby they were guilty of the very injustice which the original plan was intended to prevent, since it was as unfair that any one should be excluded from the enjoyment of the funds, as that any one should engross the whole of them. The vacancy, however, was to be filled up; and the difficulty then was how to avoid having two representatives of some other sect, when somebody observed that Franklin was merely an honest man, and of no sect at all; and he was accordingly chosen. He thought this a proof of liberal sentiment. To be of no sect is often equivalent to being indifferent to all; and his boast on this head is on a par with his favourite remark, that *mankind are all of a family*. The Americans, in their desire to be tolerant, have overshot the mark. They have mistaken indifference for tolerance. Those to whom all religions appear equally good in a political view, and it is on this very ground that Condorcet has praised Franklin, should look well to the consequences of the want of a dominant religion in the southern states of North America, as stated by Dr. Chalmers,* according to whom four or five millions of the population are growing up without any regular administration of worship.

Franklin now took a partner into his printing office, and retired from all the labours of business, with the intention of devoting himself to his favorite philosophical studies. His fellow citizens, however, did not leave him long in the possession of the leisure he coveted, and he was appointed successively Justice of Peace, Common Councilman, Alderman, Burgess in the Assembly, Commissioner to treat with the Indians, and in 1753, Joint Postmaster General. In the following year, war with France was

* Sermon on the death of the Princess Charlotte.

again apprehended, and he projected what is commonly called the Albany plan, for the defence of the colonies, and the extension of the British dominions in North America. He proposed a general government administered by a President General, to be appointed by the crown; and a grand council to be chosen by the representatives of the provinces in their several assemblies. The project was rejected by the English government as too favourable to the colonies, and by the Houses of Assembly as too favourable to the King's prerogative. It was resolved instead, that the governors of the provinces, with some members of their councils, should meet and draw on the British treasury for the sums necessary to raise troops, forts, &c.; and the expense was afterwards to be refunded by a tax on America. Franklin opposed the plan; and we are of opinion, that it laid the foundation of all the unhappy disputes which ensued. General Braddock's unfortunate expedition was the first fruits of it, to which Franklin involuntarily contributed, by using his interest to procure waggons and horses for the transport of the army, which, after all, could not be obtained without his bond for the indemnification of the owners. So little was the unhappy result of this fatal campaign anticipated, that subscriptions were actually raised in Philadelphia, to defray the expense of fire-works to be exhibited when the news of its success should arrive.

In 1757, Franklin was sent over to England as agent for Pennsylvania to present a petition against the representatives of William Penn, the proprietaries of the province. The colonial governments in America were of three kinds:—*Provincial* governments, when the constitution was founded on the King's commission, entrusted to the governors: *proprietary* governments, when a district was given by the crown to individuals vested with certain legislative powers; and, lastly, *charter* governments, the form of which was previously described, and in no respect left subject to the governor's will. The government of Pennsylvania belonged to the second class; and, for a long time, the proprietaries instructed their governor to refuse his assent to any bill for money which did not exempt their estates from the tax. This unjust proceeding was the occasion of perpetual disputes; and from the time that Franklin had a seat in the House of Assembly, he was the constant opposer of the proprietaries; and, of course, a fitter man could not have been found to manage the remonstrance against them. They appear indeed to have been like those who laid heavy burdens upon the people, which they would not touch themselves with one of their fingers; and the discussion of rights, which might otherwise have lain dormant, may be reasonably supposed to have prepared men's minds for the more important general struggle which speedily followed. Many causes contri-

bated to render difficult the task of colonial agent at the time of Franklin's arrival in London. The press in possession of the adversaries of his cause; the indifference of the country to such distant interests; the war in Germany; the reluctance of Government to interfere in local disputes; were all so many obstacles to be removed before he could bring his negotiations to a successful issue. The real question indeed lay within a small compass,—whether the private estate of the founder's family should be taxed; or whether the inhabitants of a whole province should be converted into so many feudal vassals. In truth, these chartered proprietaries appear to have been most anomalous characters: abroad, unsizeable subjects and insufficient lords;—at home, mere gentlemen, and so very private, that they were scarcely to be found among the herd of gentry,—not in court, not in office, not in parliament. They yielded, at length, on condition that Franklin should engage for his employers not to assess their estates beyond their due proportion: thus begging at last, like Shylock, for bare justice, instead of the usurious bond. Franklin's success in this business gave so much satisfaction in America, that he was immediately appointed agent for the colonies of Massachusetts, Maryland, and Georgia. Nor did it render him at all obnoxious to the government, for his son was about the same time made by the Crown, Governor of New Jersey, which post he held faithfully through the whole of the American revolution. His principles remained strictly monarchical till he died in 1818; nor did his father aim at converting him, though the contest in which they espoused different sides suspended all communication between them. In a letter written at the end of the war, Franklin tells him how keenly he had felt his desertion, in his old age, by his only son; and plainly intimates his opinion, that there are natural duties which precede political ones, and cannot be extinguished by them. Well indeed may Bacon exclaim, “From a civil war God of his mercy defend us!”

Before Franklin returned to Philadelphia, which was in 1762, the universities of Oxford, Edinburgh, and St. Andrew, conferred upon him the degree of Doctor of Laws. He had previously received that of M.A. from the college of Cambridge, in New England, and Yale College, in Connecticut. He was also unanimously elected a Fellow of the Royal Society, without payment of the usual fees, or composition for the annual subscription; and a few years afterwards, one of the eight foreign associates of the Royal Academy of Sciences at Paris. His absence from England was of short duration; for on the renewal of the disputes with the Penn family, he was again sent to resume his agency with a view to effect a change in the province, from a proprietary to a regal government. We pass slightly over the important

events that followed, as matters of history rather than of biography:—the well-known stamp act; the restraint on the legal tender of paper money in America; the colonial resolutions against English manufactures; the publication of Hutchinson's letters (in which affair Franklin's conduct was clearly justified by his character of agent for the province of Massachusetts); the declaration of rights by Congress; the long struggle which ensued, ending in the independence of the United States. Franklin himself has left no connected memoirs of his public life, and the Editor of the present volume has added little to what is already matter of general notoriety. Finding the war inevitable, Franklin returned to America in 1775, where he was received with enthusiasm, and was successively elected delegate to Congress for the state of Pennsylvania, President of the Convention for establishing a Form of Government in that province; and in his 71st year, at the latter end of 1776, Joint Commissioner Plenipotentiary at the Court of France with Messrs. Deane and Lee, for the purpose of obtaining aids and procuring the recognition of American independence. It is unnecessary to state how well he succeeded in both these objects. The village of Passy, near Paris, was his residence during the eight years he passed in France, and when he left it in 1785, the King furnished him with his own litter and mules, the only conveyance which the state of his health could bear. On the 14th of September, in the same year, he cast anchor in view of "dear Philadelphia." His entry is said to have resembled a triumph.

"He was received amidst the acclamations of an immense number of the inhabitants, who flocked from all parts in order to see him, and conducted him in triumph to his own house. In the mean time, the cannon and the bells of the city announced the glad tidings to the neighbouring country; and he was waited upon by the congress, the university, and all the principal citizens, who were eager to testify their esteem and veneration for his character." (*Memoirs*, p. 378.)

Franklin was now in his 80th year, infirm in body, and afflicted with gout and stone, but still vigorous in thought and judgment. As a proof of this it may be mentioned, that he composed during his voyage home three philosophical treatises,—one on nautical matters, another on chimneys, and a third a description of his vase for consuming smoke. He still served his country three years longer as President of the state of Pennsylvania. He was also President of the Society for Political Inquiries formed in that city,—of the Society for Alleviating the Miseries of Public Prisons,—and of that for Promoting the Abolition of Slavery and for Improving the Condition of the Negroes, which was a favourite object with him throughout his life. He was attacked in April, 1790, with a fever and complaint in his breast, which on

the 17th of the same month closed a life of 84 years and 3 months.

"Never was any funeral so numerous and so respectably attended in any part of the states of America. The concourse of people assembled upon this occasion was immense. All the bells in the city were muffled, and the very newspapers were published with black borders. The body was interred amidst peals of artillery; and nothing was omitted that could display the veneration of the citizens for such an illustrious character.

"The congress ordered a general mourning for one month, throughout America; the national Assembly of France paid the same compliment for three days; and the commons of Paris, as an extraordinary tribute of honor to his memory, assisted in a body at the funeral oration, delivered by the Abbé Fauchet in the rotunda of the corn market, which was hung with black, illuminated with chandeliers, and decorated with devices analogous to the occasion.

"Dr. Smith, Provost of the College of Philadelphia, and Mr. Rittenhouse, one of its members, were selected by the Philosophical Society to prepare an eulogium to the memory of its founder; and the subscribers to the city library, who had just erected a handsome building for containing their books, left a vacant niche for a statue of their benefactor." (Memoirs, p. 410—412.)

Such is a brief outline of Dr. Franklin's life. It must be now considered a little more closely in some of those points in which it is of most importance to "show it both to sons and fathers," when held up "as a pattern to all youth."

1st. Let us look at Dr. Franklin as a Christian. It was once observed to him by his son, on hearing a description of Franklin's uncle, that from the similarity of their characters one might have supposed a transmigration. Were we inclined to pursue the thought, we should endeavour to trace the course of the soul backward through some ascending generations, in order to ascertain among which of the ancients it originally had its birth. In truth the observation which has continually recurred to our mind during the perusal of the work before us, is, that had Franklin's lot been cast 2000 years earlier, he would have made a most excellent heathen. Like Cæsar "muffling up himself" in his fall, he desired to have his bed made before his decease, in order that he might die *decently*, according to his own expression. He made an agreement with one of his friends, as seriously as if reason and revelation had said nothing to the contrary, that whichever died first should make a visit to the survivor, and acquaint him "how he found things in that separate state." His friend happened to go first; but, adds Franklin very gravely, "he never fulfilled his promise." Again, he had much of that benevolence of mind and manner which arises from feeling and not from principle, and which was the chief among the Pagan

virtues. He used constantly to repeat, that the essence of all religion was the doing good to man, and letting good offices go round, as mankind were all of a family. It will not be imagined that we undervalue his benevolence, or his kindly sentiments of humanity, or his enlarged views of charitable feeling. But granting that he possessed these good qualities in the highest degree, it is clear enough that they did not flow from the right source. We fear he had the same motive for his conduct on most occasions, which he attributes to himself when he offered his house to Whitfield. What he did, he did not do from Christian principle. He did not take the will of God as the only standard of right and wrong, and therefore set a false value upon actions, without regarding the dispositions from which they proceeded.

With respect to the external forms of religion, he showed an indecent impatience of them from his earliest years. When under his father's care, he used to "avoid as much as possible all attendance at public worship;" which, notwithstanding, he still "considered a duty, though he could not afford time to practise it." His master, Keimer, talked of setting up a new sect, and endeavoured to convert him to it; but, upon inquiry, Franklin found several "conundrums" to which he objected. Of two which he mentions, one was "keeping the seventh day sabbath," which Keimer thought "essential," and which Franklin "disliked." Thus, though educated a Presbyterian, he early absented himself from the public assemblies of the sect, Sunday being his studying day. To Whitfield he wrote, that he did not think thanks and compliments, though repeated weekly, could discharge the obligations of men to each other or their Creator. He saw no fruit in "holiday keeping, sermon reading, or hearing; performing church ceremonies, or making long prayers, filled with flatteries and compliments, despised even by wise men, and much less capable of pleasing the Deity." To the same purpose is the following passage, which we quote at length, for the sake of showing how blindly "wise men" sometimes reason upon certain subjects.

"Your great Master thought much less of these outward appearance and professions than many of his modern disciples. He preferred the *doers* of the word to the mere *hearers*; the son that seemingly refused to obey his father, and yet performed his commands, to him that professed his readiness but neglected the work; the heretical but charitable Samaritan, to the uncharitable though orthodox priest, and sanctified Levite; and those who gave food to the hungry, drink to the thirsty, raiment to the naked, entertainment to the stranger, and relief to the sick, though they never heard of his name, he declares shall in the last day be accepted; when those who cry Lord! Lord! who

value themselves upon their faith, though great enough to perform miracles, but have neglected good works, shall be rejected. He professed that he came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance; which implied his modest opinion, that there were some in his time who thought themselves so good that they need not hear even him for improvement; but now-a-days we have scarce a little parson that does not think it the duty of every man within his reach to sit under his petty ministrations; and that whoever omits them, offends God." (Private Correspondence, p. 3, 4.)

Dr. Franklin was not aware that good men, though they look upon public prayer as a positive duty, yet are so far from thinking it the only duty they have to perform, that they consider it an exceedingly small part of their Christian obligations. The son who refused to do the will of his father was not commended above his pharisaic brother on account of that refusal, but because he afterwards did his duty. It was not the heresy, as Franklin seems to insinuate, but the charity of the Samaritan, which preferred him before the *orthodox* priest, and *sanctified* Levite. The parable in question is an illustration of the law of loving our neighbour as ourselves, and the purpose for which it was delivered is directly contrary to Franklin's argument. He wishes to establish the *right* of the doers of the law to salvation; whereas the parable was intended to show, by an exposition of the extent and spirituality of the law, that if man failed of *perfect* obedience, he could not obtain life in that way. See Luke x. 25, &c. In his next illustration, he appears to have confounded * three passages of Scripture together, Matth. xxv. 31—46, Matth. vii. 21—23, and Matth. xvii. 20; but in none of them does the expression occur, "though they never heard of his name," and, indeed, it is contrary to the fundamental principle of the Christian dispensation itself. The object of the sublime parabolical representation to which he alludes, is to set forth the preference shown to vigorous faith *with* its practical effects, and deep humility, over the pride of hypocrisy and false professions. It is useless to remark upon the strange interpretation put upon our Saviour's declaration, that he came "not to call the righteous, but sinners to

* Franklin does not appear to have been familiar with Scripture. He quotes another passage thus: *Seek peace and ensure it* (Correspondence, ii. 443). He apparently intends (Life, p. 66) to quote the words of Philip. iv. 8, but he gives only their substance, and even that incorrectly. He says (Correspondence, i. 174), that there are several things in the Old Testament impossible to be given by *Divine* inspiration, and specifies what he denominates "the abominably wicked and detestable action of Jaël, the wife of Heber, the Kenite" (Judges, iv). See Leclerk, Patrick, and Saurin sur la défaite de Jabin, for the moral justification of the act on a consideration of all the circumstances of the case, and on a supposition of the Divine impulse; and Puffendorf de jure nat. et. gent. iv. 2, for a defence of it on civil grounds. We are not aware that any of our commentators except Peel (see Annotations) give up the Divine inspiration of the passage, and this for obvious reasons is the last expedient to which we would have recourse.

repentance:" as if our Lord could have intended to imply that there were any so righteous of themselves, that they could not want his salvation, instead of—that there were many so proud that they could not accept it. But Dr. Franklin omits no opportunity of sneering at faith; and the greatest admission in its favour which these volumes afford, is that it "has certainly its use in the world. He did not desire to see it lessened, nor would he endeavour to lessen it in any man." (Correspondence, i. 3.) Though he seldom attended public worship, he yet had some misgivings respecting its utility and propriety, and appears to have been present occasionally, till an unlucky sermon from a Presbyterian preacher disgusted him so much that he thought it no longer necessary to do violence to his inclinations. This man's discourses were chiefly doctrinal; but at last he took for his text, Philip. iv. 8, and divided his sermon into five heads: 1st, keeping holy the sabbath-day; 2d, being diligent in reading the holy Scriptures; 3d, attending duly the public worship; 4th, partaking of the sacrament; and, 5th, paying a due respect to God's ministers. These, it appears, were not topics to Franklin's mind. They might be good things, but he says they were not the sort of good things he expected to hear; and most certainly they were not what he practised. Had the preacher directed his discourse to Franklin alone, he could not have selected his subject more appropriately. From this time he returned no more to the public assemblies, and betook himself to a short form of prayer which he composed himself. He appears to have had a singular idea, that the promotion of secular objects was the most useful employment of the pulpit. One of his complaints against the above-mentioned preacher was, that he aimed at making his hearers *Presbyterians*, rather than *good citizens*. And he congratulates himself on having proposed a fast when Pennsylvania was in danger of invasion, because it gave the clergy of different sects an opportunity of influencing their congregations to join in the association.

Franklin once projected the establishment of a society, the members of which were to subscribe to the following creed:

"That there is one God who made all things.

"That he governs the world by his providence.

"That he ought to be worshipped by adoration, prayer, and thanksgiving.

"But that the most acceptable service to God, is doing good to men.

"That the soul is immortal.

"And that God will certainly reward virtue and punish vice, either here or hereafter."—(Life, p. 76.)

These were what he called the essentials of religion; and when questioned on the subject, he used to refer to them as containing

the substance of all that it was necessary for man to believe or practise. Sects were respected by him, in proportion as he saw these points more or less united with other articles. With respect to our Saviour, he thought his system of morals the best the world could ever see; but conceived it had experienced various corrupting changes. He had doubts respecting his divinity, but saw "no harm in believing it," especially as he could not observe that the Supreme took it amiss by distinguishing the believers in his government of the world, with any peculiar mark of his displeasure. As models of humility, he proposed to himself "*Jesus and Socrates*." With such imperfect and unsatisfactory notions in head and heart, he attempted to arrive at moral perfection. He saw that it was his interest to be virtuous; knew, or fancied he knew, what was right and wrong; and had no suspicion of having to surmount any natural difficulties in the attainment of his object. He accordingly made a list of thirteen virtues, and gave successively a week's attention to each, marking carefully every fault which he found he had committed on self-examination. He was surprised to find that there were many blots, and that perfection was not so easy an acquisition as he had imagined; but he had the satisfaction to see them decrease; and after continuing his plan with some intermissions for a considerable time, he attributed to it the constant felicity of his life. Thus it was that Franklin aimed at originality, even in religion. Neglecting the light of revelation, he wished to arrive at virtue by a way of his own. He would not be taught even by the Bible itself, unless that Bible spoke as he thought it ought to speak; much less would he listen to man, on whom he looked down as inferior in wisdom to himself, and to whose tenets he refused to subscribe unless they squared exactly with his own. He thought that a clear perception of duty was sufficient to keep him from error, and that the restraints and discipline of religion were intended for minds of an inferior cast, the weak and ignorant among men, or inexperienced and inconsiderate youth. The light of nature was every thing with him; and the impulses of the heart were considered as an unerring rule of conduct. Confident in his own strength, he overlooked the necessity of deriving aid from the fountain of all wisdom; and fully persuaded of the rectitude of his intentions, he never for a moment doubted but that he was fully equal to the attainment, as well as to the pursuit of good. One of his friends warned him against pride, which he called an impertinent caution; but what would have been his indignation had Whitfield hinted to him that, after all his painful self-examination, he must become "as a little child," before he could attain the object at which he aimed. After all, it seems clear to us that he mistook the end in view.

He sought virtue, not because virtue is pleasing to God, but because he saw that it would promote his earthly interest. His notions of right and wrong were formed upon the consequences which the prevalence of virtuous or of vicious principles would have upon society. Thus in the short prayer addressed to *Powerful Goodness* prefixed to his table of examination for daily use, his sole petition is for an increase of that wisdom which discovers his "truest interest." He endeavours to persuade a friend, who had written against the doctrine of a particular Providence, from publishing his opinion, by urging that if men are so wicked with religion, what would they be without it, and that it was for the interest and security of society that a belief in it should be maintained, though at the hazard of error. Thus Montesquieu has said, "*La religion, même fausse, est le meilleur garant que les hommes puissent avoir de la probité des hommes.*" (*Espir des Lois*, chap. xxv. liv. 8). Indeed we know not that even infidels have ever denied that Christianity tended to improve the morals and secure the peace of society. Franklin, however, was any thing but an infidel. He avowed openly, and we honour him for it, that the longer he lived, the more convincing proofs he saw of this truth, *that God governs in the affairs of men*. Two years only before his death he thus admirably bore evidence to the superintendence of Providence in the assembly appointed to draw up a constitution for the United States :

" Mr. President,

" The small progress we have made, after four or five weeks' close attendance and continued reasoning with each other, our different sentiments on almost every question, several of the last producing as many *Noes* as *Ayes*, is methinks a melancholy proof of the imperfection of the human understanding. We indeed seem to *feel* our own want of political wisdom, since we have been running all about in search of it. We have gone back to ancient history for models of government, and examined the different forms of those republics, which, having been originally formed with the seeds of their own dissolution, now no longer exist ; and we have viewed modern states all round Europe, but find none of their constitutions suitable to our circumstances.

" In this situation of this assembly, groping, as it were, in the dark, to find political truth, and scarce able to distinguish it when presented to us, how has it happened, Sir, that we have not hitherto once thought of humbly applying to the Father of Lights to illuminate our understandings?—In the beginning of the contest with Britain, when we were sensible of danger, we had daily prayers in this room for the Divine protection! Our prayers, Sir, were heard ;—and they were graciously answered. All of us, who were engaged in the struggle, must have observed frequent instances of a superintending Providence in our favour. To that kind Providence we owe this happy opportunity of consulting in peace on the means of establishing our future national felicity. And have we now forgotten that powerful friend?—or do we imagine we no

longer need its assistance? I have lived, Sir, a long time; and the longer I live, the more convincing proofs I see of this truth, *That God governs in the affairs of men!* And if a sparrow cannot fall to the ground without his notice, is it probable that an empire can rise without his aid?— We have been assured, Sir, in the Sacred Writings, that “except the Lord build the house, they labour in vain that build it.” I firmly believe this; and I also believe, that without his concurring aid, we shall succeed in this political building no better than the builders of Babel: we shall be divided by our little partial local interests, our projects will be confounded, and we ourselves shall become a reproach and a by-word down to future ages. And what is worse, mankind may hereafter, from this unfortunate instance, despair of establishing government by human wisdom, and leave it to chance, war, and conquest.

“I therefore beg leave to move,

“That henceforth prayers, imploring the assistance of Heaven, and its blessing on our deliberations, be held in this assembly every morning before we proceed to business; and that one or more of the clergy of this city be requested to officiate in that service.

“[Note by Dr. Franklin.] *The convention, except three or four persons, thought prayers unnecessary.*” (Life, p. 388.)

Condorcet has observed respecting Franklin, that he carried his pyrrhonism to the very foundations of morality; the natural goodness of his heart, and the directions of his conscience, were his sole guides, and they very rarely led him astray. This is worthy of the advocate of man's perfectibility. How far Franklin was preserved from error by his “natural goodness,” the sketch we have given of his early life will best show; but this is not the only injudicious remark which the same dangerous eulogist makes upon his character. He draws a parallel between Franklin and Voltaire, and congratulates them on the victories over fanaticism which each gained in his respective hemisphere. We know but too well what fanaticism means in the language of French philosophers, and are persuaded that Franklin would have spurned the intended compliment. We know but too well what were the victories which Voltaire achieved, not indeed over fanaticism, but over religion and morality and principle; and we are glad that the life of the American philosopher affords no counterpart to such conquests. And what, after all, was this fanaticism, “which of course must have taken deep root in a country peopled by persecution?” Where was it that “philosophy avenged humanity of the tyranny which had a long while oppressed and dishonoured it?” Was it the “fanaticism” of the Quakers! of that sect whose very tenets forbade them to take up arms in their own defence, much less for the aggression of others? Was it in that country where such was the tolerance of the inhabitants, that a place of worship was erected by public subscription expressly for preachers of *any* religion; and where

those who were of another belief, or of no belief at all, were alike respected, and received with equal favour? Franklin had too great a tenderness for the freedom of opinion in others to attack the conscientious belief of any set of men, when it had no tendency to desolate mankind. He was not one of those who rob their fellow-creatures of their dearest hope, without substituting any equivalent which can make them so easy to themselves, or so useful to others; who impugn religion, because it would oblige them to lead better lives, and would impose an unpleasing restraint upon their passions; who disbelieve the Gospel, when they have not so strong evidence for any thing else that they do believe, and by rejecting it desperately, risk eternal misery. Franklin, with all his errors, had fellowship with Voltaire. If it must be admitted with regret that he was not a Christian, still he did not despise religion, he did not sap the foundations of morality, he did not destroy all distinction between right and wrong; he was not a scoffer, not a sensualist, not an infidel.

2d. Franklin's character as a statesman is next to be considered. He possessed, and he valued himself upon possessing, the talent of address, and it must be confessed that he had the merit of uniting the cunning of the serpent to the simplicity of the dove in no inconsiderable degree. He mentions that, when proposed a second time as clerk to the Pennsylvanian assembly, his nomination was opposed by a member of talent and influence, whose goodwill it was incumbent upon him to cultivate. Recollecting the adage that, he who has once done a man a kindness will be more willing to confer another, he sent to request the loan of a curious book which his opponent happened to possess. In a few days he returned it, with a note expressing his sense of the favour. The plan succeeded; and when they next met in the house a readiness to serve him was manifested, and a permanent friendship was established between the parties. He had frequently the unpopular office of procuring subscriptions imposed upon him; never putting his own name forward, he always talked of the project as originating with some public-spirited gentlemen. He then applied, first to those whom he knew would give something, then to those of whom he was doubtful, and lastly to those who he was sure would give nothing, for in some of them he might be mistaken. In the important negotiations which he afterwards carried on at the English and French court, no one knew better how to choose the *mollia tempora fandi*, or how to keep his judgment cool, and his mind collected, even in the most trying situations. During the whole of the virulent attack which Wedderburn made upon him before the Privy Council, Franklin stood in the corner of the room without betraying the least sign of emotion. In the debate on Lord

Chatham's motion in favour of America, Lord Sandwich, who opposed it, remarked, turning towards Franklin who was leaning on the bar, that he fancied he had in his eye the person who drew it up, one of the bitterest and most mischievous enemies the country ever had. This drew the eyes of the whole house upon him; but, says he, "I kept my countenance as immoveable as if my features had been made of wood."

One circumstance distinguished his political life from that of every other statesman. It may be said to have been spent in the pursuit of one single object. All his public measures had some reference to that one great question, the importance of which, "*like Aaron's serpent, swallows up the rest.*" In the colonies, in England, in France, he appeared in no other character than that of the asserter of American independence. It is difficult perhaps to determine how early the first idea of this measure entered his mind; but we feel satisfied that the possibility of it was not suggested to him till after that examination before the Privy Council in 1774, to which allusion has already been made. Notwithstanding the coolness of his exterior demeanour, it is well known that the sarcastic and abusive language of the counsel for Governor Hutchinson made a great impression on him; and though he seldom spoke of it, yet those who were best acquainted with him knew how deeply it was rankling in his mind. It is stated that he purposely put on the suit of Manchester velvet in which he was that day dressed, when he signed the peace at Paris between France and America so many years afterwards. Up to that period he uniformly expresses himself in a respectful and even in an affectionate manner concerning England. He was fond of comparing the British empire to a China vase, which once broken, could never be put together again; and according to Dr. Priestley, he used to say that he saw no inconvenience in extending the constitution over great part of the globe. He laid much stress on the advantage of a strict union between the mother country and the colonies, and exhorted the latter to avoid all tumults and violent measures. It was long his endeavour to persuade the Americans that the people of England bore a good will to them. He called this country their aged parent; and even after the war broke out, he wrote to one of his friends that though unhappily an enemy, he still preserved affection for England, and wished to spare the "blood left in the veins of that once loved people." It was in contemplation too in 1768 to appoint him Under Secretary of State to Lord Hillsborough for the Colonial Department; and though the scheme was prevented by his being thought too much of an American, yet it is a proof that those in power had no idea of his entertaining at that time any plan for severing the transatlantic possessions

from the mother country. In fact while he was accused in England of undue attachment to America, he was accused in America of being too much an Englishman. But if his conduct previous to the affair before the Privy Council was free from suspicion, it cannot be denied that from that period a striking change is observable in his language. That once loved nation then became "the nation thirsty of blood," (Corr. i. 98) the "venal nation," (i. 317) the "worst and wickedest nation on earth." (ii. 6.) That aged parent was reproached with "annumbered barbarities," with "malice," "baseness," and "depravity," (ii. 2) with having renounced all pretension to any other honour than that of being the first piratical state in the world," (i. 90) with "injustice" in exchange of prisoners, (i. 459) with exercising "with impunity that insolence which is so natural to the nation" (i. 466). He now needed not "private injuries to what his resentment against a people," &c. (Life, 811) he flattered himself, that old as he was he should live to see the time when Britain should "make no more a formidable figure among the powers of Europe," (Life, 312) he looked upon the war which had commenced as the "wickedest" of all which had taken place in his time. These are the expressions of a bitter foe, and we think they bear the stamp of some feeling deeper than mere political hatred. He verified the Italian adage, that there is no little enemy. His very nature indeed seems for a time to have been changed. His exasperation led him to sanction measures at which in any other case his real benevolence of heart would have revolted. There was a design to strike a copper coinage for the United States, on one side of which were to be engraved designs expressing the cruelty and inhumanity of the English, in order "to make an impression on the minds of posterity as strong and durable as that on the copper," and to this Franklin did not object! There was a design to compile a school book with prints descriptive of British barbarity, "in order to impress the minds of children and posterity with a deep sense of their bloody and insatiable malice," and to this also the philanthropic Franklin did not object! A frantic mob burned Lord Mansfield's house with all his furniture, pictures, books, and papers; and of this Franklin approves as an act of retributive justice, because his Lordship was one of that ministry under whom some American houses were set on fire! Nay, in a fit of returning kindness for his once loved nation, he fears that we "have not virtue enough left to procure a revolution" (i. 69). His dear friends the French, it is true, had not yet tasted this blessing, and he knew not perhaps the full extent of his charitable wish. We are not surprised at his predilection for that nation. It is perfectly natural that he should feel a kind-

ness for the people who had been of such essential service to his own country; but we were scarcely prepared for the assertion that they have "no national vice ascribed to them." True it is that they have "some harmless frivolities," some "follies" and "trifles," but it seems there is "nothing wanting" which belongs to the character of an "agreeable and worthy man." He had surely forgotten that in another stage of the business, he had called the French "an intriguing nation," who would be glad to "meddle on occasion, and blow up the coals between Britain and her colonies" (i. 293).

Franklin was strangely mistaken in the hopes he entertained of a speedy termination to the disputes in the commencement of the quarrel. It is singular that with his peculiar talent for observation he should so long have flattered himself with the idea that a change of ministers would bring about a change of plan. It was in the outset eminently a war of the people. The Americans were looked upon as something below the natural standard of men, impotent in body and mind, indecisive in resolution, and pokeroons in action. If news came that a Scotch serjeant hath met with forty American soldiers, and had disarmed and taken prisoners the whole party, scarcely a man in England would have thought the story incredible. Parliament was gravely informed that "the Yankees" never felt bold. On the other hand the Yankees in their turn had their motives, exclusive of their wish for independence, for continuing the struggle when they had once fairly engaged in it. The measures adopted in England against them had the effect ascribed by the poet to the torch of the fury; they set the countries in a flame wherever the news of them passed. On one occasion the populace even bound themselves by an oath to suspend all intercourse till their point was gained. Attention to these indications of public feeling on both sides, might, we think, have convinced Franklin earlier that it signified nothing to the cause whether Lord Dartmouth or Lord Hillsborough was in place. Above all, they might have taught him to look a little to other causes for the mischiefs which he deplored, and to abate a little of that savage grossness of language in which he always speaks of the King, to whose *firmness* as, he sneeringly says, his own friends called it, he always chose to attribute the war. "Depend upon it" he wrote to Mr. Livingston, the American Secretary for Foreign Affairs, "depend upon it the King hates us cordially, and will be content with nothing short of our extirpation." (Corr. ii. 87.) But this is nothing. He wrote from Passy in 1777, alluding to the dispute respecting the superiority of knobs or points in lightning conductors, "The King's changing his

pointed conductors for blunt ones is a matter of small importance to me. If I had a wish about it, it would be that he had rejected them altogether as ineffectual. For it is only since he thought himself and family safe from the thunder of heaven, that he dared to use his own thunder in destroying his innocent subjects." (Life, 324.) We will not stain our pages with more extracts; but we seriously expostulate with the Editor on the impropriety of sending out into the world passages of such virulent abuse as are to be found in p. 342 of the Life, and p. 116 of the Correspondence, vol. i. Is it to be borne that a king is to be styled *Nerone Neronior*, and accused of hiring German murderers to gratify his bad temper and his passion for blood, only for having, with the advice and concurrence of successive ministries, honestly endeavoured to preserve inviolate for his successors those possessions which he inherited with his crown? Much may be forgiven to the irritation of the moment; but the revival of such slanderous misrepresentations now seems calculated only to minister gratification to the most hateful passions of our nature. They break out again after a long pause, "like words congealed in northern frost," to lay open afresh the sore which time was just beginning to heal. It should be known that while Franklin was thus suffering political feeling to extinguish his principles of universal benevolence, that "wicked tyrant" on whom he heaped his abuse was directing his Board of Admiralty to send him a copy of Cook's Voyages, with a letter signifying that the present was with the King's express approbation. And not long after, when the Royal Society distributed among their friends some gold medals struck in memory of his circumnavigation, Sir Joseph Banks was directed to transmit one to Franklin, with the same intimation that it was sent at his Majesty's command. Against these overtures we have nothing to set on the other side but the professions of Franklin. He whines to his philosophical friends about *sweet reconciliation*. He assures Bishop Shipley, that he does not think there has ever been any such thing as a good war or a bad peace; and this too in the very heat of a war of which he was the chief promoter. He really cants about *mad wars* and *blessed peace*, as if he had been himself all his life an innocent spectator of the affairs of the world in his academy of Philadelphia. Like the certain Lord in Shakspeare, he thought

—That it was great pity, so it was
That villanous saltpetre should be digged
Out of the bowels of the harmless earth,
Which many a good tall fellow had destroyed
So cowardly.—

III. Franklin's name stands deservedly high as a man of science. His "grand results," as Davy calls them, respecting the cause of lightning were important not merely for the explanation which they afforded of one of the most awful of the atmospheric phenomena, but as they called the attention of Europe to the new field for discovery which electro-chemistry has opened. He once lamented that he was born so soon, since he could not have the satisfaction of knowing what would be discovered a century later. What would he have said, had he foreseen the advances which science is daily making by means of the voltaic apparatus, the theory of which is founded on his own idea of an electrical fluid for which certain bodies have stronger attractions than others. His pointed conductors have been successful to a great extent in averting the destructive effects of lightning. Their effect is most conspicuous in those countries where the rarity of the air is susceptible of receiving frequent polarities; nor is the safety derived from them altogether unknown even in our dense atmosphere, where the invention is comparatively of less utility. The language to which this discovery has given occasion among the French philosophers is little less than impious. D'Alembert sounds the praises of him "dont l'heureux et male génie arracha le tonnerre aux Dieux." Man, says Condorcet, was exalted to wield a power sufficient to disarm the wrath of heaven. He admits indeed that the contest between human efforts and "the boundless force of nature" must always be unequal; but he encourages himself by the hope that the baneful activity of all the scourges of mankind will melt away, as that of thunder has done, before the power of genius. On the other hand some pious but weak minds have objected to the use of conductors on the ground of presumption and distrust of Providence. As well might they object to the use of physic when sick, or to the means taken to prevent any other natural evil. But we respect pious scruples wherever we find them; for however inconsistent and whimsical they may be, they are still conscientious and well-meaning, and on these considerations are entitled to our forbearance. But we have no such tenderness for the arrogance of infidelity, which eats out the very heart and core of virtue, and like a deadly mildew blights and shrivels the fairest hopes of human promise. When Franklin first made known his hypothesis of the identity of lightning and electricity, it was much opposed in Europe, and particularly in France, where, his name being entirely unknown, the Abbé Nollet, the author of the then received theory of electricity, imagined that no such person existed, and that Franklin was a man of straw set up by his enemies at Paris to oppose him. The success of the well known kite experiment silenced all objectors, and the terms Franklinsm,

Franklinist, and the Franklinian system, were soon received into the nomenclature of natural philosophy.

His endeavours to account for the phenomenon of the Aurora Borealis were nearly connected with his experiments in electricity; and though other solutions were given, his idea seems not improbable that these coruscations may arise from a discharge of electricity, accumulated in the atmosphere near the poles, into its rarer parts. It has been justly remarked, that the present state of the polar ice, connected with the rarity of this phenomenon of late years, affords an additional argument in favour of the truth of this theory.* Indeed, if Franklin's avocations had permitted him to turn his attention to scientific subjects as much as his natural bent inclined him, we are persuaded that he would have looked into the works of nature with a master's eye. It was the study which he loved, and to which he always recurred, whenever his leisure permitted him. He never made a voyage without employing himself in daily experiments on the temperature of the sea-water; and when he received leave from the Congress to embark for America, he welcomed with enthusiasm his return to his "dear philosophica! amusements." The more he saw of inanimate nature, the more, he said, he admired it; the more he knew of men, the more he was disgusted with them.—

IV. A few words must be devoted in conclusion to Franklin's character as a private man. The Editor has injudiciously thought proper to give the famous letter to Mr. Strahan, as a *fac simile* of Dr. Franklin's hand writing. It is as follows:

"Mr. Strahan,

"Philadelphia, July 5, 1775.

"You are a member of parliament, and one of that majority which has doomed my country to destruction.—You have begun to burn our towns, and murder our people.—Look upon your hands!—They are stained with the blood of your relations!—You and I were long friends.—You are now my enemy,—and

"I am, yours,

"B. FRANKLIN."

Now this letter was addressed to the old friend and companion of the writer, and it exhibits such a violent sacrifice of private feeling to public resentment, that by its insertion in so conspicuous a manner, Franklin's character is placed in, at least, an unamiable light. The conclusion which the reader naturally draws from it is, that the affectionate intercourse of years was abruptly ter-

* The following passage from one of his letters written in 1772, is interesting at the present moment, as it proves that the progressive advance of the cold had been remarked nearly 50 years ago. "It should seem that the almost perpetual northern winter had gained ground to the southward; and, if so, perhaps more northern countries might acclimatise have had vines, than can bear them in these days." (Corr. i. 22.)

minated. Such at least was the impression upon ourselves; and it was with no less surprise than pleasure that we met with another letter, addressed to the same gentleman, nine years afterwards, in which he styles him his dear friend, and acknowledges the receipt of a "kind letter" from him. Perhaps, it was nothing more than an official declaration from the Pennsylvanian delegate in Congress, to the member for Malmsbury, in the British Parliament. Franklin was assuredly not a cold-hearted man, but his politics sometimes caused him to forget his benevolence. His letters are the best answer to those who thought him callous to the feelings of humanity. His affection for his son has been already noticed, and his grief at seeing him embrace a contrary line of politics. Congress had some thoughts, at one time, of removing his grandson, who was his private secretary at the court of France, but Franklin remonstrated warmly,—“It is enough,” said he, “that I have lost my son; would they add my grandson?” “Four daughters!” he writes to his friend, Bishop Shipley, “how rich! I have but one, and she[her] necessity detained from me at a thousand leagues’ distance.” He was warm in his attachments, though we cannot always admire his choice of friends. Among those with whom he appears to have been most intimately connected in England were Dr. Fothergill, Dr. Price, Dr. Priestley, Dr. Kippis, Dr. Shipley, whom he calls the good bishop, and adds, “Strange that so simple a character should distinguish one of that sacred body.” We were grieved to find him recommending the notorious Tom Paine to one of his Parisian acquaintance as an ingenious and honest man. To such a degree could he suffer his judgment to be influenced by party: for we are persuaded, that had not Paine been the author of a pamphlet, called *Common Sense*, which had a great effect on the minds of the Americans in the commencement of the revolution, his principles would never have escaped the penetration of so keen an observer. Franklin’s circle of friends was not less extensive in America than in England; but he lived long enough to find himself a stranger among strangers; thus paying the tax to which old age is subject. When he looked upon the second and third generations which were springing up around him, he was sometimes tempted to fancy that he had intruded himself into the company of posterity.

Dr. Franklin was perhaps the most consistent republican that ever existed. He was as much a republican when ambassador at Paris as when printer at Philadelphia. In the review of his life, he dwelt with more pleasure upon the poverty and obscurity from which he raised himself, than on the brilliant scenes in which his latter years were engaged. He must have presented a singular contrast to the gaiety of the court of Versailles, in a plain simple

suit, wearing his own thin, grey, straight hair, peeping out under a fur cap, which came down his forehead almost to his spectacles. If we may conjecture from a commission for "black pins, lace, and feathers," which his daughter sent him from America, this simplicity of dress does not appear to have been hereditary in his family. She promised to take a great pride in wearing any thing he sent, and showing it as her father's taste, and Franklin very prudently avoided giving her an opportunity of doing that with either lace or feathers. Cambric ruffles, he said, if care were taken not to mend the holes, would become lace in time,—and as for feathers, they might be had from every cock's tail in the United States.

On the whole, then, we are of opinion, that had Franklin's lot not been cast in a new country, he would probably have been less successful; had it not been connected with the history of a rising people, he would probably have been less celebrated. If he had few equals among his countrymen, he had also few competitors: it is not so difficult to reach the summit of fame where few are in pursuit of the same object, as among a people where all the avenues to distinction are crowded with unnumbered rivals. The example which his life affords is that of a man raised by talents and industry from poverty to eminence. But religion, and and virtue—true virtue—owe him nothing.

ART. VI.—DISCOVERIES IN AFRICA.

1. *Narrative of an Expedition to explore the River Zaire, usually called the Congo, in South Africa, in 1816, under the Direction of Captain J. K. Tuckey, R. N. In which is added the Journal of Professor Smith; some general Observations on the Country and its Inhabitants: and an Appendix, containing the Natural History of that Part of the Kingdom of Congo through which the Zaire flows.* Published by Permission of the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty. 4to. pp. 498. Murray. London, 1818.
2. *Loss of the American Brig Commerce, wrecked on the Western Coast of Africa, in the Month of August, 1815; with an Account of Tombuctoo, and of the hitherto undiscovered great City of Wassanah.* By James Riley, late Master and Supercargo. 4to. pp. 622. Murray. London, 1817.
3. *The Narrative of Robert Adams, a Sailor, who was wrecked on the Western Coast of Africa, in the Year 1810, was detained Three Years in Slavery by the Arabs of the Great Desert, and*

resided several Months in the City of Tombuctoo. With a Map, Notes, and an Appendix. 4to. pp. 270. Murray. London, 1816.

4. *Narrative of a Journey in Egypt, and the Country beyond the Cataracts.* By Thomas Legh, Esq. M. P. 8vo. pp. 300. Murray London, 1817.

5. *Historical Account of Discoveries and Travels in Africa;* by the late John Leyden, M. D. *Enlarged and completed to the present Time, with Illustrations of its Geography and Natural History, &c.* by Hugh Murray, Esq. F. R. S. E. 2 vols. 8vo. Constable and Co. Edinburgh, 1817.

THERE is nothing more remarkable respecting Africa, than the failure of almost every attempt which has been made to explore its interior, and the great diversity of opinion that has subsisted, from the remotest times, relative to its geographical properties. Every other part of the Old World, and almost every region in the New, are sufficiently known to be laid down in maps, and to have their leading boundaries of land and water clearly ascertained and distinguished. Notwithstanding, however, all the inquiries of ancient philosophers, and all the efforts of modern travellers, Africa continues the reproach of geography; for the situation of the principal towns, and the courses of the principal rivers, in that vast continent, are not better known at the present day than they were in the age of Herodotus. Nay, in many particulars, the knowledge of the ancients was more accurate, and their descriptions more precise, than our own times have yet been able to produce; and the discoveries made by the most recent explorers, accordingly, have merely enabled us to retrace our steps, and to go back to the opinions of the oldest writers whose works have come down to us. In proof of this, it is impossible to state a more striking instance than the several notions which have been held respecting the course of the Joliba or Niger—a river which the ancients described as flowing from west to east, but which the geographers of modern Europe maintained flowed from east to west, and which Mungo Park saw with his own eyes rolling its waters as the former authors had told us. Facts now begin, however, to assume a more settled character, and to rest on a firmer basis; and geographers are at length convinced that there is no sure guide to knowledge but actual and well-defined discovery. They are no longer ashamed to have blanks in their maps, corresponding to the deficiency of their information. They no longer shrink from a *terra incognita*, as the Aristotelian philosophers did from a vacuum; but instead of lakes, mountains, and rivers, borrowed altogether from imagination, they now honestly abstain from filling up their parchments otherwise

than with capital letters expressive of their ignorance. De Lîlle, himself, in order to occupy all his latitude and longitude, stretched Abyssinia across the continent till it touched the kingdom of Congo; and in the best and most popular of the geographical works at present in the hands of the public, we may perceive a chain of mountains intersecting Africa a little north of the equator, and joining the ranges of the Kong to those of the Jibbel Kumri, or mountains of the moon. Now there is every reason to believe that no such chain of mountains exists; and, accordingly, in the maps attached to most of the volumes mentioned at the head of this article, the high land in question has given place to extensive plains and dreary swamps. Determined to admit no facts, as the basis of geographical science, but such as are clearly made out by actual survey, our stock of knowledge in relation to this part of the world has lately appeared to diminish rather than to increase; still, it is very obvious, this rejection and removal of erroneous matter is a principal and essential step towards the acquisition of correct views and sound information.

In bringing before our readers the outlines of what is thought and known about Africa, at present, among geographers, politicians, and moralists, we shall begin with Captain Tuckey's narrative, as containing the latest intelligence from the western shores of that unhappy continent. With this view, we may remind such as have not taken a particular interest in these matters, that the expedition, fitted out in 1816, and placed under the direction of this able and enterprising seaman, had for its object, generally speaking, the exploration of the river Zaire, and of the kingdom of Congo, through which that river flows. It seemed very little creditable to European curiosity that of that majestic stream which has uniformly been described as greatly superior to every other river in the Old World, nothing should be known with certainty above a hundred and thirty miles from its mouth; and that of the various tribes which inhabit its banks, no accounts should be accessible to the philosopher and the divine but such as come through the hands of the brutal slave-dealer, or of the bigotted capuchin monk. The general object, then, of the expedition to the Zaire was to collect knowledge under the several heads of geography, natural history, and statistics; and to these points the attention of the professional persons employed was directed, in a categorical manner, by a series of instructions issued to them from the Admiralty. There was, however, a secondary object in view, which, although not openly acknowledged nor formally introduced into the instructions just alluded to, engaged a greater share than any other of the public interest, and also we have no doubt weighed more

than any other with those who planned the undertaking—we mean the ascertainment of the long-disputed point relative to the termination of the Niger, and its identity with the Congo. In connexion, accordingly, with the expedition of Captain Tuckey, a party of discovery was sent out to Africa, much about the same time, commanded by Major Peddie; who, making his way into the country by the river Nanez, was directed to follow the track of Mango Park in descending the Niger, and to proceed as far as circumstances would permit, with the view either of tracing it to its termination in the interior, or to its estuary on the shores of the Atlantic. Having mentioned the latter enterprise, we may add, in one word, that it also has failed of success. Major Peddie, who set out from Senegal, in October, 1816, died before he could reach the Niger; and Lieutenant Campbell, upon whom the command then devolved, after struggling some time with the baleful effects of the climate, and the unreasonable conduct of the natives, likewise fell a victim to sickness and fatigue. No farther intelligence, we believe, has yet reached this country; but there is every reason to conclude that the party has been broken up, and the project entirely relinquished.

In February, 1816, Captain Tuckey left the river on board a vessel built for the purpose, named the Congo, having with him a transport to carry out provisions for his company, and a large assortment of presents for the native chiefs. It will not be improper to mention, in passing, that, besides the officers now mentioned, the expedition was composed of the following gentlemen: Lieutenant Hawkey; Mr. Fitzmaurice, master; Mr. Hodder, master's-mate; Mr. Beecraft, master's-mate; Mr. Eyre, purser; Mr. M'Kerrow, assistant-surgeon; Dr. Smith, botanist; Mr. Craneh, collector of objects of natural history; Mr. Tudor, anatomist; Mr. Galway, a volunteer; and Mr. Lockhart, from his Majesty's gardens at Kew. Of these only Messrs. M'Kerrow, Fitzmaurice, Hodder, and Lockhart, survived the excessive fatigue to which the party were afterwards subjected on the high ground which skirts the river. Owing to baffling winds, and the necessity of repairing the ship at one of the Cape de Verde Islands, it was not till the end of June that the little squadron reached the Zaire. The sight of a European sail created no small joy in the minds of the petty rulers, on either bank of the river, who hoped that an opportunity had thereby occurred of getting rid of a number of their slaves; with which commodity they ingenuously acknowledged they had been completely over-run, ever since certain foolish restrictions had been imposed by the white sovereigns of the North. Captain Tuckey could perceive, however, that the said restrictions were not very religiously observed; and that although few ships have of late entered the Zaire, on

slave-dealing speculations, the trade was still carried on to a considerable extent in other quarters.

Upon the application of actual measurement to objects whose extent and magnitude had been merely computed by the eye, and exaggerated by the imagination, their dimensions were in general found to have been greatly over-rated. Thus the Zaire at first presented no appearance to justify the magnificent descriptions in which it is made known to Europeans; for the true mouth of the river, Captain Tuckey assures us, does not exceed three miles in breadth, whilst the mean velocity of the current not being more than $4\frac{1}{2}$ miles an hour, the common calculations of the volume of water carried into the sea by it must be extremely incorrect. Purchas dwells on its magnitude, in language sufficiently hyperbolical, and would evidently wish us to believe that the Zaire equals the largest streams even of the American continent.

"It is of such force," says he, "that no ship can get in against the current but near to the shore; yea, it prevails against the ocean's saltiness threescore, and, as some say, fourscore miles within the sea before his proud waves yield their full homage, and receive that salt temper in token of subjection. Such is the haughty spirit of that stream, over-running the low countries as it passeth, and swollen with conceit of daily conquests and daily supplies, which in armies of showers are by the clouds sent to his succour, runs now in a furious rage, thinking even to swallow the ocean which before he never saw, with his mouth wide-gaping, eight and twenty miles, as Lopez affirmeth, in the opening; but meeting with a more giant-like enemy which lies lurking under the cliffs to receive his assault, is presently swallowed in that wider womb, yet so, as always being conquered, he never gives over, but, in an eternal quarrel, with deep and indented frowns in his angry face, foaming with disdain and filling the air with noise, with fresh help supplies those forces which the salt sea hath consumed."

Still, although the real mouth of the river gapes not "eight and twenty miles," its depth at the point of junction with the sea was found to exceed the highest estimate that had previously been given of it. In Maxwell's chart, as the Editor of the Narrative observes, the soundings near to the mouth, and for a considerable distance upwards, are marked down at 100 fathoms; and the rate of the current at five, six, and even seven knots an hour. But Captain Tuckey informs us that, with 150 fathoms of line out, they could find no bottom; and Mr. Fitzmaurice, the master, was equally unsuccessful with a line of 160 fathoms. It is farther admitted by the surveyor that, even with the aid of Massey's machine, which prevents the line from floating with the stream, it was impossible to get the soundings in the mid-channel, though the river was at that time at its lowest state.

About 140 miles from the mouth of the river, or from Cape Padrone, the narrows are found to commence; which continue nearly forty miles, extending to a place called Inga, and confining the current to a width of from three to five hundred yards. The banks between which the water is thus hemmed in, are, for the whole of this distance, every where precipitous, and composed entirely of masses of slate; which, in several places, run in ledges across from one bank to the other, forming rapids or cataracts, to which the natives give the name of *Yellala*. The largest of these barriers was discovered to be an inclined bed of mica slate; of which the fall was estimated to be about thirty feet perpendicular, in a slope of three hundred yards.

“ On visiting this *Yellala*, Captain Tuckey, Professor Smith, and Mr. Fitzmaurice, were not a little surprised to observe how small a quantity of water passed over this contracted part of the river, compared with the immense volume which rolled into the ocean, through the deep funnel-shaped mouth; the more so as they had previously ascertained in their progress upwards that not a single tributary stream of water, sufficient to turn a mill, fell into the river on either side, between the mouth and the cataract; and they concluded that the only satisfactory explanation of this remarkable difference in the quantity, was the supposition that a very considerable mass of water must find its way through subterraneous passages under the slate rocks; disappearing probably where the river first enters these schistose mountains, and forms the narrows, and rising again a little below their termination at Point Sondie, where the channel begins to widen, and from whence to Lemboo Point, a succession of tornados and whirlpools were observed to disturb the regular current of the river. These whirlpools are described both by Captain Tuckey and Mr. Fitzmaurice to be so violent and dangerous that no vessel could attempt to approach them. The instances of rivers losing themselves for a time under ground are so common, in all countries, that there seems to be no particular objection to the hypothesis of the Zaire losing a great portion of its waters in its passage through the narrows under its schistose bed. Be this as it may, the Zaire beyond the mountainous region was again found to expand to the width of two, three, and even more than four miles, and to flow with a current of two to three miles an hour; and near the place where Captain Tuckey was compelled to abandon the prosecution of his journey; which was about 280 miles from Cape Padrone, it is stated that the river put on a majestic appearance, that the scenery was beautiful, and not inferior to any on the banks of the Thames; and the natives of this part all agreed in stating that they knew of no impediment to the continued navigation of the river; that the only obstruction in the north-eastern branch was a single ledge of rocks forming a kind of rapid, over which, however, canoes were able to pass.”

In tracing the course of the river, we have considerably anticipated the progress of the travellers; but, in truth, the account of

their intercourse and negotiations with the natives as they passed along is possessed of little interest, and will, besides, come better in illustration of the few remarks which we intend to make on the condition of society and the character of the inhabitants. In the mean time, let us inquire into the extent of the information which has been gained by means of the late expedition, and in what particulars, and to what degree, it has paved the way for the success of any subsequent attempt.

With respect, then, to geographical objects, we think the discoveries of Captain Tuckey have gone a great way to establish the identity of the Niger and Congo, or, according to their more appropriate appellations, of the Joliba and Zaire. But, to place in a proper light the value of the facts with which he has supplied the geographer, it will be necessary to take a brief review of the state of public opinion, relative to this point, at the period the expedition left England. We are indeed aware that the majority of our readers are quite familiar with the various hypotheses which have been entertained with regard to those great African rivers, and with the reasons which have been urged, and the facts which have been adduced, by the several writers who have respectively supported them; and it is only because we could not distinctly point out the additional facts presented in this publication, without defining the limits of what was formerly known, that we recur for a moment to topics already so frequently discussed.

Ever since Park ascertained that the river which we call the Niger flows to the eastward, it has been a question among the learned, where and in what manner it finishes its course. Some are of opinion that it continues to flow in an easterly direction until it falls into the Egyptian Nile; in other words, that the Niger is the Bahr el Abiad, or the principal branch of the Nile, commonly supposed to rise in the mountains of the moon. This is the view which was taken of the matter by the Arabian writers of the middle ages, and which has since been revived by Horneman and Jackson. It has, however, been opposed with great force and reasoning by Major Rennell, who objects to it on these two accounts: first, the difference of level between the two rivers; the Nile, according to Bruce's measurement by the barometer, passing over a country whose surface is considerably higher than the flat of North Africa, through which the Niger is stated to flow: secondly, because the Nile of Egypt, in this case, must necessarily be kept up at the highest pitch of its inundation, for a long time after that of the Niger, which is well known to be contrary to the fact. This opinion, therefore, had nearly lost all credit, and seems to have been mentioned of late years, almost solely because it originated with

Arabian authors, who were naturally supposed to possess the best means of information.

The next hypothesis is that of Major Rennell himself, who, proceeding on the facts ascertained by Park, arrived at the conclusion that the Niger disembogues into a large lake in the interior, whence its waters are evaporated by the heat of the tropical sun. This conjecture was extremely well received, as well owing to the high character of its author, as likewise from its coincidence with the fact, mentioned by a variety of travellers, that there is a great body of water, called, indiscriminately, a sea and a lake, about a thousand miles to the east of Tombuctoo. Mr. Murray, the author of the work last mentioned at the head of this article, adopts the Major's notions, with a modification which seems now to be pretty generally admitted, that another river, flowing from the east, and frequently confounded with the Niger, pours its waters into the same receptacle with that noted stream, and forms the lake of Wangara.

The third hypothesis has been already mentioned. It assumes the identity of the Niger and the Congo, and is built upon a series of facts and probabilities, first stated by Governor Maxwell to Mr. Park, when the latter was preparing to undertake his second journey, with the view of tracing the course of the mysterious river now under consideration. It is not necessary to repeat the various reasons which induced Park to become a convert to this hypothesis. Suffice it to say, that the impression made on his mind, previous to his leaving England, continued to gain strength, as he descended a second time the channel of the Niger; and, in the last letters received from him in this country, he spoke with increased confidence of returning to the coast by water, and thence to the West Indies. The believers in this doctrine were not, however, allowed to remain undisturbed in their faith. Various objections to it were started from time to time; and among others a very formidable one appeared, in the shape of a counter hypothesis, by M. Reichard, a German geographer; who maintained that the Niger, after being divided into a number of streams, of which the Rio del Rey and the Formosa are the most considerable, throws itself into the Atlantic, in the Gulf of Benin. It also belongs, we believe, to his system of geography to extend a chain of mountains across the centre of Africa, and thus to oppose an impenetrable barrier to the progress of any stream towards the equator. Nothing further needs to be said, however, in reply to the statements of Reichard, than that they are all founded on the most gratuitous assumptions. He has not proved any one of the facts upon which his geographical hypothesis rests. His lakes and his mountains are all imaginary; and his calculations seem to have no firmer basis than the most

arbitrary principles as to the effects of absorption and evaporation. Nay, his statements, in a material instance, are in opposition to well-authenticated facts; for the Haousa traders, who frequently come to Lagos and other parts on the coast of Guinea, with slaves, have given repeated and most positive assurances that, on their journey, the line of which would necessarily intersect that of the supposed mountain range, if any such range existed, the only obstruction they meet with arises from rivers, lakes, and swamps. They deny, in short, that the Kong mountains stretch further to the eastward than the point at which they were seen by Park; that is, the position which is commonly assigned to them in our best modern maps.

The learned Editor of the narrative has adverted to two other objections which have been urged against the identity of the Niger and Congo; namely, the great length of their course, which, if united, would exceed 4000 miles; whereas the course of the Amazons, the largest known river in the world, is only about 3500 miles; and, secondly, the absence of all traces of Mohammedanism and of the Arabic language on the coast where the Zaire empties itself into the sea.

As to the former, the only difficulty connected with it arises from the immense height above the level of the ocean, which must necessarily be ascribed to the source of a river which runs 4000 miles, coupled with the fact that Park—who, by the by, did not make any measurements—passed no mountains of extraordinary elevation in reaching the Niger. To get rid of this objection, a given height has been assumed for the source of the river, estimated at 3000 feet; which, it has been observed, would afford nine inches to the mile, of slope or declivity, throughout the whole course of 4000 miles, a rate of fall which exceeds considerably that of either the Amazons or the Ganges. Those rivers pass along a bed which is not inclined more than four inches in the mile; and yet their currents move at the rate of about three miles an hour in the dry season, and from five to six when swollen with the rains. If, then, we were to reduce the elevation of the ground where the Niger takes its rise, from 3000 feet to the very moderate height of 2000, we should still have declivity enough to carry its waters into the ocean, even over the very lengthened course which has been assigned to it. The copious flood, too, which at all seasons fills the channel of the Congo, will make up considerably for any want of slope in its bed; it being sufficiently proved, that the velocity of rivers depends more on the mass of water which they carry along, than upon the descent of the ground through which they pass.

With regard to the second objection, founded on the circumstance that no traces of Mahommedan doctrines or institutions

are to be met with on the lower banks of the Zaire, it will be a sufficient answer to observe that, as far as our knowledge extends at present, the Niger in northern Africa formed the boundary of Mussulman invasion. What the difficulties may have been, whether moral or physical, which impeded the progress of the Mahommedan arms and faith, it would now be useless to inquire; but that they were impeded, and in a great measure limited to the parallel of the Niger, while on its eastern course, seems too well established to admit of a doubt. Besides, the principle on which this objection rests must prove but a very fallacious guide in ascertaining historical facts or geographical positions. What, for example, would have been thought of the sagacity of that geographer, who, because he could find no vestiges of Roman institutions on the Persian Gulf, would insist that the Cæsars had never planted their standards on the Euphrates. There must be limits somewhere to the progress of manners and institutions, as well as of arms; and although navigable rivers are unquestionably the most likely means of propagation, still there is a degree of distance and of difficulty which will cool even religious zeal, and which, among barbarous and hostile tribes, will prove a barrier too arduous to be surmounted.

Taking it for granted, then, that no positive obstacles of a physical nature have been discovered, and that no considerations connected with the religion and habits of the natives, on the Niger and the Congo respectively, have yet been brought forward, so as to preclude farther inquiry as to the identity of the two rivers, it may now be asked what additional probability has been given to this hypothesis by the investigations of Captain Tuckey. We would answer, then, that with regard to the latter river, he has clearly ascertained three circumstances, which add greatly to its probability: namely, the north-eastern direction of the ascending line of water course; the time of the year when the level begins to rise; and, lastly, the manner of its rising. As far as Captain Tuckey proceeded, he found the Zaire flowing from some point of the north combined with the east; and the information which he received from the natives, uniformly agreed in describing the course as holding on in the same direction to the utmost limits of their knowledge. Some of them even mentioned that it issued out of a lake far in the interior; and as the geographical position of that lake coincides in a remarkable manner with that of Wangara, into which the Niger is generally understood to fall, the fact thus asserted to our traveller, and without any possible motive on the part of the Africans to deceive or mislead him, cannot fail to be regarded as strong presumptive evidence in support of the Congo hypothesis.

But the time at which the river began to flood affords a still

stronger argument in favour of the same view. The rains in tropical countries, it is well known, follow the course of the sun, and are generally at their height when that luminary reaches the extreme points of the ecliptic, or tropical boundaries: on which principle we shall, in all cases, readily ascertain whether a river derives its waters from the north or the south of the line, by noting the date when its periodical flood commences. Thus the Nile begins to rise in Egypt on the 17th of June, or near the summer solstice, thereby affording *data*, were they wanted, upon which to prove that its sources are situated between the line and the tropic of Cancer: and no one who knows any thing of such matters will hazard the opinion, that the principal fountains of that celebrated stream are situated on the south of the equator. To apply this principle to the subject in hand, we have to remark, that the Zaire begins to swell at such a period as proves completely, that by far the greater quantity of its water comes from the north of the line, and consequently that its principal branch must proceed from the north-east,—the very direction in which Captain Tuckey traced it, and in which he was told it continued for many hundred miles. The whole rise, as marked on the rocky banks, was ascertained to be only eleven feet; and Captain Tuckey was long enough in the country to see it reach the height of seven feet, without a single shower having fallen that deserved to be noticed, and, of course, whilst no rain was falling to the south of the line:—a fact that proves, with the force of demonstration, that the main stream of the Zaire is derived from the north. The little difference, as the Editor observes, between the rise of seven feet, which then took place in the dry season, while the sun was still to the northward of the line, and that of eleven feet in the wet season, during which the sun is twice vertical, affords a solid argument for its northern origin; and, when coupled with the particular moment at which it was first observed to rise, would seem to establish the fact, almost beyond a doubt, that one branch of the river, as was stated by the natives, must descend from some part of Africa to the northward of the equator. The “particular moment,” here alluded to is the beginning of September, at which time Captain Tuckey had calculated, on the supposition of its northern origin in the lakes of Wangara, that is, in other words, its identity with the Niger, that the Zaire would begin to swell. It had not exhibited any appearances of rising in July and August, which it must have done upon every other supposition but that its source is at a great distance in the north; and the Captain, accordingly, contended that this circumstance, so far from militating against such an hypothesis, had the contrary tendency of giving additional weight to it, “*provided*,” he adds, “*the river should begin to swell in the early part of Sep-*

tember, an event I am taught to expect, and for which I am anxiously looking out." The river *did begin to swell* at the precise period he had anticipated; which fact, coinciding with and corroborating the conclusion he had drawn, induced him to note down in his journal the important words, which he did not live to explain, "the hypothesis is confirmed." It is said he lamented, when on his death-bed, that he was not permitted to live to put in order the remarks he had collected in tracing upwards this extraordinary river. A private letter brought home by the survivors contains the most expanded statement which he has given on the subject. "Combining," he says, "my observations with the information I have been able to collect from the natives, vague and trifling as it is, I cannot help thinking that the Zaire will be found to issue from some large lake, or chain of lakes, considerably to the northward of the line."

The learned and industrious Editor, to whom the public are so much indebted for information relative to Africa, in other parts, and on other occasions, has supplied what may be conceived to be the chain of reasoning on which Tuckey's conclusion was supported. The two points upon which it rests are, the date of the flooding of the Wangara lakes, and the time necessary to convey the water thereby thrown into the Zaire to the shores of the Atlantic; for if the ebb and flood of these lakes depend on the state of the Niger, it will follow, on the supposition of the identity of that river and the Zaire, that the ebb and flood of the latter, to the southward of the line, must correspond with the ebb and flood of the lakes of Wangara. It is established, then, by the observations of the Arabian geographers, that the lakes now mentioned are in the months of May, June, and July, very much exhausted, and that they do not begin to overflow till the middle or latter end of August; which circumstance (of late flooding) is accounted for very satisfactorily by Mr. Barrow, by referring to the long easterly course of the Niger, collecting into its channel all the waters from the northward and southward as it proceeds along. The position of those lakes not being exactly ascertained, we are left a little to conjecture as to their precise locality; "but supposing them to be situated somewhere between the twelfth and fifteenth degrees of northern latitude, the position usually assigned to them in the charts, and that the southern outlet is under or near the twelfth parallel, the direct distance between that and the spot where Captain Tuckey first observed the Zaire to rise may be taken at about 1200 miles; which, by allowing for windings of the river, and some little difference of meridians, cannot be calculated at less than 1600 miles."

"Admitting, then, that the lakes of Wangara should overflow in the first week of August, and the current in the channel of outlet move at

the rate of two miles and an half an hour, which is the average rate at which the Zaire was found to flow above the narrows, the flooded stream would reach that spot in the first week of September, and swell that river exactly in the way, and at the time and place, as observed by Captain Tuckey. No other supposition, in fact, than that of its northern origin will explain the rise of the Zaire in the dry season : and if its identity with the Niger, or, which amounts to the same thing, its communication with the Wangara, should be disputed, Captain Tuckey's hypothesis of its issuing from some other great lake to the northward of the line will still retain its probability.—There is, however, another circumstance in favour of a river issuing from Wangara, or the lakes and swamps designated under that name, and of that river being the Zaire. There is not a lake, perhaps, of any magnitude in the known world, *without an outlet*, whose waters are not saline. The Caspian, the Aral, and the neighbouring lakes, the Asphaltites, or Dead Sea, and all those of Asia which have no outlet, are salt. If therefore the lakes of Wangara had no outlet, but all the waters received into them spread themselves over an extended surface during the rains, and were evaporated in the dry season, there would necessarily be deposited on the earth, so left dry, an incrustation of salt, and the remaining water would be strongly impregnated with salt; and both the one and the other would be increased by every succeeding inundation.—No mention, however, is made by any of the Arabian writers of that indispensable article, salt, being procured in the mud or soil abandoned by the waters of Wangara: on the contrary, it is well known that one great branch of the trade of Tombuctoo is that of obtaining salt from the northern desert, for the supply of the countries southward of the Niger. But if Wangara had no outlet, this could not be necessary, as both it and all the large inland lakes, so circumstanced, would afford more or less of salt; and if so, the trade of the caravans proceeding from Tegazza to Tombuctoo would not have existed, as it is well known it has done, and still does, especially from the latter place to Melli, and other countries south of the Niger, 'to a great water,' as Cadamosta says, 'which the traders could not tell whether it was salt or fresh; by reason of which,' he says, 'I could not discover whether it was a river or the sea; but,' he continues, 'I hold it to be a river, for if it was the sea, there would be no need of salt.'"

The third circumstance we mentioned as corroborative of the hypothesis that the Zaire and the Niger are one, or, in other words, that the former issues from the lakes into which the latter falls, is the *quiet and gradual manner* in which the first named river passes into its flooded state. Among the last notes which Captain Tuckey entered in his journal, we observe the following: "Extraordinary quiet of the river shows it, I think, to issue chiefly from some lake which had received almost the whole of its water from the north of the line." This rise appears not to have exceeded four or five inches in twenty-four hours; whereas, on the supposition that the river were principally fed by torrents

from the mountains near the line, the swelling would necessarily be sudden, and the velocity of the current considerably increased. Indeed, this fact, viewed in its several bearings, goes a great way to justify the conclusion which Captain Tuckey evidently meant to found upon it, and thus to establish a connexion between the Zaire and some extensive sheet of water in the interior, as well as between the latter and some river fed by the rains of the northern tropic. Whether any additional facts had been collected prior to the period at which he turned his back on the Zaire—the words in which he himself describes the relinquishment of the enterprize,—we have not now any means of ascertaining; but it is very clear, that he became more and more convinced of the connexion just stated; for in the last page of his journal he wrote down the memorandum already mentioned, “Hypothesis confirmed; the water—”

We have thus stated the amount of the information relative to these mysterious rivers, derived from the exertions of Captain Tuckey; and certainly, so far as it goes, it lends support to the notion of Park, that the waters of the Niger reach the Atlantic through the channel of the Congo. Before we proceed to any other part of the work, it will be proper to advert to the evidence on this subject, which has been recently laid before the public, in the volume of Riley, the American shipmaster. This person, it is now hardly requisite to say, was wrecked on the western coast of Africa, made a captive by the Arabs, sold by one to another, till at last he fell into the hands of Sidi Hamet, a merchant of some note, from whom he was ransomed by the English Consul at Mogadore. His own adventures and sufferings, though no doubt great, are of a very common-place nature; and the chief interest of his book, accordingly, arises from the narratives which it contains of several journeys performed by the said Sidi Hamet, and communicated verbally by himself in the house of Mr. Willshire, the consul just alluded to. What is of most consequence to us at present is, a trip which he was compelled to make from Tombuctoo to a great city in the south-east, called Wassanah, in search of a caravan belonging to the King of the former state, which had been detained three moons beyond the period of its arrival. “All being prepared,” says Sidi Hamet, “we went from Tombuctoo about two hours’ ride, towards the south, to the bank of the river which is called at that place Zolibib (the Joliba of Park), and was wider than from Mogadore to the island, or above five hundred yards. We then set off near the side of the river, and travelled on in a plain, even country for six days, every day within sight of the river, which was on our right hand, and running the same way we travelled; and our course was a little to the south of east.” He then mentions that, upon coming to a small

town called Bambinah, "the river turned more to the south-eastward, because there was a very high mountain in sight to the eastward;" and that they accordingly left the river side, and pursued their journey more southwardly, through a hilly and woody country, for fifteen days, when they came to the same river again. After passing two large towns, they went onward in about a south-east direction, winding as the river ran for three days: after which they were obliged to climb over a very high ridge of mountains, which it was extremely difficult to get up and down, but he adds "we could not go any other way, for the river ran against the steep side of the mountain." Upon reaching the bank again they found the stream narrow, and full of rocks "that dashed the water dreadfully." After travelling twelve days toward the south-east, during which time they were never a whole day out of sight of the river, they came to a large ferry, where they saw boats formed of single trees, and used for carrying negroes across the current. A journey of fifteen days, most of the time in sight of the river, brought them to the city of Wassanah. Their reception by the King was friendly: a square enclosure was prepared for them near the walls of the town, where they remained two moons, exchanging their goods for slaves, &c. He informs us that the river passes Wassanah, in a direction nearly south, between high mountains on each side, though not very close; and that it is so wide there that they could hardly see a man across it on the other side. It is here called Zadi. The walls of the city are very large, and made of great stones, but without clay or mud amongst them. It took him a whole day to walk round them. The King, who is said to have 150 wives and 10,000 slaves, rides on an elephant, and is attended when he goes out by a guard of 200 negroes, one half of them armed with muskets, 50 with long spears, and 50 with great bows and arrows. The city has twice as many inhabitants as Tombuctoo.—The tide of Mussulman conquest, it is clear, had not rolled so far south as Wassanah; a fact which completely removes the objection, formerly mentioned, to the identity of the Niger and Congo, founded on the absence of Mohammedan institutions at the mouth of the latter. "The King and the people," says Sidi Hamet, "do not pray like the Musselmén; but they jump about, fall down, tear their faces, as if they were mad, when any of their friends die; and every time they see the new moon they make a great feast, and dance all night to music, made by singing and beating on skins; but," he adds, "they do not read and write, and are heathens."—We beg the attention of our readers to the following paragraph, which we quote at length, because, if it can be implicitly relied on, it seems calculated to set at rest all controversy on the Niger hypothesis:

"They (the inhabitants) have boats made of great trees, cut off, and hollowed out, that will hold ten, fifteen, or twenty negroes; and the brother of the King told one of my Moslem companions, who could understand him (for I could not), that he was going to set out in a few days with sixty boats, and to carry 500 slaves down the river, first to the southward, and then to the westward, where they should come to the great water, and sell them to pale people, who came there in great boats, and brought muskets, and powder, and tobacco, and blue cloth, and knives, &c.—He said it was a great way, and would take him three moons to get there, and he should be gone twenty moons before he could get back by land, but should be very rich. We saw a great many of these people who had been down the river to see the great water, with slaves and teeth, and had come back again: they said the pale people lived in great boats, and had guns as big as their bodies, that made a noise like thunder, and would kill all the people in a hundred negro boats, if they went too near them."

We are sorry to observe, however, that this account is not altogether unobjectionable. For instance, we hear nothing of the lake or lakes of Wangara, in which the Niger is supposed to terminate; and, as it is not likely that Sidi Hamet could have passed such a body of water without seeing it; neither is it at all probable that the King of Wassanah's brother, in describing his progress to the coast, where he traded with the "pale men," would, when minutely detailing the several bearings of the course, omit to mention the existence of that inland sea. Again, "the pale men," as well as the natives, at the mouth of the Zaire, continue in total ignorance of such a city as Wassanah in the interior. Some spake of the lake whence that river takes its rise; but none, as far as we have heard, gave any hints of a powerful king riding on an elephant, and claiming the attendance of a hundred sable musketeers as a part of his body guard. It is difficult, indeed, to imagine any adequate motive for fabrication, either in the original or the copyist; and, as the narrative is openly ascribed to a person known in this country as an Arab merchant, and said to have been delivered in the hearing of Mr. Willshire, who is still alive to expose whatever fraud or misstatement may have been attempted, we are not inclined to be rash in throwing out insinuations, or directly to impeach the veracity of Riley. We repeat, then, that if the story of Sidi Hamet be not essentially inaccurate, the identity of the Niger and the Congo is fully established.

We proceed now to collect a few notions from the narrative and from the "General Observations" which follow it, respecting the country and manners of the people, so far as Captain Tuckey had an opportunity of putting down remarks on either. The mere soil and exterior of the landscape, then, had nothing particularly inviting, until the travellers had passed the narrows or

cataracts; but, above that point, the banks of the river presented scenery which is described not inferior to that on the banks of the Thames. In a mineralogical view, again, the kinds and distribution of the rocks exhibited a great degree of sameness; and, as the professional men were almost entirely confined to the line of the river, it was not in their power to ascertain more than the general characters of the several formations, and to note when they passed from the primitive masses of the lower Congo to the transition strata, as they should seem to be, which constitute the basis of the more elevated districts. As to those minerals which minister to ostentation, and employ industry in polished countries, we are supplied with no particular information; but there is reason to believe that this part of Africa contains no stores which would realize the golden dreams of the Spaniard, or gratify the cupidity of the Indian lapidary. The vegetable productions peculiar to tropical climates do not seem to be deficient either in variety or abundance; and domestic animals fit for food and labour are sufficiently various and prolific. The country, as the Editor remarks, is singularly exempted from teasing and noxious insects. The party suffered no annoyance from scorpions, scolopendras, mosquitoes, which are almost universally to be met with in warm climates. From the abundance of bees, and the hills being well clothed with grass, Congo might be made "a land flowing with milk and honey."

With regard to the form of society, it might be described as not greatly removed from the patriarchal. The country is divided into a number of small states, or chenooships, held as a kind of fiefs under some person, but whether real or imaginary is much a matter of doubt, who is said to live at a great distance in the interior, nobody knows exactly where. All that Captain Tuckey could learn, is, that the paramount sovereign was called *Blindy N' Congo*, and resided at a banza named Congo, which was six days' journey from the Tall Trees, where there were soldiers and white women.—The authority and title of a chenoo are hereditary through the female line. The daughter of such a personage is therefore at liberty to choose her husband, whilst the man fixed on by her has not the power of refusing; but, as she thus acquires the right of disposing of him as a slave, and, if he does not answer her expectations, is not unlikely to to avail herself of her privilege, it not unfrequently happens that the gentleman contrives to rid himself of his *mistress* by the help of a poisonous draught, and thus secure at once his liberty, his rank, and his acquired riches. The privy council of the chenoo is composed of his own family; and, it is remarked, that their consultations are usually under the boughs of the *ficus religiosus*. His brothers and his sons are his generals; and the elders of the tribe exercise authority in his absence.

The rank of the Congo negro in the scale of improvement and intelligence is comparatively very low. The vast shoals of catholic missionaries who, in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, poured into this part of Africa, appear not to have advanced the natives one single step in civilization; and the rude mixture of catholic with pagan superstitions, which were found among the Sagnio people on the left bank of the Zaire, was all that could be discovered of Christianity, after the labours of these pious men for three hundred years. Some of these people, we are told, came off to the British vessels; and they are represented as being the very worst, in every respect, of all the tribes that were met with on the banks of the river, being exceedingly filthy and overrun with vermin. One of them was a priest, who had been ordained by the capuchin monks of Loango, and carried with him his diploma or letters of ordination. He could just write his name, and that of St. Antonio, and read the Romish litany; but so little was he of a catholic, that his rosary, his relics, and his crosses, were mixed with his domestic *fetiches*; and so indifferent a Christian that this "bare-footed, black apostle," as Dr. Smith calls him, boasted of having no fewer than five wives.

Like all other negro nations, the people of Congo shew no respect, and little kindness, for the female sex. Every species of drudgery and laborious exercise is imposed upon the women, whilst the male savage lies stretched all his length under a tree, or amuses himself with some trifling pursuit. From the highest to the lowest, they were ever ready to offer their wives or daughters to the white men. It is worthy of remark, however, that in proportion as our countrymen removed from the coast, they found the people more modest; the men never being seen *allant en avant*, as Captain Tuckey expresses it, in the offer of their women.

It is a curious fact, considering the laxity of their notions, with regard to female virtue, that the only two crimes punishable with death are adultery and murder by poisoning. If the wife of a chenoo should go astray, he inflicts what punishment he may think fit on the lady, but the paramour must suffer death. Mr. Fitzmaurice states, that an instance of this kind occurred while he was stationed at Embomma. The man was first carried to the mate of a slave ship then trading in the river, and offered to him for sale; but on being rejected, those who had the charge of him bound his hands and feet, and, without farther ceremony, threw him into the river.

It was observed of these negroes, too, that they are excessively foul feeders. They broil poultry with the feathers on, and pieces of goat without being at the trouble of removing the skin or even the hair; and they devour their food when scarcely warmed,

"tearing the flesh with their teeth, in the most disgusting manner." Mr. Fitzmaurice informed the Editor, that one day, as their butcher had taken off the skin of a sheep, a Mandingo slave, purchased by Captain Tuckey, slyly conveyed it away, threw it with the wool or hair adhering to it over a smokey fire, and, before he was discovered, had nearly eaten the whole hide, although still entirely raw. Once, too, on the occasion of a palaver, when the Captain had given the chenoo's family a small keg of brandy, a violent scramble took place among the privy council to come in for a portion of this precious liquor; "and towards the conclusion, one having been unable to catch his share, his neighbour, who had been more fortunate, and who had kept it as long as he could hold in his breath (which they always do), very generously spat a portion of his mouthful into the other's mouth."

The chapter on the *superstitions* of Congo might be drawn out to a great length. Here, as in other savage countries, the natives place their chief confidence in charms, called *fetiches*, from the Portuguese word *feitico*. Every individual has his *fetich*, and some no fewer than a dozen, these toys being regarded as so many tutelary deities, and as a complete protection against every imaginary evil. In the choice, however, of the particular substance to be converted into a god, we cannot perceive the smallest approach to uniformity, to principle, or analogy; for, as our author observes, there is nothing so vile in nature as not to serve for a negro's *fetich*. The horn, the hoof, the hair, the teeth, and the bones of all manner of quadrupeds; the feathers, beaks, claws, skulls, and bones of birds; the heads and skins of snakes, the shells and fins of fishes; pieces of old iron, copper, wood, seeds of plants, and sometimes a mixture of all or most of them strung together, make up the "holy thing," which the Congo savage venerates, and in which he puts his trust. If, however, notwithstanding the protection of these watchful guardians, the negro should at any time fall into misfortune, he never blames his god, nor suspects either that "he is asleep, or on a journey." He attributes the disaster entirely to his own misconduct, and to the anger which he has thereby excited in the divine *fetich*. On this principle, accordingly, and with all the simplicity of unreflecting ignorance, he attempts to conceal his wickedness, and even to deceive his god. "Whenever he is about to commit a crime, or to do that which his conscience tells him he ought not to do, he lays aside his *fetich*, covers up his deity, that he may not be privy to the deed." Some of the persons of the expedition shewed to one of the chief men a magnet, which the latter observed "was very bad *fetich* for black man; it was too lively and had too much *savvy*." The priests ascribe

to a fetiche, properly prepared, the power of discovering a thief; and our countrymen saw no small reason to suspect that these gentlemen, rather than suffer the efficacy of the fetiche to be questioned, were in the practice of selecting victims and killing them by poison; for the person who first died in the village, after an act of undiscovered theft, was in all cases reputed the criminal. The very circumstance of dying was considered as, at once, the proof and the punishment.

The following anecdote, however, seems to justify a degree of scepticism, as to the confidence of the chiefs in the power of their fetiches. The chenoo of a village had boasted to Mr. Fitzmaurice of a war-fetiche, "which if any one attempted to shoot at, the flint would fall out, and the person so attempting would fall down dead. On Mr. Fitzmaurice and Mr. Hodder expressing a wish to have a shot at this redoubtable deity, he observed, that he loved them too much to let them try; on telling him, however, that if on firing they missed it, or if they sustained any harm, they would give him a whole piece of baft, and a bottle of brandy, his fears for their safety immediately vanished before the prospect of gain, and he consented. Six yards was the distance measured off. The fetiche was the figure of a man, rudely carved in wood, and covered with rags, about two feet high and one foot broad, and the time appointed was the following morning. In the course of the evening, the interpreter, who had a great regard for the strangers, appeared extremely sad and pensive, and being asked the cause, replied, that he very much feared his good masters were going to die, and intreated in the most urgent manner that they would give the baft and brandy, and let the fetiche alone. Being absent for some time, he said on his return, that he had been at the village; that the king and his nobles were holding a palaver, whether they should venture the fetiche or not, and that they had asked him whether he thought white men would dare to fire at it, and in his answering in the affirmative, they exclaimed "*mendeete zaambic, m'poonga*," white men are gods. The chenoo made his appearance the following morning, but without the fetiche, and was very desirous to see the fowling-piece fired, in which he was gratified; and on perceiving the ball strike the mark fired at, he seemed very much astonished, and went away without saying a word. In the evening he returned with nearly the whole of the inhabitants; begged they would not think of firing at his fetiche, for if they should, and this was known to the neighbouring chenoo's, they would all make war upon him immediately; an entreaty which was uttered with so much real anxiety in his countenance, as to leave no doubt of his being in earnest."

Their notions of a future state do not appear to be very well

defined. They seem, however, to hold the belief of a paradise, in which they shall all be happy, and also to have some notion of a good and evil principle. The former is named by them *Zamba M'Poonga*, the latter, *Caddee M'Peemba*; but their whole veneration is lavished upon the fetiches.

There is something very singular in their mode of interment. They do not commit a corpse to the ground immediately after death, but, on the contrary, keep it for several years in a separate hut, wrapping round it, from time to time, an additional cover, until at length, it becomes four or five times as large as life. They dig their graves to an immense depth, and afterwards decorate them with shrubs, elephants' teeth, and various orders of fetiches.

It occurs as a very important consideration, to inquire what probability there is of improving the condition of those poor blacks, of instructing them in the arts of civilized life, and of making them Christians, in the proper meaning of the word. The Portuguese missionaries, generally speaking, confined their labours to the mere act of baptism; and they are said to have been so zealous in this part of their calling, as literally to have died of pure fatigue, from the manual operations of the ceremony. Thousands, indeed, flocked to partake of their ministry; but, as the catholics use salt in this initiatory rite, the good monks were extremely shocked to find that the enjoyment of such a delicacy, as salt is known to be to a southern African, was in fact the principal motive to conversion, and that baptism itself was familiarly spoken of amongst them as the "*salt treat*." It is very obvious, from every consideration connected with this subject, that religion ought not to be the first instrument employed for the civilization of a race of men, so utterly incapable of abstract thought, of forming suitable conceptions of the Deity, and of being influenced by distant views of blame or approbation. Christianity, at the first, required a "*fulness of time*," a previous preparation in the moral and political condition of mankind, to usher it in with advantage: so does it require, still, a certain degree of improvement and rationality in those to whom it is addressed, to render it profitable to the body and the soul, and to save it from the grossest corruption and abuse. In the present state of things, then, all over the kingdom of Congo, the exertions of a mere missionary would be useless; our holy religion would only be caricatured; whilst its sacred symbols and offices would certainly be degraded to a union with pagan fetiches, and the most ludicrous superstitions.

The first efficient step towards internal improvement in Africa, will be the complete and final discontinuance of the slave-trade, by every power in Europe and America. Slavery, indeed, to a

certain extent, seems to be the natural accompaniment of a rude state of society; and we accordingly find that it has subsisted, in one form or other, in every nation whose early annals have come down to us. But domestic slavery in Africa is well known to be of a very mild character, and to be stripped of nearly all the horrors which belong to servitude, when attended with kidnapping, tearing away from home and friends, a suffocating voyage, and eternal banishment in a foreign land. Nor can there be any doubt that many of their petty wars originated in the wish to procure slaves for sale; and moreover, that the slave merchants had agents in the interior to seize their miserable victims, whilst straying from their banzas, and to hurry them down to the coast. Amidst such uncertainty of liberty, property, and life, there cannot possibly be any approach to civilization.

It is acknowledged that the Zaire at this moment is not the most active scene of the slave-trade. The Gulf of Guinea to the northward, and Loango and Benguela to the southward of this river, are now the two principal vents of that detestable and nefarious traffic; and by the late treaty with Spain, the former will be henceforth shut against European ships. There can be no doubt, however, that of the few vessels plying on the shores of the lower Congo, the chief property, and the majority of the hands belong to England and America; and until the trade shall be abolished from pole to pole, there will never cease to be found a sufficient number of unprincipled adventurers, to carry it on to a certain extent, and to keep alive exportation among the chenoos, and other local sovereigns of Africa. Upon the appearance of the expedition, as has been already mentioned, the chiefs and their mercantile agents were all on the alert, and making preparations for a spirited traffic; and much disappointed were they, on learning that the object of the British government was of a very different nature. At Embomma, too, the chief seat of commerce, the Chenoo's mafook went on board; and was very inquisitive to know whether the ships came to make trade, or make war; and when he was distinctly told that the object was neither the one nor the other; "what then come for," he exclaimed, "only to take walk and make book?" Indeed, as the Editor very sensibly observes, as long as a single door remains open for disposing of human beings, little progress will be made towards the abolition of this disgraceful and inhuman traffic.

"It is of little use to dam up the mouths of the Senegal and the Gambia, and turn the current into the channels of the Lagos, Formosa, Calabar, and Camaroons; or to stop these vents while the Zaire, the Counza, and the Guberora, remain open. The prolonged march of the Kafilas overland may somewhat increase the prices to the pur-

chaser, and prolong the misery of the slave; but the trade itself will not be much diminished on that account; while there is but too much reason to fear that the passage across the Atlantic will be attended with circumstances of aggravated cruelty and inhumanity. Indeed, nothing short of a total and unqualified prohibition of the traffic by every power in Europe and America, can afford the least hope for a total abolition of the foreign trade; and even then there is but too much reason to believe that the Mahommedan powers of Egypt and northern Africa will extend their traffic to the central regions of Soudan, which, in fact, since the nominal abolition, has very considerably increased in those quarters."

But on the supposition that the trade in question were completely stopped, a serious difficulty would still be felt as to the most suitable and efficacious means of giving them instruction, and the arts of humanized society; for it is a remark, founded on a wide induction, that no nation has ever risen above the savage state by their own unassisted efforts. To conquest and subsequent colonization, or to a process strictly analogous to these, we may trace whatever refinement and progress in the arts adorn every community in modern times, which, at any former period, was known to be sunk in barbarism; and, what is more, the foundation of improvement has been, in too many instances, established on the violent demolition of native habits, manners, and institutions. Extirpation, says Mr. Barrow, has followed close upon colonization in all countries inhabited by a savage or half civilized people. The unconquerable avidity for spirituous liquors, on the part of the savages, and the same propensity for their possessions on that of the colonists, have produced contentions, encroachments, and spoliation, which terminate invariably to the detriment of the natives, and too frequently in their utter extermination.

The plan of sending a few negroes, instructed in England, to superintend the education of their countrymen, has been often recommended, and in several instances been submitted to a fair trial. The African Institution, with a zeal and humanity which cannot be sufficiently extolled, have made several attempts in this way at Sierra Leone; but hitherto not with a success corresponding to their benevolent intentions. It is a curious fact, exemplified in innumerable cases, that savages of all orders are much inclined to return to their primitive condition, and to shake off at once the restraints and the polish of civilized life. Several Hottentots, it is generally known, who were educated in England, and one or two of whom afterwards were appointed to fill offices under government at the Cape, stole away, and resumed among their miserable kindred all the manners of the Kraal. On the present occasion, too, a native of Congo, who had been

entrusted when about ten years of age to a Liverpool captain, to carry him to Britain for education, but who was sold by the conscientious mariner as a slave, and carried to St. Kitt's, returned with Capt. Tuckey to the land of his birth—was received with open arms by his aged parent—and in a few days, although now in full manhood, and after having been many years in the navy, was as much a savage in dress and inclination as those who had never been on the "great water."

Colonization, on a large scale, if such a measure were either practicable or desirable in such a country, combined with the use of direct means for instructing the negro tribes in the arts, and in rational religion, is perhaps the only plan that ever will succeed. In this view, we agree with our author that it would be worth while to induce a few of the Moravian missionaries to settle in a negro village "to instruct the natives in the useful arts of agriculture, manufactures, and trade: to make them feel the comforts and advantages of acquiring a surplus property; to instil into their minds sound moral precepts; and to divert their attention from their gross and senseless superstitions to the mild and rational principles and precepts of the Christian religion." We owe much compensation to Africa; our foot long pressed heaviest on the necks of her injured population; the whip was long in the hands of British subjects; her blood and her groans are recorded against us; and thus, if it is within the reach of human means, it behoves us to exert ourselves to make her at length share the blessings of security, of civilized government, and of religious truth.

Before leaving the narrative of Capt. Tuckey we have to observe, that, though he himself did not fully succeed in the object of his mission, he has paved the way for success to those who shall follow him. He has shown that the explorer of the Zaire should not embark on it, until he has passed the narrows; and then two or three boats or canoes, which might be carried overland in frame, would suffice for the navigation upwards, thus saving the immense exertion which led to the death of the principal persons in the late attempt. Mules or asses, which could easily be procured at the Cape de Verde islands, would prove most serviceable in conveying the men and luggage to the point of embarkation; and if the accounts of the native traders are at all to be relied upon, there would be no material obstruction for several hundred miles. We are not without hopes that a year or two more will solve the interesting problem, on which we have so long detained the attention of the reader, and make out by actual survey the identity of the two mysterious rivers.

Next to the subject just mentioned in point of importance, or at least of curiosity, among African researches, we may con-

fidently rank the ascertainment of the locality of Tombuctoo; and certainly never was the adage "*omne ignotum pro magnifico*" found to apply more strictly to any discovery than to that of this celebrated city. All the barbaric pomp and gold of the earlier writers has now completely disappeared, and nothing remains but mud huts and squalid nudity. Even the queen wears no shoes, and her feet, of consequence, are "as hard and dry as the hoofs of an ass." In no particular did the Portuguese fall into a greater mistake than with regard to the situation of Tombuctoo; which they obstinately placed at about three hundred miles east from the mouth of the Gambia, clearly identifying it with the town still known by the name of Tambacunda. Park was the first to supply a full correction of this error, by carrying it as far east as the meridian of Greenwich, or somewhat more than eleven hundred miles from the shores of the Atlantic. Of late, too, we have had the concurring testimony of Adams, the sailor, who lived in it six months, and of Sidi Hamet, the Arab merchant already referred to, who had made repeated journeys to it in the way of business, and likewise occasionally resided there, in good understanding with the persons in power. As the story of Adams is generally known, we shall not refer to it further than to remind our readers that, upon being wrecked near El Gazie, he was carried into the desert by the Moors, who, being overcome in a skirmish by a party of negroes, were themselves sent forward as prisoners to Tombuctoo. Adams was well treated by the negro sovereign—for it is now clear that Tombuctoo is no longer a Moorish state—the queen and her attendants sitting for hours together, looking at him and a Portuguese boy, who had been taken at the same time. The king and the queen, he says, were old grey-headed people; the former named *Woolla*, the latter *Fatima*. Their dress, as already hinted, was far from being superb; and when devouring their mess of porridge, made of Guinea corn and water, they used their fingers by way of spoon, having neither knife nor fork, nor any thing artificial to supply their place.

The town is situated on a level plain, and appeared to Adams to cover as much ground as Lisbon. He is unable to give any idea of the number of inhabitants; but as the houses are built in a straggling manner, it is probable that it bears a small proportion to the extent of the place. The huts are square, built of sticks, clay, and grass, with flat roofs of the same materials. The rooms are all on the ground floor, and are without any article of furniture, except wooden bowls, earthen jars, and mats made of grass, upon which the people sleep.

He mentions that about two hundred yards from the town, on the south-east side, there is a river called *La Mar Zarah*; which

appeared to him to flow to the south-west, and to be about three quarters of a mile broad. He was never, it ought to be remarked, more than two miles to the southward of the city, and, of course, did not see the Joliba. He states, however, that he frequently heard the natives of Tudenny speak of it, and describe it as laying between that place and Bambarra. It should seem that at Tombuctoo this river goes by another name; and hence, as well as from other causes, has arisen a variety of mistakes and misconceptions, relative to the course of that remarkable stream.

Among the new facts brought to light by the narratives of Adams and the scattered notices of Sidi Hamet, one of the most surprising, or rather perhaps the most unexpected, is the assurance given by both these authorities that Tombuctoo is now a negro state, and that the Moors are completely deprived of authority, as well as of all the privileges of citizenship, in that ancient entrepot of African commerce. From the details supplied to us by Park, we were led to believe that Tombuctoo was entirely in the hands of Mahometans; and, indeed, it was owing to this circumstance that he did not think it advisable to hazard a visit to it, either on his first or second journey. It seems very doubtful, however, whether the information upon which Park proceeded in the latter instance was altogether authentic, at least to its full extent; for Mr. Jackson mentions that, in 1800, the whole of Bambarra, including Tombuctoo, was under a sovereign of the name of Woolli, of negro extraction. The point, indeed, is not deserving of much discussion; nor would it be easy, with our present stock of materials, to divest it of all ambiguity; but from the concurring testimony of the latest travellers, we are not permitted to doubt both that the Moors have been expelled, and that a dynasty of native blood is again on the throne.

Riley, in the words of the Sidi, describes Tombuctoo as a large place, containing, upon a rough calculation, 216,000 inhabitants, entirely negro; and adds, that, even in the way of trade, no Moor is allowed to enter, "unless fifty at a time unarmed from each caravan." He further mentions, that there is a separate town divided off from the principal one, by a strong partition wall, and appropriated to such Mussulmen as are allowed to remain at Tombuctoo. As a proof, also, that the supersition of Mohammed is not observed here, we are informed that the people of that city "do not fear and worship God like the Mussulmen, but, like the people of Soudan, they merely pray once in twenty-four hours, and only when they see the new moon." In confirmation, too, of Adam's account of La Mar Zarah, we are told that "a small river runs close to the town;" but that, as it is sometimes dry, "the inhabitants go for water to the great river, which lies about an hour's ride of a camel to the south." The former does

not, it must be admitted, call the Mar Zarah a *small* river; he states, however, that the water is "rather brackish," a circumstance which would naturally occasion, during the dry season, that dependance on the Niger for supplies to which Sidi Hamet makes allusion.

The mean appearance of the city, contrasted with our lofty conceptions of its grandeur (which, by the bye, we have all along taken very much upon trust), proved at first rather a stumbling block in the way of our belief as to the recent narratives respecting central Africa. Upon suitable reflection, however, and a due examination into the best authorities, it is found that even those who speak of its trade in the most pompous language do not, in their account of its buildings, differ greatly from the moderns, who describe it as an irregular assemblage of huts constructed of mud and straw. Leo Africanus, who wrote nearly three hundred years ago, says, "*Le sui case sono capanne fatti di pali coperte di creta co i cortive di paglia*"—their dwellings are cabins constructed with sticks, covered with clay, and thatched with straw,—and Park supplies us with the notice that the flourishing cities of Sego and Sansunding are built of mud, precisely in the same manner as Adams describes the houses of Tombuctoo. It is not improbable, however, that under the Moorish sway, there may have been more wealth and magnificence, in the last mentioned city, than met the eyes of Adams, in the year 1811; and that there has been a revolution in the state since the period of Park's first journey, is proved by a variety of facts, independently of the decisive one already referred to of the present undisputed preponderance of negro power. The existence of a new nation on the northern border of the desert, composed of Moorish soldiers and merchants (the latter of whom carrying on an extensive trade with London), has been regarded as a proof that some one of their establishments in the interior has been broken up; and this fact, viewed in connexion with the particular period of its occurrence, and with the pursuits of the people who form the new establishment, renders it extremely probable that these persons, known in Barbary as the subjects of Cidi Hemish, are refugees from Tombuctoo. It seems difficult, as Mr. Murray observes, to account otherwise for so many opulent merchants taking up their abode in such a place; whilst upon the supposition now made, nothing could be more natural in such a colony than the establishment of a market for the commodities of Soudan.

In relation to Tombuctoo we have only further to mention that slave-hunting is reduced to a complete system, and followed as a principal source of emolument. About once a month, according to Adams, a party of a hundred or more of armed

men marched out to procure slaves; who after an absence, varying from one week to four, returned bringing, in considerable numbers. The slaves were generally a different race of people from those of Tombuctoo, and differently clothed; being, as he understood, from Bambarra, a country lying to the south and west of that city. It has been calculated that about 20,000 of these miserable beings cross the desert annually; and there is some reason to fear, as we have already suggested, that unless we keep a sharp look out in the Mediterranean, the trade in this quarter will increase, in proportion as it shall be checked on the western coast.

The last two years have been unusually productive of knowledge with regard to Africa; and what we are now going to mention respects a nation hitherto very imperfectly known, and whose territory has been merely guessed at, from its having obtained a place in our maps. We allude to the Ashantes, a people situated to the north and eastward of Cape Coast Castle. It appears from information communicated by the Governor of that fort that, in 1815, the Ashantee army drove under his walls a tribe called the Fantees, who have for some time enjoyed the protection of the British; which event led first to a negotiation with the victorious general, and afterwards to an amicable arrangement between the belligerent powers. The African Society, availing themselves of this opening, instructed the Governor to dispatch a mission to Ashantee, "who should endeavour to obtain satisfactory information on the nature of the country, the soil and products; the names, distances, latitudes, and longitudes of the chief places; the manners of the people; their laws, customs, and government; the chief objects of commerce, particularly gold and ivory; and, if possible, to procure permission for some children of the chiefs to be educated at Cape Coast Castle."

Accordingly on the 21st of April, 1817, an embassy set out from the fort; and after a circuitous route of nearly 200 miles, the gentlemen composing it arrived at Cormarcie, the capital, where they experienced a very favourable reception from the King. The town, like all the other negro residences with which we are acquainted, is made up of huts, constructed of wattled bamboo and clay. The surrounding country seems not unpleasant, consisting of low hills and valleys, and abounding in large trees; which, however, are applied to no use, "their timber being too hard to be worked by the tools of the natives." Cotton is cultivated with success, and so is tobacco; the latter, however, not being nearly equal to the consumption, large quantities of it are imported by the Portuguese. Yams and plantsains constitute the principal food of the natives; the culture of all kinds of

corn being entirely neglected. Palm wine, in a fermented state, is their common beverage. They have beef, mutton, buffalo, hogs, deer, and monkeys; which last is their favourite dish. A religious prejudice prevents the royal family from eating beef. Elephants and camels are seen in great numbers; and the panthers are so excessively numerous and daring that from three to four persons are carried off by them every night in the outskirts of the town.

The King sits three times a-week in public to administer justice; and it is a rule with the Ashantees that the gainer of a cause pays the expenses of the suit. His Majesty himself does not claim an exemption from the processes and awards of law; for when an action is raised *versus* his barbarian highness, he submits his cause to the determination of the principal men; and if found in the wrong, he readily makes an apology, or whatever other compensation may be thought due to the injured party. The government, notwithstanding, is a pure despotism, and the King is the universal heir. His wives amount to the enormous number of 3334. They inhabit a particular part of the city which is walled in; and it is death for any person even to pass near the gate leading to their residence. When any of them walk abroad, they are attended by a train of boys and eunuchs, and by a military guard, who shoot without scruple all who do not fly on their approach.

"Human sacrifices are so frequent as to render Cormarcie on this account a very disgusting residence for a European; 'they play with a man,' as they term it, every forty-three days. A criminal, or if none is to be had, a prisoner of war, if of high rank so much the more acceptable, is brought out into an open space, and taken possession of by twelve or fourteen men hideously painted, and dressed in tiger skins, each being armed with two knives. They commence by thrusting a knife through the cheek, and transfixing the tongue, so as to prevent their victim from uttering any cries; they then insert a knife near the shoulder blade, on each side of the back bone; and lastly pass a cord through the cartilage of the nose. The poor wretch is then made to dance, and is mangled with deliberate cruelty for five or six hours. He is then led before the King's residence, that the sovereign may be gratified by the spectacle of his last sufferings, and finally of his decapitation. Whenever the King goes to visit the tombs of his ancestors he is obliged to propitiate them by the slaughter of from six to twelve human beings. The son of the King of Akim, a child seven or eight years old, taken at the conquest of the country, was placed in a brass pan on a man's head, the people dancing around him, in front of the chief temple, or *fetiche* house; the boy was then ripped open, his head cut off, and the mangled carcass thrown into the enclosure of the temple, as a present from the King. The daily sight of these and similar cruelties produces its natural effect on the manners of the

people, who make no scruple of sacrificing any person at the instigation of revenge or gain; and though no one by law is allowed to sacrifice a human being without the consent of the King being previously obtained, yet it is frequently done by the rich, either as an offering to their ancestors or from respect to their own *fetiché*. The ditch round is the general receptacle for these dead bodies, in consequence of which all water for domestic use is obtained from wells."

The embassy had not returned to Cape Coast when the last accounts reached this country. Letters have however been received in England dated at Cormarcie, from which the above details were extracted; and they have been further abridged by us from Thomson's Annals, No. 61.

A little to the north, and somewhat further east, we meet with a people still more remarkable and original in their manners, than the Ashantees, namely, the subjects of the King of Dahomy. In physical properties these are a fine race of negroes; their appearance is manly, and their persons are strong and active. Like the ancient Spartans, they combine politeness with ferocity, and the utmost practical cruelty with a generous and humane demeanour. The leading maxim of a Dahoman warrior is expressed in these words; "My head belongs to the King, not to myself; if he please to send for it, I am ready to resign it; or if it be shot through in battle, I am satisfied, if it be in his service." The palace of the Monarch is an extensive building of bamboo and mud-walled huts, surrounded by a similar wall about twenty feet high, enclosing a quadrangular space of about a mile square. The entrance to the King's apartments is paved with human skulls, the lateral walls adorned with human jaw bones, with a few bloody heads intermixed at intervals. The long building resembles a number of farm-yards; and on the thatched roofs numerous human skulls are ranged at certain distances, on small wooden stakes. In allusion to these, when the King issues orders for war, he only announces to his general that his house wants thatch. A very singular monopoly prevails at Dahomy, and which, like some other branches of restricted trade, seems a good deal abused. The King and his principal officers engross completely all the females of the nation; and no man accordingly can get a wife except at an enormous price, and on the most disadvantageous conditions. "When an individual is able to procure 20,000 cowries, he prostrates himself at the gate of the sovereign, or of his vicegerent; presents the money, and begs to be favoured with a wife; when, instead of having the opportunity of selecting a natural friend, suited to his taste and adapted to gratify the affections of his heart, he must take the female assigned him, whether she be old or young, handsome or deformed. Sometimes out of malicious sport, a man's own

mother is handed out to him, so that he both misses a wife and loses his money." To employ a portion of his supernumary ladies the King has formed them into a body guard; and these, to the amount of several hundreds, are regularly trained to the use of arms under a female general, perform their military evolutions with as great dexterity as any other of the Dahoman troops, and parade in the streets with their standards, drums, trumpets, flutes, and martial music. As to religion, the native of Dahomy has no very distinct notions, and no great desire to be informed. Perhaps, exclaimed one of their chiefs to Snelgrave, who was attempting to instruct him, "Perhaps that God may be yours, who has communicated so many extraordinary things to white men; but as that God has not been pleased to make himself known to us, we must be satisfied with this we worship." These heroic negroes have likewise scalds or bards, who string their exploits together in rude verse, and chant them to the warriors on solemn occasions. It is said, however, that some of their compositions are so extremely prolix as to occupy several days in the rehearsal; on which account it must be very obvious that nothing but the pleasure of hearing himself praised could induce a savage King or his scalping general to become an auditor. To prove, too that in other respects, they have made some progress in the arts, we may mention that they are successful in manufacturing and dyeing cotton cloth, and that they have made considerable proficiency in the working of metals. We may, therefore, indulge a hope that, through the channel lately opened up from Cape Coast Castle into the interior, the stream of improvement and civilization will gradually make its way until it reach the centre of Africa, and thence diffuse itself over all the barbarous regions of that wide and ill-fated continent.

It will occur to most readers that, if we shall succeed in cultivating an acquaintance with the Ashantees, and through them with the ruler of Dahomy, a great facility will be thereby presented to us for prosecuting discoveries to the eastward, and particularly towards the lakes of Wangara. Hitherto, some of the greatest obstacles to success have arisen from the suspicions of the natives that we had more in view than we professed to have; for it has been found next to impossible to make them believe that white men should cross the ocean, and their more dangerous wildernesses, merely to ascertain the course of a river, and to take drawings of old houses. Major Peddie's party, it should seem, were detained several months by one of the chiefs, near the source of the Rio Nunez, on pretence that a war was about to break out, and that they, in consequence, would be exposed to danger; and Mr. Legh was on the point of being

stopped among the Barabras, from a suspicion that he was the leader of spies. "I know," said the Cacheff, "what sort of a people you are; I have consulted my cup, and learn by it that you are those of whom one of our people has said, that there would be Franks in disguise, who by little presents, and by soothing and insinuating behaviour, would pass every where, examine the state of the country, go afterwards to make a report of it, and bring at last a great number of other Franks who would conquer the country and exterminate all; but," added he, "I will take care of that." If then we could make the kings of Ashantee or Dahomy comprehend our object, and take part in our curiosity, there seems to be little doubt but that they would afford means for realizing our views; in so far at least as to grant a safe passage, competent guides, and, if necessary, a military escort. Perhaps there are nations beyond those now mentioned who might still throw obstacles in our way, and dispute our right to proceed into the heart of the country only so much the more obstinately as we were in alliance with their neighbours. At all events, it must be very manifest that, of all the plans to explore Africa, none could be more likely to succeed than one founded upon the co-operation of the native powers.

Of southern Africa, or that vast extent of country which stretches northward from the Cape of Good Hope to the parallel of the Zaire, nothing very new or important has occurred since the travels of Barrow and Lichtenstein. Dr. Campbell, the missionary, indeed, has penetrated a considerable way into the interior, and has seen all that could be seen of the Bojesmans, the Coranas, and the people of Lektakoo; but he has not told us any thing additional to make up the deficiency of information so long regretted as to the actual condition of society to the northward of the Orange River. Campbell corroborates the accounts given by former travellers of the mild and obliging manners of the inhabitants of Lektakoo. He was on the whole well received; and his proposal to form a missionary settlement was acceded to by the King, who, at the same time, promised to treat the members of it with kindness and consideration. At first, indeed, his Majesty rather questioned the propriety of exciting his subjects to deep study and novel speculations, urging as his reason that the people were so much occupied with their cattle, planting, and other branches of industry, that they could have little or no time to receive instruction. Campbell met his objection, and removed it, by reminding the good-natured potentate that Christians were more industrious than the Lektakooans, and did more work, notwithstanding the apparent loss of time from reading and similar pursuits. The King yielded to reason, and Campbell gained his point; but what has been

the extent of his success in spreading sound religion and industrious habits, we know not, and have no means of ascertaining. To give a specimen however of the materials upon which he had to work, we may quote an answer returned by one of the people to a question put by the Doctor, in the course of his preparatory labours with his catechumens. "What was man made for?" said the Missionary: "For plundering expeditions," answered the bold Bojesman. Not a good spirit this certainly to engraft Christianity upon; still, if means could be used to induce them to plow and sow, instead of carrying off each other's cattle, we know not a class of people in all Africa more likely to profit by good example and wise admonition than the men of Lectakoo.

As no intelligence of any importance from the Eastern coast—from the Cape to the Straits of Babelmandel—has been conveyed to England since the publication of Mr. Salt's "*Voyage to Abyssinia*," we proceed to extract a few notices from Mr. Legh's book, already referred to, on the "country beyond the cataracts."

The last twenty years have rendered the wonders of upper Egypt very familiar to Europeans; and as far as ruins and inscriptions are considered, we have really little to expect, and nothing to desire. Denon and Hamilton have already inspected every cavern, and applied their microscopic eyes to every column, slab, and entablature; so that Mr. Legh had scarcely any object between Cairo and Essouen to excite his curiosity, or to gratify his love of research. He therefore resolved to ascend the river above Lyene, to visit the cataracts, and to penetrate, if possible, into the unexplored parts of Nubia. The sight of the water-falls, which are said in old times to have deafened the half of Egypt, created no feeling in his mind but that of disappointment. The descent seemed not to exceed three feet; and perhaps, as the author himself remarks, a tolerably correct idea will be formed of the appearance of these falls by the mention of the fact, that the boys of the neighbouring huts would at any time, for the reward of a *para*, dive into the most rapid cascade, and reappear at the distance of forty or fifty yards below. At Guerpeh Hassan, about fifty miles above the cataracts, he examined an excavated temple; and at Dakki, nine miles further up, he saw the remains of a fine Christian church. The present inhabitants of that part of Nubia are Mahometans; and although constitutionally gentle, have no great love for Christians. A journey of nine days from Syene brought him to Dehr, where he met with rather a blunt reception from Hassan, the cacheff of the district, who asked him roughly what he wanted, and then told him the story of having "consulted his cup." The present of a fine Damascus sword, however, obtained permission for Mr. Legh to

proceed to Ibrim, a few miles further up the river. There he found nothing worth a detailed description; for the Mamelukes, who had been recently expelled from Egypt, having taken refuge in the upper part of Nubia, had destroyed or greatly defaced all the remains of antiquity. He accordingly once more turned his face towards the north, and descended the Nile to Cairo.

In the course of his travels in the countries now referred to, Mr. Legh twice met with a young Swiss, Mr. Burchardt, who passed under the assumed name of Shekh Ibrahim, and who was employed by the African Association in exploring those parts of the continent. He informed our author that he had been robbed and detained six months among the Bedouin Arabs; that before his last interview he had been living in the villages of the desert upon lentiles, and bread and water, which had given him the thin frame and meagre look of a common Arab. "We separated," says Mr. Legh, "wishing him every success in his spirited expedition: certainly no one was ever better fitted for such an undertaking; his enterprize, his various attainments in almost every living language, and his talent for observation, are above all praise." Alas! poor Burchardt is dead. He fell a victim to his great exertions, and died at Cairo a few months ago of a dysentery, brought on, we believe, by excessive fatigue and exhaustion. His "*Travels in Syria*," we observe, are announced as being in the press.

Since Mr. Legh's return, Mr. Banks, another of our countrymen, has penetrated into Nubia still further than the former, and reached the second cataract,—or that in the neighbourhood of Genadil. His observations are said to be very important; and, in particular, he discovered the remains of statues, which even surpass "the colossal proportions of the Memnonian." One, which was buried in the ground, presented a head measuring twelve feet from the chin upwards. In another place the whole side of a mountain was cut away, so as to form a perpendicular wall, chiselled out into regular columns with capitals, and adorned with numerous hieroglyphics: the whole forming the front of a magnificent temple. Mr. Banks has thus trodden ground untouched by the foot of any native of modern Europe; for Bruce passed Genadil considerably to the east, whilst Poncet directed his course to Moscho, by a route on the western bank of the Nile.

We have left ourselves no room to exercise the office of critics; nor do the works before us present a suitable field for strictures of a mere literary nature. Tuckey's Narrative is posthumous and incomplete; but, notwithstanding that circumstance, we are bound in justice to observe, that the details are clearly stated, and well expressed. Mr. Murray's is the only production amongst

them which comes from the hands of a professed author; and, generally speaking, it does him great credit. It is, at all events, a most useful book, containing the outlines of all that is known concerning Africa, and affording an excellent guide to all who wish to consult the works of African discovery, whether ancient or modern.

ART. VII.—CHURCH MISSIONARY CONTROVERSY.

1. *An Address to a Meeting holden at Bath, under the Presidency of the Hon. and Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of Gloucester, on December 1, 1817, for the Purpose of forming a Church Missionary Society in that City; Word for Word as delivered from Writing; with a Protest against the Establishment of such a Society in Bath.* By the Rev. Josiah Thomas, A.M. Archdeacon of Bath. 8vo. pp. 16. Baldwin and Co. London, 1817.
2. *A Defence of the Church Missionary Society against the Objections of the Rev. Josiah Thomas, M.A. Archdeacon of Bath.* By Daniel Wilson, M.A. Minister of St. John's Chapel, Bedford Row. 8vo. pp. 44. Wilson. London, 1818.
3. *A Letter to the Rev. Daniel Wilson, A.M. Minister of St. John's Chapel, Bedford Row, London, in Reply to his Defence of the Church Missionary Society, and in Vindication of the Rev. the Archdeacon of Bath, against the Censures contained in that Publication.* By the Rev. William Baily Whitehead, A.M. Vicar of Twiverton, near Bath, and late Fellow of Worcester College, Oxford. 8vo. pp. 46. Rivington and Co. London, 1818.
4. *A Reply to Mr. Wilson's Defence of the Church Missionary Society.* 8vo. pp. 69. Baldwin and Co. London, 1818.
5. *A Letter to the Rev. W. B. Whitehead, M.A. Vicar of Twiverton, near Bath, &c. &c. on the Question of Ecclesiastical Jurisdiction over Voluntary Charitable Associations, particularly with Reference to the "Protest" of the Rev. Archdeacon of Bath.* By William Albin Garratt, Esq. M.A. Barrister at Law, and late Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge. 8vo. pp. 19. Seeley. London, 1818.
6. *A Second Protest against the Church Missionary Society; addressed to Lord James O'Brien, Chairman to the Committee of the Bath Missionary Association.* 8vo. pp. 12. Hatchard, London, 1818.
7. *A Letter to the Rev. Josiah Thomas, A.M. Archdeacon of Bath.* By a Member of the Church of England. 8vo. pp. 8. Hatchard. London, 1818.

8. *Free Thoughts on the Bath Missionary Society, and on the Address to that Assembly*, by the Rev. Josiah Thomas, A.M. Archdeacon of Bath. By a Friend to Consistency. 8vo. pp. 15. Higman. Bath, 1818.
9. *Counter Protest of a Layman, in Reply to the Protest of Archdeacon Thomas*. By George Pryme, Esq. M.A. Barrister at Law, and late Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge. 8vo. pp. 16. Hatchard. London, 1818.
10. *A brief Defence of the Archdeacon of Bath*. By the Author of Free Thoughts. 8vo. pp. 15. Bath, 1818.
11. *A Defence of the Protest of the Rev. Archdeacon Thomas, in Reply to the Rev. Daniel Wilson; with Strictures on the Rev. T. T. Biddulph's Letter to the Rev. F. Elwin*. By a Member of the Church of England. 8vo. pp. 16. Bristol, 1818.

AMONG the organs with which it seems nature has supplied mankind, craniologists, we believe, have discovered that of *quarrelsomeness*; and if it be so, it is easy to imagine the high state of development in which this most important appendage to the human system must often be found. It must be by far the most excitable of all our organs. Let us take an example, and it shall be one of the graver kind. Assume, if it be but for the sake of argument, Christianity to be really a revelation from God, and of the highest importance to the temporal and eternal interests of the human race: assume, further, that the volume which reveals it has thrown no hopeful gleam upon the condition of those millions of human beings to whom it has not extended, but that, on the contrary, it has left their destiny untold, in order to excite the compassion, and summon the charitable energies, of those who are themselves in possession of the blessing, and have it in their power to communicate it. Let us assume, further, that the Church of England was founded upon these suppositions, and appointed all its vast apparatus of bishops, deans, archdeacons, &c. down to the humblest curate of a country vicarage, for the express purpose of teaching men the duties, and of conveying to them the benefits of the gospel. Now supposing the fact unascertained, the zeal and energy which might be expected to be displayed by the said personages, on this supposition of Christianity being really true, need not be described. It might be expected naturally to bear a due proportion to their faith in that interesting hypothesis. Now if under these circumstances, a company of benevolent individuals should assemble and contribute their pecuniary assistance towards diffusing to heathen lands the above-mentioned blessings, and who, being admirers of the Church of England, as well as believers

in our common Christianity, should determine that all their conduct, and especially their choice of missionaries and other agents, should be in full conformity with the doctrines and discipline of the Established Church; is it possible to suppose that any just occasion would be given for the display of a litigious spirit on the part even of those gentlemen who might not see fit to join the society? We say nothing of the eagerness with which it might have been anticipated they would take up the cause; we say nothing of the conduct which a firm belief in the universal importance of the Gospel might have been expected to excite; whatever they themselves chose to do or to leave undone, they might at least be expected to be neutrals, if not positive admirers, in reference to the conduct of others more active or benevolent than themselves. At all events, it could not be reasonably anticipated that they should be really angry because some of their brethren had been found to commiserate the heathen, and to be anxious for supplying their spiritual wants.

Yet, unhappily, so irritable on some occasions is the aforesaid organ, that even circumstances like these, circumstances perfectly innocent in all their natural tendency and bearings, have been found to excite no small degree of morbid action. Our readers would scarcely believe us, were not the fact perfectly notorious, that a society whose sole object is the conversion of the heathen, who interfere with no domestic discipline or regulations, who blame no persons for differing from them, or not joining them, who conduct themselves in voluntary and faithful conformity to the established religion, should have been attacked by a dignitary of the Church of England in a public assembly, convened exclusively for its friends (and where, consequently, he had no right to intrude), and this with an asperity of language, and a vehemence of manner, which even a dignitary of a more intolerant church would have scarcely ventured to adopt; yet such was the fact; and the controversy before us proves that it has not passed away unnoticed, or failed to excite the animadversion which it deserved.

We need not inform any of our readers that it was at a meeting convened at Bath on the first of last December, for forming a local association in aid of the "Church Missionary Society," that the Rev. Josiah Thomas, the Archdeacon of that city, obtruded himself upon the assembly, and delivered the speech and protest which form the basis of the present controversy. We need not give our readers any extracts from the Archdeacon's pamphlet, as it has been already sufficiently circulated; yet as it may be important for us to record his arguments in a more permanent shape than the pages of a controversial pamphlet, we venture to admit the following poetical imitation. We are not

quite friends to this mode of conducting hostilities; but as all the Archdeacon's arguments are really given in a manner not less convincing than in his pamphlet itself, we do not hesitate to admit it.

My Lord, the Vice Patron and head of this meeting,
I come as Archdeacon to give you my greeting;
Presuming, as churchmen, you'll grant me the right
To condemn all your measures, and put you to flight.
Not to speak without book is a part of my creed;—
Instead then of speaking, allow me to read.
But before I advance, as a caution initial,
I'd just have you know that my speech is official;
That I speak as a churchman to churchmen alone }
Such truths as your Lordship will scarcely disown,
Though quite out of fashion, and obsolete grown.
Howe'er for your Lordship and others I feel,
Well knowing your laudable virtue and zeal,
Yet I beg to express my conviction *imprimis*,
That your new-fangled scheme breaks the rule *ne quid nimis*;
Since another most Christian and wise corporation
Undertakes unrestricted to preach to each nation.
I *secondly* venture to say for myself
That I hate both your rules, regulations, and self.
And, *thirdly*, I see that subversion and ruin
Will infallibly flow from the scheme you are brewing;
Especially now, when new sects in the Church
Leave us, the old stagers, knee deep in the lurch.
And *fourthly*, I see the society's path,
If it lie through our peaceable city of Bath,
Will plunge us in feuds and pernicious disorder:—
So much for my text—now for each in its order.

To show your society, *first*, was not needed,
Another exists, though unknown and unheeded;
Of which both my friends, and myself, might take shame
That we have not supported, and scarce known the name.

I, *secondly*, state 'tis a point circumstantial
That you stoop to such projects of meanness financial,
(From servants and school-boys, and all that are willing,
Taking farthings and pence till they make up a shilling;)
That no churchman, whatever his merits or station,
Can stand the effects of such vile degradation;
Especially since to such schemes you resort
As I find in rule sixth of your last year's Report;
By which each collector in country or city
Your sermons may read and attend your committee.

But, *thirdly*, I said your society tends
To sever our clergy, and Church's best friends;—
Can an evidence stronger be offer'd in proof
Than the scene now occurring beneath this same roof,

Where we see the Lord Bishop of Gloster preside
 At a meeting by orthodox churchmen decried,
 Disclaim'd by our Bishop, and me the Archdeacon,
 Who stand at this day Bath's protector and beacon.
 Does the Right Rev'rend Prelate, then, know of this fact?
 And if so, by what warrant or rule does he act?
 Does he come, to our want of due vigilance trusting,
 Into other men's harvests his sickle thus thrusting?
 Did he think, good Lord Bishop, that, while he was reaping
 The fruits of our labour, we all should be sleeping?
 Did he think us, the orthodox clergy, such fools,
 As to let him thus slip through canonical rules?
 By which, as is doubtless both usual and fit,
 E'en Deans to Archdeacons are bound to submit.
 Why strive thus to wrench all authority from us
 Diocesan Beadon and Archdeacon Thomas?
 But you call yourselves friends to the Church by your labours;
 Then where, let me ask, are our clerical neighbours?
 Was the meeting unknown, while our journals you're stuffing
 With octagon sermons and newspaper puffing?
 Or did I, the Archdeacon, contrive the prevention,
 Who disclos'd not so much as my own wise intention?

But to speak the plain truth, 'tis a whim of new teachers,
SERIOUS CHRISTIANS yclep'd **EVANGELICAL PREACHERS**!
 And far from promoting religion like mine,
 Intelligent, orderly, manly, divine,
 Is supported by names, which, though justly respected
 On all other accounts, must on this be rejected,
 That they live with dissenters as Christians and friends,
 Which no churchman can do without sinister ends.
 Yet think not I come here my protest to enter
 Against any calm conscientious dissenter;
 I venerate piety e'en in my nurse,
 And honesty love, though I think it perverse.
 Respectable men! for they halt not between
 Two adverse opinions, as some that I've seen;
 They go not about, for they're true to each other,
 To rail at the weakness or sins of a brother.—
 No, these are perfections of virtue and zeal
 Which none but our "serious Christians" can feel.
 "Serious Christians!" and whence is this arrogant name
 Shall none but themselves the prerogative claim?
 "*Evangelical Ministers*" too—why forsooth
 More so than their brethren who speak the same truth,
 Profess the same faith, and repeat the same psalter,
 Enjoy the same priesthood, and serve the same altar?—
 To the title of churchmen your claim is preferred
 On two simple points; I would therefore be heard.
 Who is it that stirs up this kettle of porridge?
 Doctors Ryder o Gloucester, and Bathurst of Norwich.—

Now if you are churchmen, as most of you say,
 What kept all the other grave prelates away?
 Again for the East while these high things you utter,
 What becomes of the Bishop my Lord of Calcutta?
 For of this I'm assured—what a lack of good breeding!
 His name ne'er occurs to attest your proceeding;
 Which I find is confided, alas! more the pity!
 To an artful and vile "corresponding committee."—
 You call yourselves churchmen—oh! what an evasion
 When you deign to shake hands with each non-con persuasion.
 Which fact, if admitted, would plainly unravel
 The reason why pietists restlessly travel
 Over seas and o'er land to promote new dissensions
 And disturb their own country with strife and contentions.

I proceed now to show that, to do as they wish us,
 To the city of Bath would be plainly pernicious;
 For scarce is the peace of the city restored,
 The vessel, half wrecked, in security moored,
 Since grossly abused and insulted, the rector
 Called in the police to become his protector.
 To form then a Branch would but heighten the feud;
 And encourage the party, still more to intrude;
 'Twould be putting a match to a twice loaded pistol,
 And render poor Bath like the hot-bed of Bristol.

Forefend, I beseech you, the groundless suggestion,
 That I'm hostile, my Lord, to the *objects* in question.
 Ah no! but I dread the society's plan,
 Your officers, members, and all the whole clan,
 A society fitted as justly to lurk
 In a Swedenborg meeting, or sly Scottish kirk,
 As to call itself Church, while each churchman complains
 That there runs not a drop of church blood in its veins.
 Ah no! each true Church must be founded in order,
 Must entrench its own castle, and keep its own border;
 Such a system, I'm told, or the groundwork at least,
 Apostolic commission has laid in the East;
 Over which, to the shame of your new-fangled guides,
 A sound Apostolical Bishop presides;
 A system all beauty, and virtue, and union,
 But with which your society holds no communion.
 To conclude my remarks, I'd just have you remember
 That you're summon'd together this first of December,
 To establish among us a branch Lilliputian,
 Of an over-grown, haughty, unsound institution;
 And this not beneath our own Bishop Beadon,
 Who alone, as you know, has a warrant to lead one;
 But beneath Bishop Ryder, to add to the beauty,
 Who himself is fast pledged to canonical duty;
 And who, if he move but one finger, rebels
 Against his own prelate of Bath and of Wells.

In the name of the Bishop of Bath, who declares;
 That he just thinks as I do on all these affairs:
 In a name that but yields to the Bishop's alone,
 A name of authority—that is my own;
 In the name of our rectors, all orthodox men,
 In the name of the clergy, at least nine in ten,
 I protest—but my purpose was not to debate,
 Or to hear any answer to what I should state;
 In the name of my Bishop, and in my own name
 Protesting I go, as protesting I came.

And now, after so gay a commencement of our labours, our readers will perhaps suppose that we intend in "merry guise" to treat the whole affair as a mere matter of *badinage* and ridicule. We can, however, assure them, that such is very far from our intention; and we can only wonder, grave and afflicted as we really feel on the subject, that we have been betrayed for one moment into an apparent levity. We seriously consider the question agitated in these pamphlets as one of the most important that can be raised in a Christian nation. We view the solution of it as intimately connected with the best interests of Christianity, of the Church of England, and of the human race at large. We trust, therefore, to be excused even by our less theological readers for a somewhat extended examination of the subject, and in return shall endeavour so to conduct our remarks as not to weary them by the details of a question, which, to be viewed fairly and fully, must be examined in all its native dignity and importance, independently of every local and personal consideration.

The controversy before us particularly involves *three* points:—
 1. The more local and technical dispute between Archdeacon Thomas and the friends of the Church Missionary Society;
 2. The general merits of the Society itself; and, 3. The great question relative to missions in general.

On the first, and by no means the least important, when viewed in its possible bearings and results, we shall now make a few remarks. We cannot be wholly indifferent on a question so intimately connected with the interests of the Church, and the rights of our fellow countrymen. Archdeacon Thomas gravely claims it as a part of his ecclesiastical prerogative to disturb a meeting of the friends of a voluntary charitable society, convened in the town hall of a large city, and under the express sanction and support of the civil power! On what arguments, then, does he ground his right? Why, forsooth, he is Archdeacon of Bath! and as such is bound to interfere for the suppression of uncanonical meetings. His protest was "*official*." Really all this is too much—it is more than we expected—in this free country, and

in the nineteenth century. What! and may not a society of gentlemen meet to plan a hospital, or build a bridge, without an archdeacon to sanction and regulate their proceedings? Yea, it is replied; but *these* are secular meetings, whereas the one in question was of a *religious* nature, and professedly in connexion with the Established Church, and *therefore* the Archdeacon had a right and prerogative to interfere. And why so? Because "he is by law the Bishop's eye." And so truly he is to be the Bishop's head and hand also; to come forward where the Bishop declines to interfere, and to commit the episcopal name in an action, which was much more like a breach of the peace than the grave and sober interposition of legitimate authority. After this intemperate conduct of the Archdeacon, and his attack on a venerable prelate, in the chair at the Guildhall of Bath, we should not be greatly surprised to find him in the plenitude of his archidiaconal power, setting up for a bishop on his own account, and gravely proceeding, without any special commission, to decide on the validity of wills, to enforce the payment of tithes, to determine matrimonial causes, and, we had almost said, even to exercise the Bishop's canonical power of ordination. At least we are perfectly convinced, that an assumption of these offices would not be one degree *more* presumptuous and unauthorized than his claim to interfere with an assembly under the civil sanction, in the Town Hall of Bath.

An archdeacon, as every one knows, in his highest exertions of power, is confessedly but the organ and agent of the bishop. In the case before us it certainly does not appear that the Right Reverend prelate of Bath and Wells deputed him to act on his behalf. On the contrary, though the public are not perfectly acquainted with the exact conferences that may have passed between his Lordship and the Archdeacon, as well as between his Lordship and his Honourable and Right Reverend Brother of Gloucester, we see enough to convince us, on a general view of the evidence, that Mr. Thomas never was commissioned to take upon him the part which he saw fit to act on this occasion. But even could it be proved that such commission *was* both given and received, still we argue that *the Bishop himself* had no legal control over such a meeting, and therefore could not delegate an authority which he does not possess. He had, it is true, a right to express to his clergy, and promulgate through his diocese, an *opinion* on this or on any other subject; and this opinion would of course have derived considerable weight from his Lordship's personal and official character. The Archdeacon, also, had equally a right, in his own sphere, to act in a similar manner. But neither the one, nor the other, could legally do more than *give an opinion*. The deference due,

and justly due to them on such a subject, would have been that of modest respect and attention, but by no means that of enjoined and unavoidable submission.

This supposed right, we have seen, is grounded on the circumstance, that the meeting was of a *religious* kind in connexion with the Church of England, and, as such, under the control of the Bishop and his Archdeacon. But, as Mr. Wilson justly contends in his very sensible pamphlet, the meeting was *not* a religious meeting in the sense here intended. It was purely a charitable and secular meeting for raising a fund to assist a benevolent institution in London, whose proceedings had no reference whatever to the diocese of Bath and Wells, or to any other; but only to heathens in foreign lands. The society pretends to no ecclesiastical commission or character; it is not a society of clergymen; it takes no oath of canonical obedience. By its designation of a "Church of England Missionary Society," it only points out the nature of its objects, and the discipline to which it voluntarily submits. It indicates that its friends are churchmen, and that they conduct their proceedings in conformity with the doctrines and the usages of the Church; but not that they are legally under ecclesiastical jurisdiction, or in any way to be controlled by authority, except so far as authority by obtaining, in the usual way, a suitable right to vote in the affairs of the society, might fairly and naturally regulate its proceedings. This is exactly the state of things in the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, &c.; and we are convinced that the voice of a dignitary of the Church would ever have great and due influence upon the conduct of the Church Missionary Institution. But this is a voluntary submission, not a legal jurisdiction. It cannot be expected that those who refuse to contribute to its funds, or patronize its measures, should be entitled, however dignified their station, to enter their protest on its books. As a matter of courtesy and respect, we are convinced that the society would readily listen to the remarks of Archdeacon Thomas, or of any gentleman of respectability, either civil or ecclesiastical; but it is quite another affair for such an individual to claim officially that to which he has no title, except on the ground of the *voluntary* submission of the society, or of his being a member, and therefore entitled to a vote. Let the Archdeacon try whether his interference will be tolerated by the Society for Propagating the Gospel, which he liberally and almost exclusively praises, but in which it does not appear that he has ever thought it necessary to acquire a right of voting by affording his pecuniary assistance.

Whence then, in fact, did the Archdeacon derive his claim to enter his protest? Was it that the meeting was illegally held? This, if it had been the case, was not *his* affair, but that of the

civil magistrate. But the *contrary* was the case; the civil magistrate expressly sanctioned and authorized the meeting, and might, in fact, have called the Archdeacon to account for so intemperately disturbing its proceedings. Was it then on the ground that the meeting was open for public discussion, that the Archdeacon founded his right to protest? This certainly cannot be the case; for the meeting was expressly convened for *the friends* and not for the opposers of the society. The use of the Guildhall was for *them*, and for them exclusively. Still we should have waved this part of the argument, and we doubt not the meeting would have done so also, in favour of any gentleman who should fairly and temperately have discussed the proceedings of the society. Had the Archdeacon, as an individual of station and influence in the place, requested to have been heard, though not exactly coming under the description of a person convened by the advertisement, we should have thought that propriety, though not justice, required his being heard with attention. Yet even in this case irritating invectives would have justly precluded his being heard. Coming as an enemy among friends, nothing but courtesy could have required an attention to his remarks; and the moment he offended against courtesy himself, he could not fairly demand it in others.

But in the case before us the Archdeacon approaches the meeting not on the ground of sufferance, but of right. This quite alters the complexion of the business. The meeting might have justly said, "We are willing to hear you as a gentleman of respectable office and station in the city and diocese; but we by no means admit your *claim* to be heard." In numerous cases concessions are made *as* concessions, which would not be made if demanded as rights. We are, therefore, only surprised that the reverend Archdeacon met with so patient and attentive an audience; for such this assembly appears to have been till the personal attack on the Right Reverend Chairman naturally roused those feelings of indignation which every enemy to ecclesiastical intolerance could not but feel on such an occasion.

But really we are ashamed to argue thus at length upon so plain a fact as that the Archdeacon had no right whatever to interfere with the Church Missionary Meeting. We have reason to know that his conduct has not met with that applause which he perhaps expected among his superiors in the Church. Some of his own archidiaconal brethren also do not scruple to censure his proceeding, and to smile at the new powers with which he seems inclined to invest their order. In fact, his own procedure shews that he was conscious of having no prerogative to interfere: for if he were legally invested with the authority he pretends to

claim, a penalty must attach to the obstruction of his office. He professes to have been "hooted, hissed, and insulted;" why, then, for the good of the community and the dignity of his function, does he not bring the offenders to condign punishment? Had he been thus insulted in the discharge of a proper archidiaconal duty, can any man imagine that the aggressor would have been suffered to escape either ecclesiastical or civil punishment? But, in the present case, Mr. Thomas was clearly beyond the protection of his office; and he felt that if opposed or obstructed in the discharge of his self-conferred functions he had no legal redress. Indeed, as we before remarked, the whole assumption is too ridiculous for grave argument. He had, it seems, an official authority—to do what? to *protest*!! In what record of law or divinity did he discover this new power of an archdeacon? If he had any power at all, it was to cite, and try, and examine; and then in due form to suspend, correct, enjoin penance, excommunicate, &c. He could not legally stir a step without regular libel, pleadings, and proof. The mode employed by Archdeacon Thomas is not a legal or accredited mode of exercising any authority or jurisdiction, civil or ecclesiastical, known in these kingdoms. The nearest case we can imagine is the right of a peer to protest against a measure that passes the House of Lords without his concurrence. But here the very circumstance of protesting is an acknowledgment that the majority had a *right* to act without such concurrence,—and so far the parallel applies to the Archdeacon and the society. The cases, however, differ in this, that the one being a legal right of protest, any individual or society that should obstruct that right would incur penalties proportionate to their offence; while in the other the very circumstance of the Archdeacon's being obliged to overlook the obstruction sufficiently proves his conviction that his pretended *right* was but an invention necessary for his immediate purpose, and such as he knew could not be maintained either in equity or law.

Now if this view of the subject be substantially correct, words can scarcely be too strong to characterize the impropriety of the Archdeacon's conduct. We see in it nothing comporting with either the dignity, the wisdom, or the Christian benevolence and moderation of character becoming his high station, as an officer of rank in a church the very opposite of intolerant, and whose interests can in no way be so much injured as by these ill-timed usurpations of her professed friends. Can we wonder that evil principled men are so often able to mislead their fellow-countrymen respecting the character of the Church of England, when they can point to instances like this of conduct on the part of some of her

avowed friends as hostile to our civil freedom as to the rights of conscience and the interests of religion? Can we wonder that the Church has enemies, if as soon as any scheme of Christian benevolence springs up, some dignitary starts from his couch to level a charge, a pamphlet, a visitation sermon, or "a protest," at its devoted head? Is it a subject for surprise,—however much it may be so for grief and humiliation,—that a large part of the community are jealous of the Church, when they thus perceive churchmen interfering with the rights of private conscience, and attempting to reduce a reading, a thinking, an intelligent population to the blind bigotry and unsuspecting submission of the Church of Rome? If the clergy of a country see fit to retain all the prejudices of centuries that are past, while their fellow-countrymen are rapidly advancing in liberty and self-respect; if they continue to oppose what the unbiassed part of the nation at large see to be good, and benevolent, and honourable; the period cannot be very far distant when either a compromise must be made between the contending parties, or one of them must hasten to its downfall. Which of these events is the more probable we leave our readers to divine. For ourselves we think there can be no doubt of the issue, when a few men like our much-mistaken Archdeacon are opposed to all the intelligence and moral liberality of the nation at large. If there be any thing which Englishmen have an innate and unconquerable propensity to resist, it is an overbearing and dictatorial spirit; and in proportion as such a spirit is suffered to insinuate itself into the breasts of our clergy, will the Church of England feel reason to tremble for her safety.

And in what, after all, we would ask, is the veneration of Archdeacon Thomas for the Church of England so greatly evinced? Is it in insulting a superior in that Church to his very face? It has never fallen to our lot to meet with so direct and personal an attack on that sacred order, on the part of a clergyman, as in this angry protest. He accuses the society of pursuing a course tending to "the subversion of ecclesiastical order," and "of promoting and augmenting divisions;" and, *as a proof of his position*, appeals to the fact of the presence of the Bishop of Gloucester at that meeting. He charges his Lordship with violating, not only "apostolical authority," but "common propriety" in thus "invading" the province of another, and "thrusting his sickle into another man's harvest." Nay, he even insinuates that the Bishop had acted craftily and clandestinely, rather than in a fair and manly manner, in the conduct he had pursued. "Perhaps," exclaims the Archdeacon, "he thought the husbandman asleep! I trust he will find us waking and watchful. If his Lordship did know the sentiments of his venerable diocesan AS WELL AS MINE (!!) I ask, I say, if his

Lordship did know the sentiments of his venerable diocesan **AS WELL AS MINE**, could he give a more decisive proof of his indifference to the dignity of the high office to which he has been but a few years consecrated, as well as of his contempt of ecclesiastical order?"

Now if we were expressly called upon to give a proof of the Bishop of Gloucester's qualification for his high office, we know not that we could name a stronger fact than that he bore this unclerical and insulting language with a patience and forbearance worthy of the high cause which it has ever been his desire and his practice to advocate and adorn. He did not recriminate, as there was abundant opportunity for doing, but contented himself with restraining those expressions of indignation which naturally burst from a popular auditory on such an occasion, and securing for the Archdeacon a patient hearing to the close of his invective. We agree with the committee of the Bath Society, that "such patience and calmness, under such circumstances, could be derived only from One Source." What that source was, those who know the calm and humble faith, and virtuous and holy life of that justly venerated Prelate, will not be at a loss to conjecture.

Still, however, the matter of ecclesiastical discipline, as far as concerns his Lordship, remains to be considered. It might be very true that the Bishop of Gloucester conducted himself in a proper and Christian manner in the chair of this assembly, and be also true that the Archdeacon of Bath had no right to interfere with the proceedings, and yet by no means be true that his Lordship acted regularly or wisely in *accepting* the chair, however wisely and moderately he might fill it. The irregularity and harsh procedure of Archdeacon Thomas would not justify the irregularity of the Bishop of Gloucester and Dean of Wells.

We are happy therefore to discover, upon a mature examination of the evidence before us, that the Right Reverend Prelate was by no means chargeable with a violation of discipline on this occasion. As one of the vice-patrons of the parent society, and as a friend to every scheme for diffusing the blessings of pure and undefiled religion, the Bishop of Gloucester was naturally invited to preside at the formation of the Bath Association. His dignity in the Church, his high ecclesiastical rank in the county as Dean of Wells, his proximity as Bishop of Gloucester, and his general character, and justly deserved popularity in the neighbourhood, seemed to render this mark of respect and attention due to his Lordship. He was also requested to preach a charity-sermon for the institution; and this being a regularly ecclesiastical matter, he referred it to his Right Reverend Brother, the Bishop of Bath and Wells, *and obtained permission*; the other ap-

plication to him he also mentioned, and no disapprobation whatever was expressed. The Bishop of Gloucester has permitted it to be publicly stated, that "he had not the least reason to suppose that in taking those steps, he was acting in a manner disrespectful or displeasing to his Lordship, the introduction of whose name, as protesting against the meeting, is fully believed by the Bishop of Gloucester to have been entirely unauthorized and unjustifiable." It is unnecessary to say, that the Bishop of Bath and Wells has not in any way intimated that there was any mistake in this statement.

So much for the matter of courtesy. As for the matter of right, we think there can be no dispute among men of common sense and information. Are not meetings constantly held in London and other places, in which bishops and other dignitaries are present without giving or meaning to give umbrage to the diocesan? May not the Bishop of Exeter, in Connaught-place, bestow his guinea for a school in the parish of Paddington, without first paying a morning call at Fulham to ask permission? If the Bishop of Gloucester was acting uncanonically, why did not the Archdeacon cite him to his tribunal; instead of thus censuring him unaccused and unheard. But after all, if, as the Archdeacon tells us, it is a matter of ecclesiastical discipline, it must depend upon the canons of the Church; and what canon applies to the subject? Does any canon forbid the sending out missionaries, or the formation of a society for that purpose? Does any canon require the presence or even sanction of the ordinary for the formation of such a society? Let us put a very possible case, that a bishop of London was not a member of the Society for Propagating the Gospel, or of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge; must no bishop, in such a case, venture to attend the meetings of such institutions, because held in the diocese of a non-approving brother? Must the office in Bartlett's-buildings be immediately shut up, and would the Archdeacon of London be legally authorized to disperse any meeting of such societies that happened to be held without his concurrence? Under the *very same* circumstances, the Church Missionary Society now stands. The Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge has no more legal authority to plead than itself; whatever is lawful to the one is lawful to the other; no canon is violated by either. Had the Bishop of Gloucester infringed some episcopal privilege; had he instituted, or ordained, or collated, or held a confirmation or visitation, there would indeed have been just ground of censure. Yet even then the archdeacon would not have necessarily had the power to interfere; or, if he had, he could not have legally exercised it in the manner employed by Mr. Thomas; and much

less could he have been justified in thus "rebuking an elder," instead of "entreating him as a father." If the Archdeacon intended to interfere, why did he not remonstrate with his Lordship in private? why did he not announce his intention? in short, why did he not take any step rather than thus violate all right and usage, and attack the episcopal dignity itself in the person of one of its most valued and exemplary supporters? We cannot but believe, that, had Mr. Thomas proved to the Bishop of Gloucester that his presiding at the meeting was really contrary to the wishes of the diocesan (a circumstance, however, that is not and cannot be proved), he would cheerfully, whatever might have been his private wishes or opinion, have waved his *right* and his inclination from regard to his Right Reverend Brother, and for the sake of that peace and unity which Mr. Thomas's conduct has so grievously disturbed. As a man, a British subject, and a local resident of rank in the neighbourhood, it was his privilege,—and with his views of the society, we may add, his *duty* to attend; but, from the well-known character of his Lordship, we cannot doubt that he would have made any sacrifice consistent with his conscience, rather than occasion should have been taken, by "those who desire occasion," to wound genuine piety wherever it is found, through the sides of our Bible and missionary institutions. These circumstances throw a double weight of responsibility on the Archdeacon, for thus unexpectedly disturbing that peace which (without at all relinquishing his object) he might easily have preserved. Indeed, whatever allowance may be made for honest zeal and a sense of duty towards what he supposed to be a good cause, we cannot but agree with Mr. Wilson, that, "when the act to which zeal and duty impel men, is itself that of protesting against intemperate zeal and a mistaken sense of duty in others; when a censor stands up specifically to point out the distinction between a well-informed and an ignorant piety; when such a censor is invested with an office of respectability in the Church, and his denunciations derive weight from his public station; and, above all, when such a person comes forward to deliver an address composed in the calmness of the closet, and therefore with every advantage of previous deliberation; it is plain that we have a right to expect more than common caution and reserve, a mind well-informed on his subject, and arguments sound and perspicuous in support of his assertions." How greatly Archdeacon Thomas failed in all these particulars we have already seen.

Having thus dismissed the more local and technical part of the controversy, and reserving the particular merits of the Church Missionary Society for our concluding remarks, we arrive at the most interesting and important point of the discussion; we mean

the general question relative to the propriety and duty of promoting Christian missions. We will not however trouble our readers with much discussion on a subject like this; for if there be any duty more obvious than another, it is surely that of promoting true religion, with all its holy and felicitating results, to the utmost extent of our ability and opportunities. We cannot conceive of any man as a true Christian who feels no desire to see the religion of Christ universally diffused and obeyed. If Christianity be really what it professes to be; if it be a revelation from the Almighty, bringing, amidst the moral darkness and dreariness of the world, life and immortality to light;—if it be the beam that is destined to cheer the barren tracts of idolatry and superstition; if it be the harbinger and promoter of peace and love, and beatitude and joy;—if to nations as well as to individuals it is the best and only true source of order, and prosperity and repose; if it elevate and refine life, sooth and cheer the pillow of death, open the portals of eternity, bring heaven to earth, and point from earth to heaven; if without it we can have no hope either here or hereafter, and with it are rendered “members of Christ, children of God, and inheritors of the kingdom of heaven;”—it surely cannot be doubtful whether to promote its extension throughout the world be a part of a Christian’s duty.

Indeed we conceive that this point is at length very generally conceded; for though we perceive in some of the pamphlets before us, as well as in other quarters, a sort of half-suppressed scepticism on the subject, we have not of late found a writer professing Christianity who has ventured openly and explicitly to deny the obligation. Cicero tells us that there are some things, such as fire and water, which, being the free gifts of nature, are not to be denied to any man, even a stranger. Had Cicero been acquainted with the blessings of revelation, he might have added that there was *one* gift from the God of nature, which not only we have no right to deny, but which we are bound actively to communicate. We are not ignorant of the grounds upon which opposition to Christian missions, generally speaking, is founded; but we think that whatever varying aspects those objections may assume, scepticism, either latent or avowed, is at the root of the evil. Practical deism is but too commonly the creed of professed Christians; and where this is the case, can it be surprising, that missionary exertions fail to be viewed in all their interest or importance?

We are not therefore surprised, though we are certainly grieved and ashamed, to see efforts to convert the heathen often treated with obloquy or contempt. We know that it is perfectly easy to identify things that have no necessary connexion, such as zeal and hypocrisy, religion and fanaticism. We know that it is

not difficult to raise a laugh or a sneer at the expense of all that is most sacred and dignified. It requires but a small portion of skill to expose both the missionary and his office to ridicule. But, after all, we agree with Mr. Wilson, that "there treads not on this earth a man so truly magnanimous as the faithful missionary." His magnanimity is the greater because he has not that which is the support of all other magnanimity—the applause of man. He is great without human encouragement; he bears up, not only against the peculiar dangers of his arduous office, but against the sneers and odium of the world.

We believe, however, that the great ostensible objection made to missionary exertions is that they are unavailing. But if the public avidity to promote such plans were as strong as from the excellence of the object it ought to be, an objection of this kind would have little weight, because a comparatively small portion of success would in this case appear of sufficient importance to balance very many instances of failure. But where there exists scepticism, either as to the real value of the Gospel, or its necessity for the heathen, we cannot be surprised that the results of missionary establishments are not usually such as to silence the objections of individuals thus disposed. It is true that he who doubts the absolute necessity of the Christian dispensation for the salvation of man, may yet be well-disposed to the diffusion of the Gospel on various subordinate accounts. But in such cases the best and greatest stimulus is wanting, and consequently there will be little inducement or inclination to bear up against the difficulties and reproaches attendant upon missionary undertakings. The blessings bestowed, though allowed to be blessings, will not appear to compensate for the risk and labour and expense. The question will consequently be reiterated, "what have missionaries done, or what can they do, to counterbalance the labour and expense, or to stimulate the public to new and increased exertions?" Now to any but men of deeply religious character no satisfactory answer can perhaps be given to this question. It will not appear much to a sceptic in religion that many individuals, or even whole nations, have been brought to the obedience of the faith; because, never feeling the practical value of the Gospel himself, in its high dignity, as "the power of God unto salvation unto every one that believeth," he cannot imagine that *much* good, or any good but of a subordinate kind, is effected even when the missionary is most successful. But to the sincere and earnest believer even a comparatively small measure of success will appear highly important; for he will measure the value of that success by his lofty estimate of the boon of salvation, and the worth of the immortal soul.

Yet even to those who will not take up the cause of missions

on its proper and most elevated ground, there are doubtless many inducements from the moral and political benefits attendant upon Christianity, even irrespectively of its higher bearings upon the eternal destinies of the human race. And even on this lower ground we think there is no reason to despair: for have not the various nations who have embraced the Gospel been indebted more or less to missionary exertions; and consequently are not all the moral and political advantages which they have derived from Christianity,—and which it will be allowed by every benevolent mind to be worth some sacrifices to extend to the heathen,—arguments enough for perpetuating those means of benefit to which we ourselves are so greatly indebted? Even while we are writing, accounts have just arrived of the effect of missionary efforts under circumstances of considerable depression. The mission to the South Sea Islands was undertaken some twenty years ago, by a society constituted on a plan to which we have many objections, and which as churchmen, we cannot for a moment compare, with that which has been the immediate occasion of the present controversy. The mission also was far from being conducted at first with the wisdom and prudence which such a work demanded, and for a long time it seemed attended with a total defeat. Yet accounts have now arrived that both in Otaheite and Eimeo, the more immediate scenes of exertion, idolatry is wholly abolished, education is rapidly spreading in these and the neighbouring islands, and the Christian sabbath is recognized and revered. Many hundreds of the natives can read well, and repeat the catechism with propriety and accuracy. Human sacrifices and infant murder are forbidden; the gods are dethroned; the *maraes* are demolished, and places for Christian worship are every where rising in their stead. Pomarre, the King of Otaheite and its dependencies, has sent a letter to the missionaries couched in terms which would do honour to the piety of an European Christian. He has dispatched all his family gods to London, “that the people of Europe may see what foolish gods his nation used to worship.”

Now this is but one instance among many of the success of missionary exertions, even when conducted on a plan which may not in theory be absolutely the wisest and best. Why then, even setting aside, what however never *ought* to be set aside, the superintendence of Divine Providence and the moral government of the Almighty, should we despair of the success of Christian endeavours to convert the heathen, who certainly present no obstacles to their reception of the Gospel which were not to be found in the case of our own forefathers and the other nations of Christendom? When to the numerous and encouraging examples that might be adduced of success, we add the

infinite importance of Christianity, which makes even the most difficult experiment worthy of trial, and the power and promise of Him who can crown the most hopeless prospect with success, we think there can remain no doubt, generally speaking, of the duty and importance of missionary labours. Indeed that duty rests upon the express command of our Lord himself to his disciples, a command which has never been rescinded, and which applies doubtless to the church of Christ in every age, 'Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel unto every creature.'

The indifference that has for ages existed relative to a subject so deeply felt and so zealously acted upon in the early periods of the Gospel has been one of the greatest stains on the modern Christian church. For centuries past the propagation of Christianity has borne nothing like a due proportion to the effects produced in those days when the present nations of Europe were first converted to the faith, at least it has borne nothing like a due proportion to the increased means of intercourse and the consequent facilities for diffusing the blessings of civilization and religion. Three fourths of the vast population of the world are estimated to remain still destitute of Christianity; a circumstance which could not possibly have been the case had not a most culpable indifference existed in the modern churches of Europe relative to the promotion of religion among the heathen.

To come still closer home; when we reflect upon the rank and influence of Great Britain among the society of nations, when we consider her riches, her spirit of enterprise, her universal commerce, and her numerous colonies and dependencies, we cannot but acknowledge that, if the propagation of Christianity among the heathen be in any case a duty, it is one *peculiarly* incumbent on this eminently favoured nation, and one for the neglect of which we shall, in the usual course of the moral government of the Almighty, have most seriously to account. And yet what has Great Britain done? She has done just enough to show that she acknowledges the duty, and to confess her responsibility, without doing enough to discharge it. To take but one instance among many that might be adduced, what has England done for the sixty or seventy millions of souls added to her population by the rapid and extensive accessions of territory in the East? Where has been the exhibition of that ardent and enlightened zeal which became so wise, so moral, so magnanimous a people; a people proud, almost to a fault, of their own far-famed constitution, and jealous, almost to exclusion, for the religion of their forefathers. If we except the justly-valued exertions of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, little or nothing has been done till very recently for the vast empire of India with a view to the conversion of the natives.

Indeed our own fellow Christians in India have had almost as much to complain of respecting the mother country as our heathen and Mohammedan subjects; and even now, with the present limited ecclesiastical establishment in that country, the natives must still be almost wholly at the mercy of missionary benevolence and gratuitous exertion. The Church of Rome, with all her faults, did not fail both to fix suitable religious establishments in all the colonies of Catholic states, and to dispatch in every direction missionaries for the instruction of the heathen. It is perfectly true that a restless, dictatorial, proselyting spirit, is an inherent part of the constitution of that Church; and it is equally true that the Romish missions were often notoriously disgraced, not only by the various corruptions of their Church itself, but also by frauds and artifices, and by a spirit of pride, of avarice, of secularity, and of ambition. Yet, notwithstanding these and numerous other drawbacks, the conduct of the Church of Rome relative to missions, furnishes, if not an example for our imitation, at least an appeal to our shame, and an argument for our exertion.

Now we think that if it has been sufficiently proved, in a general point of view, that attempts to diffuse the Gospel among the heathen are eminently laudable and desirable; and if further it has appeared that Protestant communities, and especially the people of Great Britain, are bound to exert their efforts for that purpose, it will not be denied that the Established Church of these realms is still more particularly included within the limits of the obligation. For, to say nothing of her strength, her power, her wealth, her patronage, which render her peculiarly adapted to carry into effect great moral undertakings; her apostolic purity of doctrine, and her unrivalled code of discipline (would to heaven that code were more *practically* efficient!) render her the best model for imitation, and the most likely instrument to effect the conversion of the heathen. "It hath been the wisdom of the Church of England," remark the compilers of the Book of Common Prayer, "to keep the mean between two extremes;" a circumstance which renders that Church the most proper agent in the erection of Christian societies throughout the world. The heathen, who usually look for ceremonies, and are unable to fix their roving speculations without some external forms of devotion to concentrate their ideas, will find here a refuge from the baldness of the Genevese model without being seduced into the cold formality and mere *opus operatum* of the Church of Rome. In the East particularly, and still more among converts from Mohammedanism, the decent rites and observances of the Church of England have been found eminently useful in fixing the attachment and regulating the conduct of her newly-adopted children.

Our chief reason for taking this line of argument is, that missionary efforts are by some unknown or undefined association of ideas too often connected in the public mind with the cause of dissent. We are at a loss to account for this fact, unless by acknowledging another, which we should be very sorry to think true, namely, that dissent has hitherto been more active than orthodoxy in this excellent cause. We have seen that there is nothing in the nature of things to render dissenting missions more useful or popular among the heathen than our own. And if precedence be a claim, the Church of England, by means of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, and the Society for Propagating the Gospel, was worthily (though not adequately) labouring in this cause long before our seceding communities were aroused to exertion. Missions, as far as this country is concerned, began and continued many years in the Church; in the Church, therefore, ought they to flourish and increase.

We shall not revert to the causes which may have rendered such exertions unpopular among us, or to the reasons why the Church has not roused herself to the occasion. We cannot, however, but smile at the curious reason assigned by the "Reply," and the "Free Thoughts," the pamphlets placed No. 4 and No. 7 on our list at the head of this article; namely, that the orthodox clergy have had so much to do in opposing dissenters on the one hand, and their evangelical brethren, so called, on the other, that they really have not been able to attend as might otherwise have been desirable, to the wants of the heathen. Both these authors appear to consider our domestic differences as an almost insuperable bar to missionary exertions. "It does not seem," exclaims the Reply, "any part of prudence or of piety to set about the propagation of Christianity in heathen countries, until we are better agreed among each other what Christianity is Broken as we are into a thousand different professions the less we stir from home to expose our inconsistencies, and to obtrude our presumptions, the better." "The wisdom, and perhaps the humanity of the Church of England, may at present be best evinced by abstaining, beyond the sphere she has already chalked out, from missionary associations altogether." Now if this argument have any weight at all, it has more than the author intended; for it will apply quite as much to those missions already so wisely "chalked out" as to any other; for if half a dozen or half a score can be conducted under such circumstances without offence, why may not half a hundred also? But in fact the argument has no weight whatever, because the reason assigned for the inertness of the Church is not the true

cause, but only one invented for the occasion. The *real* cause has evidently been indifference, scepticism, and carelessness, want of moral susceptibility or religious feeling, which, in proportion as they have prevailed, have necessarily paralyzed exertion, and rendered the spiritual wants of the heathen a subject of little anxiety or interest. The cause which the "Reply" assigns would rather have operated the other way. Rivalry would have stimulated to exertion, as we find to be particularly the case in the two elder Church societies; which, after slumbering in comparative quiescence for half a century, have been excited by the vigorous efforts of their neighbours to exertions of zeal and benevolence, which we are as happy to witness as ready to commend.

The "Free Thoughts," carrying the argument of the "Reply" still further, ventures gravely to point out the "astonishment of the heathen who have been taught the principles of Christianity through the medium of the elder societies, when informed through the channel of some other 'Church Missionary Society' that they have never heard the Gospel, that the majority of Church of England ministers do not preach the Gospel, that what they have heard of Christian virtue, piety, and morality, is only dung and dross, &c." Do gentlemen in England really think—we put it as a case of conscience—that the agents of the Church Missionary Society, or indeed of any society whatever, not excepting the most hostile of the dissenters, go forth to the heathen with a tale like this; and that instead of teaching men to love and fear God, and keep his commandments, and repose by faith in a Redeemer, and bring forth fruits meet for repentance, they sit down to entertain a circle of heathen auditors with the disputes of rival sects in Christendom? Is there not room enough in this world of vice and ignorance for a thousand, instead of two or three societies, to exert themselves for the benefit of the universal family of man, without "falling out by the way," or intruding upon each other's sphere of exertion. When the contest is not between brother and brother, but between light and darkness, life and death, heaven and hell, minor differences are soon forgotten, or at least will not be suffered to disturb the harmony of co-operation in the great design. In point of fact, the members of one missionary station among the heathen are almost always ready to hail those members of another as brethren whom perhaps in the streets of a Christian parish they might be ready to quarrel with as seceders or schismatics. If any thing could excite "the astonishment of the heathen," who have been instructed by the teachers of the Church Missionary Society, and who from that source have learned to live, and hope to die, in the faith, and fear, and love of the Redeemer, it would be that

any gentleman in Europe should indulge in such "Free Thoughts" as to suppose his neighbour guilty of the absurdity and weakness of which these missionaries are here accused.

Thus we have arrived at the last topic of the present discussion, namely, the general merits of that society which is the immediate subject of controversy in the tracts before us. The objections urged against it by Archdeacon Thomas, and reiterated by several of the above-mentioned pamphlets, are—1. That it was originally unnecessary; and, 2. That it is improperly conducted. We will endeavour, without fatiguing our readers, to touch upon each of these points; premising that, although our remarks have perhaps assumed, and may possibly continue to assume, something of the appearance of partiality to the society, we have no bias beyond what we think it our duty to cherish for every laudable institution according to its proportion of excellence. We will defend the cause of every valuable institution that happens to be assailed either by ignorance or malevolence, by mistaken piety or intemperate zeal. It is so much the fashion to abuse on the one hand and to panegyrisé on the other our religious charitable institutions, that we really take some credit to ourselves for venturing as far as possible, without party spirit, to give that sober and unexaggerated estimate of their merits and defects, which is more likely to serve the interests of truth, than to gratify either the enemies or the friends of such institutions.

The first leading argument, then, against the Church Missionary Society is that it was originally unnecessary. This argument, as far as it may be grounded on the general principle that *all* attempts for the conversion of the heathen are unnecessary, has been already answered. The Archdeacon of Bath's objection is more specific; namely, that there already existed a justly-revered institution, the Society for Propagating the Gospel in Foreign Parts, which was fully adequate to answer every purpose of a missionary establishment. Now if this society had been equal to all the demands on its funds and exertions, the argument would have had considerable weight: but the fact is, that both the constitution and the operations of the society disqualify it for the purposes of a general Church missionary institution. It was incorporated by William III. for the benefit of our colonies, and not for the conversion of the heathen, strictly so called. Its chief scene of action has been North America. There is a dispute between several of our authors relative to the real powers of this society, and the nature of its charter; but whether these be greater or less, whether the society can or cannot, by its constitution, direct its attention to the heathen at large, is of comparatively little importance in the present question. The plain undeniable fact is, that whatever its

charter might allow, its funds and its efficiency have hitherto been very contracted. The society has not at this moment, and never had, we believe, a single English clergyman engaged as a missionary among the heathen. Its funds last year were little more than 1000*l.*; so that, even had it fully awakened from its centennial slumber, its exertions must necessarily have been very confined and most inadequate to the wants of the heathen world. But it had neither, by its constitution, nor by the mode of its management, the power to do the extensive good which a society formed expressly and solely for the purpose of missions would be enabled to effect. What it did not do, or could not do, the Church Missionary Society has begun to achieve; and we are not sorry, in one respect, that the present controversy has arisen, since we doubt not that *both* societies will be benefited by the circumstance. That the elder society will be benefited, we augur from the happy effects produced by the Bible Society controversy upon the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge; the exertions, and funds, and beneficial effects of which soon became extended in an unprecedented and surprising degree. We have understood that a similar effect has even already begun to be produced by this new controversy; and that the Society for Propagating the Gospel in Foreign Parts is awakened to a degree of life and activity that bids fair to excite the nation at large to a sense of the high duty and importance of missionary exertion. At a most respectable and dignified meeting of the two archbishops, several bishops, noblemen, &c. 5000*l.* have been just voted for the purpose of missionary exertions; and a deputation has been appointed to wait on the Prince Regent, with the hopes of obtaining a mandate for collecting subscriptions throughout the kingdom to further the object.* We have, therefore, no doubt that much will at length be done in a cause most worthy of the exertions of a Christian nation, and to which nothing would perhaps have fully aroused the public but some such explosion as that which the pamphlets before us record. We rejoice to find that much good is likely to be thus educed from evil; and far from thinking that there are *too many* societies, we could rather wish that there were one for every quarter or province of the globe than that the heathen should much longer remain unacquainted with the truths and the blessings of our holy religion. While more than half a thousand millions of human beings, gifted like ourselves with reason, and formed for immortality, remain unacquainted with that dispensation which is the only source of

* We were pleased to find that the amiable and much venerated Prelate whose cause we have felt it our duty to defend in the former part of this review, has been requested by this dignified meeting, with the Right Reverend the Bishop of London, to draw up a suitable address to the public on the subject of extending Christian missions.

true blessedness on earth, or enjoyment beyond the grave, it is really too much to tell us that the Church Missionary Society was useless, merely because another institution was benefiting with its very limited funds a few tracts in more immediate connexion with the British colonies.

But Archdeacon Thomas has still another argument. The society, it is urged, was not only unnecessary, but is positively injurious; it is as little happy in its conduct as in its formation. The Archdeacon particularly objects to its mode of assisting its funds by small donations from the poorer classes of society. He speaks with considerable indignation of collecting pence from children and servants, which he states to be a usual custom with the institution. Now on this part of the subject we are not to be deterred by the ridicule with which it is easy to invest any question, however great or exalted. The details of the most magnificent affairs must often be small and trifling; but it is a very unfair method of procedure to seize upon these little circumstances to prejudice the public against what is substantially of the highest moment. We might equally disparage all thanksgiving to the Almighty, for the daily blessings we enjoy, by descending to such particulars as would throw an air of ridicule over every act of prayer and gratitude. But divesting the collection of small charitable donations of these unfair associations, we think they are not only capable of being defended, but are really worthy of great applause and admiration. In assisting to benefit others, the poor benefit themselves. They learn to become industrious and frugal in their habits, as well as open to the claims of humanity, and anxious to supply the spiritual wants of those who, if not poorer, are at least less enlightened and less favourably circumstanced than themselves. A man in humble circumstances, who can be induced to save a weekly penny for a missionary institution, is both a happier and a nobler being than his thoughtless and hard-hearted neighbour. Far, therefore, from disapproving of this society's accepting and even soliciting the offerings of the younger and poorer classes of society, we think that in proportion as they can infuse by all proper means a spirit of Christian liberality amongst such circles, they are materially benefiting, not the heathen only, but the individuals themselves, as well as their families, their neighbours, and the community at large. We were on these accounts rejoiced to find that the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge had adopted the plan of receiving the donations of the poor as well as of the rich, or, to use their own language, "of collecting from charitable persons *in every rank of life* such contributions as they can afford, although much below the sum of one guinea." We thought this a mark of the increased wisdom and liberality of the age; we thought it calculated

to create in these subordinate agents of religious charity such a proper degree of self-respect, and such a feeling of their due importance in the scale of being, as would materially tend to raise them above those habits of vice, and indolence, and eagerness to receive parochial relief, which good and wise men have long deplored without knowing how to overcome. We thought also that the society, in adopting such a plan, was imitating Him who did not despise the widow's mite, and to whom the poor man's hard-earned alms are not less acceptable than the more splendid, but not always more sincere, and disinterested efforts of wealthy benevolence. In all this, however, it now appears that we were quite mistaken. There is something it seems insufferably mean, and ignominious, and unworthy of the Established Church, in such methods of recruiting the funds of a benevolent society. We are not anxious to defend either the Church Missionary Society or the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge (for the objection, if valid, must we conceive apply equally to both) from a charge of this nature. The Church herself does not disdain such scanty donations; and, as Mr. Wilson remarks, it would be fully as easy to ridicule the briefs which royalty itself does not disdain to issue, and for which the clergy and officers in every parish of the kingdom think it no disparagement to their dignity to collect, as the small weekly or quarterly subscriptions of the Church Missionary Society. Indeed it is inconsistent enough to find clergymen ridiculing this mode of subscription as unworthy of the Church of England, while they make no objection to Easter offerings, which, as Watson tells us, "in many places are by custom *two-pence* from every communicant, and in London *a groat* a house!" The Church in various ways enjoins the clergy to call on the people at large for their "alms and oblations," however small; and St. Paul himself was not ashamed, as Mr. Wilson observes, to "travel" expressly to collect from "the deep poverty" of the Christian churches "the riches of their liberality;" affectionately recommending his associates in this task to the esteem of the church, not only as "the messengers of the churches," but "the glory of Christ."

Now if to receive such offerings, when presented, be not unworthy of the Church, or a Church society, neither can it be improper to excite men to present them. The contribution of small sums from the poor, if not pushed beyond that proper and delicate line which is easy to be discovered in practice, though not very defineable in theory, tends greatly to elicit all the best virtues of the heart, to increase a proper independence of character, and to elevate while it softens the bosom of the donor. The habit of steadily contributing a sum, however small, to a charitable institution, almost necessarily forms the character to habits of order,

punctuality, and economy, as well as of benevolence and disinterestedness. We cannot, therefore, either as political economists, or sincere Christians, or cordial friends to the Church of England, too strongly reprobate that invidious and imperious distinction which Archdeacon Thomas and his admirers seem desirous to establish. The true dignity of the Church of England must consist in the good works and holy lives of her members, collectively considered, without which all her majestic edifices, her ample revenues, her splendid retinue of dignitaries, will not ultimately save her from oblivion and contempt. We indeed readily allow that the system of collecting alms from the poor, and from the younger members of society, may easily be pushed to an improper excess; and that inflammatory appeals may be made to the passions, which cool deliberation cannot justify: we allow, therefore, further, that no small degree of delicacy and propriety is requisite to be observed in the details of such a system; and we cannot too strongly press this point on all our charitable institutions, as well as on the one more immediately in question. But the principle itself—and it is this which Archdeacon Thomas appears not less to attack than the details of management—is so virtuous, so beneficial, so Christian, that we should not have done justice to our feelings or our judgment, had we not thus stepped aside to defend it from unmerited obloquy.

But the principal argument urged both by the Archdeacon and his defenders is, that the Church Missionary Society is composed not of true and orthodox churchmen, but of the members of “a sect,” which the Archdeacon denominates in his speech, “serious Christians,” and “evangelical ministers.” We are fully persuaded that this is the real ground of all the other arguments urged by him against the society. Mr. Wilson, whose “Defence” ably refutes every other objection urged by the Archdeacon, very properly thinks it unnecessary to reply to so vague and desultory a kind of argument, except by asking the decisive questions, whether the doors of the society are not open to *every* churchman who chooses to become a member, and whether there is any thing in any of its rules, which, in the remotest way, contravenes the doctrines or the regulations of the Established Church. The attempt, therefore, to fix the name of “party” on an institution, which, by its very constitution, excludes party, is eminently unfair. The Archdeacon himself, with the whole bench of bishops, and the clergy of the country, are not only welcome to its ranks, but would be gladly hailed as leaders in its concerns. It is surely not very candid for those who decline contributing to its strength themselves, and persuade their friends to imitate their negative example, to complain that it is not composed of such members as they ap-

prove. They make the defect, supposing it to be one, and then turn round and convert it into an argument against the society. The author, for example, of the "Reply" first *takes it for granted*, that the persons who join this society are exclusively of "the evangelical party," and then, equally *taking it for granted* that this supposed party are hostile to the doctrines and discipline of the Church, he arrives, by no very difficult process, at the conclusion, that the society is of an exceptionable kind. This argument wants nothing to its validity *but* the proof of both its major and minor proposition, neither of which the author thinks it necessary to substantiate.

We are not, however, greatly terrified at so ordinary an artifice as this. It may be the misfortune, but it certainly is not the fault of the society, that but two bishops have as yet put their names upon its books. It has, however, reason rather to rejoice at the exalted patronage it has already attained, than to complain that it has not been more universal. The Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, *sixty* years after its institution, enumerated but fourteen prelates among its friends; and even to this day the Naval and Military Bible Society, though it has the patronage of both of the archbishops, has as yet been joined by but a very small portion of the episcopal bench. The fact is, that bishops and dignitaries, like other men, may be indifferent, or may be indolent, or may have too many ways of disposing of their superfluous resources, to allow of their joining many of our charitable institutions. They may also be suspicious of the intentions or the conduct of any new society, and may defer committing themselves till it has obtained the venerable sanction of experience and prescription. If any person will take the trouble to consult the records of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, he will find that this institution also, like every thing else that is good, met with enemies and opposers; some of whom assailed it on nearly the same grounds as those upon which the Church Missionary Society is at present reprobated by some of the pamphleteers before us. The one has outlived this unhallowed opposition, and we confidently predict the same happy issue to the other.

It is easy for the Archdeacon of Bath, and other gentlemen, who are too much parties in the disputes relative to the Church to see the exact bearing of the question, to exclaim loudly concerning "sects," and "parties," and "evangelical ministers," and "the Church in danger," without being aware of the exact nature of the evils to be remedied, and the restoratives to be applied. Yes, the Church *is* in danger; we cannot open our eyes for an instant without seeing and feeling it; but it is not in danger from the exertions of "the evangelical clergy." It is in danger from

the cold, unmeaning formalism of some of its professed sons ; it is in danger from want of churches ; from infrequency of service ; from the non-residence of the clergy ; from the inactivity of many who are resident ; from want of attention to catechising ; and from the defect of spiritual interest in the welfare of the sick, the poor, and the rising population. The Church is endangered not less by intolerance than laxity ; not less by episcopal and archidiaconal and clerical hauteur where they exist, than by the restless energies of nonconformity itself. The Church is endangered when an ecclesiastic seems to consider the souls of men of little importance, compared with the preservation of some point of courteous etiquette. It is endangered when the approbation or temporal favour of an ecclesiastical superior, and a mere secular attention to the rights, privileges, and emoluments of the clerical function, absorb those thoughts which had been better spent in devising and executing plans for the spiritual welfare of mankind. It is endangered when priests descant upon the incompatibility of the interests of our Bible and Missionary Societies with the welfare of the established religion, and when they appear to represent the general interests of Christianity as something subservient to the interests of the Church of England. The dissenters plainly tell us, that they are in no fear for the result when such men as our archdeacon are doing their work for them, by exhibiting a spirit and conduct which, however it might have operated in former ages, cannot in the present century but tend to the utter subversion of all that it professes and intends to preserve. But gentlemen situated like the Archdeacon of Bath do not and cannot know all this without going a little further out of their sphere in search of information than may be always quite convenient or agreeable. While every impartial spectator sees exactly the state of the game, and the tendency of every move, the parties concerned are often totally unacquainted with the plainest facts upon the subject. Who, for instance, will venture candidly to expostulate with the Archdeacon of Bath on his late conduct, and thus risk his immediate favour for the sake of the more remote interests of the Church at large ? Men of this stamp are not usually found to haunt either courts or cathedral cities. If they approach and tell their tale, they usually experience the lot of Cassandra, and retire in disgust, leaving superciliousness and intolerance to work their own downfall. Surrounded with some half dozen individuals who think like themselves, and whose interest it is to sooth and flatter them, rather than disclose the unwelcome truth, our dignitaries are too often suffered to slumber away their years in total ignorance of the real state of the public mind, and the consequent necessity of adopting a much more active and self-denying and enlightened

course of policy than that which the Archdeacon of Bath seems inclined to espouse.

With regard to the Church Missionary Society, which has given rise to these extended remarks, we seriously think that a short narrative of its origin and proceedings will be the best apology for its extension.

The original institutors of this society seem to have been fully aware of the existence and operations of the Society for Propagating the Gospel in Foreign Parts; but, observing that the primary and direct object of that institution was the religious benefit of the British colonists, and those heathen nations immediately dependent upon them; and that it had only incidentally, and on peculiar occasions, extended its labours to the pagan world; they imagined, and we think justly, that ample room was left for a Church of England society to be expressly devoted to the benefit of the heathen at large. The excellent spirit in which they commenced their labours will appear from the following extract from the first account of their institution published in the year 1801. If any thing could have deprecated hostility, these candid remarks ought surely to have had that effect.

“Wide is the field,” observe the members of the infant institution, “which lies before this society; great is the importance of their object. They require not indeed the pecuniary aid of those who already, to the extent of their power, contribute to the support of other similar institutions; of such persons they regard it the duty to continue undiminished the support they have hitherto given. What they ask of them is their counsels, their good wishes, and their prayers. Let not this society be considered as opposing any that are engaged in the same excellent purpose. The world is an extensive field, and in the church of Christ there is no competition of interests.”

The society commenced its labours in the year 1801; being then denominated, “The Society for Missions to Africa and the East, instituted by Members of the Established Church.” The choice of this peculiar sphere was suggested by the consideration, that for India this nation was especially concerned, on account of its intimate connexion with that country; and that for Africa, there was the most earnest appeal, both of humanity and justice, in order to repair, as far as possible, the wrongs inflicted upon that devoted continent by the slave-trade, of which Great Britain had possessed so large a share. The society did not, however, confine itself to these limits; but expressed its intention of enlarging its plans of usefulness in proportion as due opportunities were afforded.

From its first institution, the society had to contend with difficulties of the most formidable kind. Independently of that positively hostile feeling which it might naturally be anticipated

would arise, in many quarters, to a scheme so new and arduous, there existed in the public mind an ignorance and thoughtlessness on the subject of Christian missions, not less disheartening than hostility itself. The society began, therefore, immediately to collect and circulate information calculated to excite the minds of men to a sense of the general importance of the subject. A valuable missionary library was commenced; which has already become of considerable importance and interest. To correct the common opinion, that Christianity is not absolutely necessary to the heathen, such plain intelligence was widely diffused as cast an awful light on the superstitions and evil practices of pagan lands; and powerfully tended to excite the best wishes and exertions of British Christians in their behalf.

The society appear from the first to have been most anxious to avoid the rocks and shoals upon which many other missionary establishments have split. For this end they instituted the most careful inquiries into every subject relating to the objects of their institution; and have thus embodied in their instructions to their various agents, such practical rules as cannot fail to be of the utmost value, not only to their own society, but to every succeeding missionary establishment. At an early period of their labours, they commenced a wide and enlightened correspondence, with a view both to procure and to impart Christian information. They exerted themselves especially to excite a proper degree of missionary zeal in their fellow-countrymen; yet, at the same time, cautiously regulated their proceedings in the selection and preparation of missionaries, so as to check every appearance of a rash, giddy, and romantic spirit; and especially to prevent such a spirit from being mistaken for genuine Christian benevolence. The happy effects of the wisdom and strict discipline of the society, in the choice and education of its agents, have appeared in their steady character and conduct; which, with the exception of a few partial disappointments in the early years of their labours, have been such as to confer great benefit on the heathen, and great honour on the society itself.

For a considerable time after the establishment of the institution, important difficulties arose, both in discovering suitable spheres of exertion, and in finding proper persons to fill them when they were discovered. The claims of Africa on British philanthropy appeared irresistible; and the colony of Sierra Leone, and its neighbourhood, seemed to furnish an appropriate opening for the commencement of a missionary establishment. The obstacles were, however, very great: the native languages were not understood; the people were uncivilized; and the slave-trade had rendered them jealous of every European that touched upon their shores, and eager for that unlawful traffic, which the

promulgation of Christianity among them could not fail to diminish, and ultimately to supersede. These were difficulties with which even the Apostles themselves had not to contend; for *they* were miraculously endowed with the gift of tongues; and *they* preached chiefly to nations considerably advanced in civilization, and capable of understanding their message. The society, therefore, under these peculiar and arduous circumstances, wisely applied themselves to cultivate the languages of the native tribes; and, by means of the powerful aid of the press, to prepare the way for future labours. For this end they published grammars, and other introductory works; and this, in some cases, in languages which had never yet been committed to writing; thus conferring no less a benefit upon literature than upon religion itself. The Bible Society not being at this period in existence, they gave assistance to Professor Carlyle's edition of the Arabic Bible, for the use of the numerous countries that employ that language; and had proposed to extend their patronage towards the very important object of printing part of the Scriptures in Chinese; but understanding that the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge had this subject before them, they cheerfully resigned it into their hands, confident, as they modestly expressed themselves, "that in consequence of the superior funds, rank, talents, and influence, of many of its members, it might be more completely carried into execution," than by the efforts of their own society.

For a considerable time the committee continued disappointed, as might naturally be expected, in procuring suitable missionaries for western Africa. The climate was proverbially unhealthy; the native languages were unknown; and there appeared none of those favourable indications which were likely to induce English clergymen to forsake the comforts of civilized life, and the enjoyments of Christian society, for so barbarous and ill-fated a spot. Indeed Sierra Leone itself, the central point from which the civilizing influences of the whole mission were to flow, and to which the agents employed in it would naturally look for protection and encouragement, had been greatly distracted by internal commotions, and assaulted by the native powers. So great, indeed, was the indifference or irresolution, or love of home, of our clergy, that even for the above-mentioned colony, though the stipend was liberal, and the situation far preferable to a residence among uncivilized heathens, a chaplain had for several years been sought in vain. In default, therefore, of English clergymen, the society of necessity determined to imitate the uniform example of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, in importing from Germany that active and self-devoting piety which they could not as yet find in their own Church. The comparative po-

verty of the Lutheran church, as contrasted with the more luxurious habits of England, both created facilities for procuring missionaries, and rendered them, when procured, more fitted to endure the hardships to which they might be exposed. The Society however determined, as consistent churchmen, to allow no lay member of their missionary settlements in any way to exercise the clerical office; but restricted all such persons to the duties of schoolmasters, &c. so as not to infringe upon the discipline of the Established Church. For some years they were indebted for their missionaries to a highly useful and respectable institution at Berlin; the object of which was expressly to educate religious young men in the knowledge of the Scriptures, and of such languages and sciences as might best prepare them for missionary exertions. The Church Missionary Society, duly considering the Christian zeal of these young students, the admirable qualifications of their instructors, and the excellence and economy of the plan laid down for their education, felt it a duty to patronize that establishment; and were abundantly rewarded for their liberality by the assistance thence derived, during many successive years of their labours.

As early as the second year of the society's formation, we find grammars, vocabularies, catechisms, and other initiatory books, printed in the Susoo language. The Susoo nation, being situated in the immediate neighbourhood of the colony of Sierra Leone, seemed to possess especial claims upon the society. The inhabitants were sufficiently civilized to render them capable of instruction; their time being occupied in manual arts, particularly the manufacture of cotton cloth. They usually live in towns and villages, containing from a hundred to two thousand people. The Mohammedan religion, notwithstanding its delusive errors, has done much both here and wherever it has penetrated among the African tribes, to civilize their manners and raise the tone of general feeling. What, therefore, might not be expected among these nations from the dissemination of that infinitely superior and divinely inspired system, which it was the object of this society to diffuse, with the humane, and we might add, the sublime view of reclaiming them from their errors, and "guiding their footsteps into the way of peace?"

Little apparent progress appears to have been made in the operations of the institution during its first five or six years; yet the inquiries and efforts of the committee were far from being fruitless; and if of no other use, they at least contributed to sow that seed which was shortly to ripen into an abundant harvest. In 1804, the Bible Society arose, and, by its well-defined object and ample funds, superseded that part of the labours of the Church Missionary Society which respected the printing of the Scrip-

tures; the translation, however, of them into new languages, and their diffusion in heathen lands, still continued to occupy the labours of the Society, these being among the direct objects of their institution.

At length, in 1804, two missionaries, Mr. Renner and Mr. Hartwig, after due education both in Germany and England, and having received ordination according to the rites of the Lutheran church, embarked for their destination in western Africa. They appear, like most of their successors, to have suffered much from the fevers incidental to the climate. In the beginning of 1806, three other missionaries educated in the academy at Berlin, namely, Messrs. Nylander, Butscher, and Prasse, embarked from England for Sierra Leone, but were stranded on the coast of Ireland. They afterwards met with various other disappointments; and at length, on their arrival at Madeira, were detained several months in consequence of the death of the captain. Arriving, after numerous disasters, in Africa, we are sorry to say they found their proceedings, as well as those of their predecessors, greatly impeded by the effects of the slave-trade, and the party disputes amongst the neighbouring chiefs.

About this time, the society established a suitable seminary in England, under the care of Mr. Dawes, formerly Governor of Sierra Leone, to which the students might be sent to prepare them for their missionary labours, several clergymen promising to assist in their instruction. This measure appeared afterwards of great importance, as, independently of having the students immediately under the inspection of those who could superintend their conduct, and ascertain their character, a remedy was thus provided against that deficiency of intercourse with Berlin which the political state of the Continent had now occasioned. The committee, however, through the circuitous route which still remained, finding that the Berlin institution had been greatly injured by the French, continued their assistance; while, at the same time, they stretched forth their hand to more distant scenes, remitting considerable sums to India for the translation of the Scriptures into the native languages of that country, under the auspices of various learned men then resident at Fort William.

In 1808, we find Mr. Nylander benevolently discharging the arduous and important duties of chaplain at Sierra Leone; the colony not having yet been able to procure a suitable person for that office. Mr. Hartwig had been reluctantly discharged from the society's protection, for conduct unbecoming his station. He lived, however, afterwards to repent of his misconduct; and had he survived, there was every reason to imagine that he would have rendered himself again deserving of favour. We therefore,

mention the circumstance chiefly to show the great and exemplary care of the society to render their proceedings free from every just exception.

Inquiries and suitable efforts were still proceeding among the Susoos and Mandingoes; and the affairs of the western African mission were beginning to be in some measure organized, when that great and glorious event for that unhappy country, the abolition of the slave-trade, unsettled for a time the state of that continent, and rendered it necessary to defer the ultimate choice of stations till a further period. The venerable and Rev. Thomas Scott, having by this time undertaken the preparation of the missionary students, a considerable advantage was gained to the society by his great piety, and zeal, and Biblical learning, which he diligently devoted to their service. It was in this year also, that Mr. Marsden first suggested the mission to New Zealand; which, though amongst the best and most auspicious undertakings of the institution, and one on which we should gladly dwell, we shall scarcely notice in the present brief sketch, having incidentally touched upon it, at some length, in another article in our present number.

In 1809, we find two settlements established on the Rio Pongas, namely, Basha and Fantimania, with the concurrence of some of the head men of the country; who were, however, not a little at a loss to comprehend the motive and meaning of establishments so very different from those to which they had been hitherto accustomed in their intercourse with Europeans, whose only object was the traffic in slaves. The chief design of the missionaries in founding these stations was to receive native children for education, as well as to make excursions in the vicinity, in order to enlighten the inhabitants, and to promote the cultivation of their land, and the ordinary arts of civilized life, in subservience to their great design of introducing the more immediate blessings of religion. We are sorry to say, that while thus employed, they were subjected to the arts and machinations of the slave-traders, who took care to represent them to the natives in the most odious colours; as spies sent out to give information relative to the infraction of the slave-trade enactments. To add to other adverse occurrences, Mr. Prasse died shortly after commencing his labours. New students were, however, taken under the patronage of the society in Europe; Mr. Nyländer continued diligently and usefully employed in baptizing and instructing natives, Maroons, and settlers at Sierra Leone; useful tracts and books were circulated; fresh assistance was given towards translating and distributing the Scriptures in the East; and proper persons were discovered for the intended settlement in New Zealand.

During the progress of these events, the justly lamented Dr. Buchanan arrived from India, with a heart deeply impressed with the inestimable importance of Christianity, and the duty of British Christians to exert themselves for the heathen, whose superstitions he had himself witnessed, and to whose spiritual welfare he had long devoted his valuable life. The information he supplied, and the spirit he excited, were equally useful to the society. His munificent prizes to the members of our Universities necessarily turned the thoughts of no small number of the clergy, and the literary and religious part of the public, to the subject of oriental missions. His well-known narrative of the since unhappy apostate Sabat was eagerly read; as well as his equally interesting account of the Syrian churches in India, which, in the midst of pagan nations, have withstood for many centuries the surrounding contaminations, and, what is scarcely less interesting to a protestant mind, have been equally successful in repelling the restless usurpations of the Church of Rome, adopting but two sacraments, and continuing in a considerable degree that form of doctrine and discipline which they appear to have derived from their supposed founder the Apostle St. Thomas. Dr. Buchanan had the happiness greatly to interest the public in the character and prospects of a Christian missionary. The Rev. Mr. Venn had some years before beautifully described such a character in an address to the society's missionaries.

"A missionary," said he, "is one who, like Enoch, walks with God, and derives from constant communion with him a portion of the Divine likeness. Dead to the usual pursuits of the world, his affections are fixed upon things above, where Christ sitteth at the right hand of God. He is not influenced, therefore, by the love of fame and distinction, the desire of wealth, or the love of ease and self-indulgence. Deeply affected by the sinful and ruined state of mankind, especially of the heathen, he devotes his life, with all its faculties, to promote their salvation. Undaunted by dangers, unmoved by sufferings and pain, he considers not his life dear, so that he may glorify God. With the world under his feet, with heaven in his eye, with the Gospel in his hand, and Christ in his heart, he pleads as an ambassador for God, knowing nothing but Jesus Christ, enjoying nothing but the conversion of sinners, hoping for nothing but the promotion of the kingdom of Christ, and glorying in nothing but in the cross of Christ Jesus, by which he is crucified to the world, and the world to him. Daily studying the Word of Life, and transformed himself more and more into the image which it sets before him, he exhibits it to others, as a light to illuminate the darkness of the world around him, as an exhibition of the light and glory of a purer and higher world above."

This character was now strikingly described by Dr. Buchanan in one single expression, as used by the Hindoos,—“a man

of the *beatitudes* ;” and to discover and employ such men was the great object of the society.

That their labours were not in vain, the exertions in Africa fully testified. The schools continued to increase, and the missionaries even offered to dedicate a considerable portion of their own hard-earned salaries to maintain and educate native children. Though much persecuted, particularly at Bashia, there were not wanting indications of the estimation which their character had gradually secured. Many little circumstances, for example, of the following kind occur in the narratives of the settlers. Mr. Butcher having been drawn into a dispute respecting the sale of some palm, sent for Fantamani, the chief of the district, who thus addressed the aggressor. “Art thou come to fight my white man, whom I love as much as my head wife. Only touch him, and take the consequences. Here is my dagger; look at it! *Doest thou take him for a slave-trader, who lies, curses, and defrauds?* No—such a man he is not; he comes to teach our children, and make us better people; and therefore no person shall molest him; for I, and Mongè Packe, Mongè Domba, and Mongè Hate, whose son is with him, love him, and will stand by him.”

The chief remaining transactions of the society in their tenth year may be briefly enumerated. Two new missionaries, Barneth and Wenzel, arrived in Africa, the former of whom died almost immediately on reaching his station on the Rio Pongas. Mr. Nyländer, who had been constituted chaplain, *pro tempore*, at Sierra Leone, was engaged in projecting a settlement among the Bullom nation, on the shore opposite to Sierra Leone, across the mouth of the river. In the mean time, the usual assistance to Berlin, and a due attention to the education of missionaries, both there and in England, were continued. A knowledge of the art of printing, and of the new system of education, began to be made a part of the instruction given to the future settlers among the heathen; thus furnishing them with two of the most powerful and efficacious instruments which the ingenuity of man has ever discovered for effecting the benevolent designs in which the society was engaged. During this year also, the first settlers embarked for New Zealand with instructions for their conduct, which proved how deeply the society had considered the nature of the plan in which they had embarked. In addition to their directions of a more religious kind with regard to the personal conduct of their agents themselves, who were laymen, such as enforcing due regard to the Sunday, and to family devotion, conversing with the natives, preaching to them, catechising their children, &c.; we find the committee wisely directing them to diligence in agriculture, boat-building, and whatever else might assist and conciliate the inhabitants; advising them farther to

render themselves, by their exertions, independent of the natives for a constant stock of food, and never to give or receive presents, but as far as possible to promote traffic, and to teach the natives the rights of property; and especially enjoining them to interfere in none of the native wars and quarrels, but to conduct themselves as became their high character as Christian colonists among the heathen. No regular salaries were proposed to be given to the settlers after they were once established, as it was expected they would be fully able to procure a respectable maintenance by their own labours, thus benefiting themselves in proportion as they benefited the immediate objects of their solicitude.

The events reported at the next anniversary of the society (1811) may also be very briefly detailed. The schools in western Africa had prospered, and were rendered, in some measure, popular among the natives, by affording instruction to their children in the English language, a knowledge of which is of great value and utility in their estimation. At Calcutta, the corresponding committee, in addition to their zealous exertions for printing the Scriptures in the oriental languages, had made a proposal, which the society at home gladly embraced, of appointing Scripture Readers, whose duty would be simply that of reading publicly every day, for certain hours, a portion of the Sacred Writings to all such persons as might think fit to attend. The Mohammedans have long adopted this custom with the Koran without giving any offence to the nations; and the Hindoos also have *poranees* who perform the same office in reading their Shasters. These readers, it appeared, might be procured for a trifling compensation; and several of them might be employed under an European chaplain, or other superintendent. In the meantime the New Zealand missionaries had now arrived at New South Wales; but, on account of the recent massacre of the crew of the *Boyd*, of which our readers will find the sad details in another part of this number, it had not been judged expedient for them to proceed at present to their destination. They remained, therefore, at New South Wales, where their leisure appears to have turned to sufficiently good account. Poor Duaterra, with whom our readers are already familiar, here first became acquainted with them, and engaged to afford them every possible protection in his native island.

We find the society, in 1812, still deeply lamenting the want of Church of England clergymen as missionaries. A strong appeal had been made to the public the preceding year by the clergyman who preached the society's annual sermon, and considerable attention had been in many ways excited to the subject; but no clergymen had as yet offered their services for this

important office. Two more Lutheran ministers were therefore dispatched to western Africa to fill up the vacancies that had so rapidly occurred by death, as well as to extend the general labours of the mission. The attention of the preceding missionaries having been too much engaged in the mere secular business of the settlements, and particularly in procuring the rice and other provisions necessary for their subsistence, a very judicious plan was about this time adopted of sending out a few laymen of diligence and piety, who should be qualified to maintain themselves by their labours at little expense to the society, while they assisted the general objects of the mission, and eased the clerical labourers of the secular concerns of their establishments.

The Roman Catholic Society, "*de propaganda fide*," having been subverted by the revolutions on the Continent, and their missions having consequently dwindled away, a favourable opening was now suggested to the society for diffusing Christianity in the Levant and on the shores of the Archipelago. They accordingly stated their willingness to receive two or three zealous young clergymen who could accommodate themselves to the customs of the East, and, in a literary or religious capacity, convey the doctrines of Christianity to countries endeared by every classical and Christian association. The Archbishop of Aleppo assured a correspondent of the society, that a well-qualified missionary in the neighbourhood of his diocese might do as much good as an apostle. The proposal, though not immediately accepted, was afterwards substantially embraced by measures which we shall shortly have to mention.

The East, however strictly so called, now began to engross the largest share of the society's attention. The free and unlimited access which Great Britain had acquired by her arms to all the countries eastward of the Cape of Good Hope, seemed to furnish the noblest theatre ever yet offered to Christian exertions. The missionary who, like those in Africa and New Zealand, devotes himself to the instruction of uncivilized nations, has to encounter the slow and arduous preliminary task of fixing their language, before he can teach them to read therein the works of God. But throughout the East two-thirds perhaps of the human race are already so far civilized as to possess a written language. Into many of these languages the Scriptures were already translated, or were in a course of translation. A young clergyman, master of the Ethiopic, Persian, Arabic, or Syriac, and of the Tamul, Cingalese, Bengalee, Hindostannee, or Malay, might therefore take the Scriptures ready prepared to his hand, and read to millions of his deserted fellow creatures those divine truths which constituted the source of his own hopes and the foundation of all his enjoyments. Important openings for mis-

sionary exertions were also presented in the vicinity of the Persian Gulf and the Red and Arabian Seas; as also in the north-eastern parts of Africa, among the people of Abyssinia, where Christianity early obtained a footing, and is still very generally professed; but where unhappily the surrounding darkness of paganism has for centuries been making rapid inroads, and where even mutilated copies of the Sacred Scriptures are scarcely to be found. Among the Syrian Christians also, in India, a few clergymen of zeal, and prudence, and piety, it was considered, might become of the greatest service to revive and confirm the faith in that interesting but oppressed community. But especially in the island of Ceylon, then under British authority, and containing a million and a half of natives, of whom one-third were considered to be nominally Christians, was afforded an abundant field for exertion. These professed believers were the fruits of that zeal with which the Dutch uniformly planted Christianity, wherever they established their power; and though some of them were thought, for want of sufficient care, to have relapsed into idolatry after the cession of the island to Great Britain, yet from the laudable anxiety of the British resident authorities to extend the blessings of the Gospel, there appeared the fairest opening for the benevolent views of the society. We might advert further to the vast Malayan Archipelago, which, by the conquest of Java, became accessible to British influence, and where the Dutch had not only shown us, by their example, how much was practicable, but had left a platform upon which to begin our operations.

The East became a subject of still greater importance at this moment, from the expected renewal of the Hon. East India Company's charter. The society exerted itself on this occasion, in a manner the most liberal and spirited, yet the most prudent and temperate, to secure facilities for the admission of suitable missionaries into that country, the policy of the East India Company having hitherto thrown considerable difficulties in the way of almost every such attempt. Though the society very properly abstained from every proceeding of an inflammatory or compulsory nature, we have yet no hesitation in affirming that, to the efforts of its friends, and the religious information diffused by their means through the community, as well more immediately in the circle of our Houses of Parliament, we are mainly indebted for the present ecclesiastical establishment in India, as well as in general for very much of the great religious improvement that has taken place in that country, both among the Europeans and the natives.

Thus we arrive at the society's fourteenth year, in which a few circumstances occurred which it may be proper just to notice,

previously to passing on to the succeeding anniversary, which may be considered as forming quite a new era in the annals of the institution. About this time the principle of the division of labour was extensively adopted in the pecuniary arrangements of the society, so as to afford the means of collecting from individuals, who might be disposed to give a small sum, without being able to give a larger, such pecuniary assistance as they had it in their power to bestow. The excellent objects and exertions of the society becoming better known, auxiliary associations now began to spring up on every side, so as even to exceed the anticipations of its most sanguine friends. The agitation of the great question relative to the establishment of Christianity in India, seems to have prepared the minds of conscientious persons in every part of the kingdom to come forward, with a zeal never exhibited before, for the purpose of extending the blessings of religion as far as practicable to the whole world. The most pleasing and unequivocal symptoms of attention to this great subject had become visible in every quarter. The society, however, appear to have felt, what every intelligent person must also feel, and what we have more fully considered in the preceding pages—the great delicacy and caution necessary to be observed in receiving the contributions of the labouring orders, and of the younger members of the community; yet upon a general view of the subject, and guided perhaps by some such reasons as we have stated in an earlier part of this review, and which appear also to have since influenced the venerable Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, they determined, and we think wisely, to pursue the plan that appeared opening before them, though at the same time enjoining on their agents that “prudence and discrimination should be exercised, and that no contributions should be solicited or received from those whose duty it cannot be to give.”

The affairs of the society in western Africa were still subject to considerable difficulties; which were greatly aggravated by a war that had arisen between the Foulahs and Susona. Mr. Butcher, who paid a visit about this time to London, had it in his power to communicate much important information relative to the missionary settlements in that country, and to stimulate the friends of Africa to new exertions. On his return with Mrs. Butcher, and several other settlers in the service of the society, we are sorry to say he was shipwrecked in the River Gambia; a circumstance which very considerably retarded the progress of the mission. The committee appear, however, amidst these accumulated difficulties, to have pursued, with a firmness and humanity that do them great honour, their benevolent designs towards the natives of that much-injured coast. As, however, this part of their proceedings did not fail to incur a considerable share of ani-

madversion, both from the enemies, and even perhaps from some of the friends of the society, it may be proper to adduce, from a sermon preached before them by the Rev. William Dealtry, at their thirteenth anniversary, the following motives for their conduct:

"This society," remarks this eloquent and argumentative clergyman, "having determined with considerate caution, *not to build upon another man's foundation*, not to interfere with the pious exertions of other societies, selected, in the first instance, that portion of the globe to which the finger of God seemed immediately to point the way. The wounds of Africa were still fresh: her injuries were deep and accumulated; and her cry had long ascended up to Heaven. For many ages she had seen her coasts depopulated, her nations barbarized, her children dragged from the land of their nativity to perish on a distant shore, unpitied and unwept. The feet of those who had heard the glad tidings of salvation, and had professedly embraced it, were to be traced upon her plains. But *they* had another errand than to publish peace; it was a march of desolation. The weapons of their warfare were indeed mighty and effectual; but they were chains and slavery. The only character in which the effects of Christianity could be read by the miserable sons of Africa were characters of blood. Their groans, ascending from either side of the ocean, seemed to mingle over the Atlantic, and in notes of deep and solemn import to call for vengeance. What good man did not sympathize with their sorrows, and long to impart to them at least the hopes of a future world, the intelligence of their high origin and future destinies? What reflecting man did not feel his heart chilled with fear, when he turned to those memorials of former days which mark the retributive justice of the Most High, the history of violence repaid by violence, of aggression visited upon the head of the aggressor, of national injustice terminating in national ruin? Could the voice of St. Paul have been heard in that night of legalized oppression, that voice would have told you, I am persuaded, in the first place, to show mercy to Africa."

The year 1814 presented, as we have remarked, a new era in the affairs of the society. Its net income, which was in the preceding year 3000*l.* this year suddenly started to no less a sum than 10,500*l.* The political events of the past year, by which Europe was liberated from her long riven chains, while they animated every British heart, seemed especially to open new and important channels of usefulness to a society whose sole object was the diffusion of that knowledge which was destined to bring "peace on earth and good will to men." The affairs of the institution from this time became too extensive to allow of that regular analysis which we have hitherto attempted. The public appeared to be aroused in some measure to a feeling worthy of the occasion. To the great joy of every Christian and member of the Church of England, an ecclesiastical establishment, after many a hard-

fought battle, in which the tables of the houses of Parliament groaned beneath the weight of petitions from every part of the country, was determined upon for India; and legal sanction was also obtained for the admission of other benevolent persons as missionaries into that country. Various other favourable auspices relative to India began also to dawn upon the society. The aged and venerable Dr. John, senior of the Danish mission at Tranquebar, had projected extensive free-schools for the native children; and had even beyond his power assisted from his own personal funds that plan of truly Christian benevolence. The society, through their corresponding committee at Calcutta, had it in their power to rescue these valuable establishments from approaching ruin, and to appease the anxious cares of this revered missionary, who expired shortly after this period; thus putting the society in immediate possession of a large sphere of usefulness and responsibility. These schools soon contained not less than 800 children to whom the means of Christian instruction were thus unexpectedly extended by the society.

We have already mentioned the plan of employing native Readers in India, the benefits of which soon became very apparent. One convert in particular, originally named Shekh Salih, since baptized by the appellation of Abdool Messeeh (servant of Christ), has been of essential service to the objects of the society in this department of their labours. He was born at Delhi, and was a zealous advocate for the Mohammedan faith; but happening to visit Cawnpore he was much struck by hearing the late Reverend Henry Martyn explain the Ten Commandments to his countrymen, and immediately felt that this Christian instruction was far better than any thing he had yet received. In order to gain further knowledge, he sought employment in Cawnpore, and procured the office of copying Persian writings for Sabat, who was then living with Mr. Martyn; but without disclosing his wishes and intentions. He thus acquired some opportunities of gaining religious information, particularly by inquiring of the native children the substance of the lessons which they had learned in the Christian schools. When Mr. Martyn had finished his Hindostanee translation of the New Testament, it was given to Shekh Salih to bind, who, having seized with avidity this favourable opportunity of acquiring full information from the oracles of truth itself, soon decided in favour of Christianity, but concealed his convictions till Mr. Martyn being about to leave Cawnpore on account of his health, he could no longer refrain, but confessed his change of sentiment, and earnestly desired to be baptized. Mr. Martyn wisely kept him in a state of probation for some time; when being about to leave India (never, alas! to return), he recommended the young con-

vert to the Rev. David Brown of Calcutta, by whom he was solemnly baptized in the Old Church of that city. His zealous services as a Reader have been highly beneficial to his countrymen; and though his share of obloquy and persecution from the natives has been very great, he seems to have sustained it with a fortitude, and patience, and piety, that do the greatest honour to his Christian character. He acts also among his countrymen as a gratuitous physician, expending the larger part of his income in the purchase of medicines; which conduct serves in some measure to counteract the unpopularity which his Christian exertions could not fail to ensure.

In reference further to the East during this year, we shall only notice, that in addition to sending out the Rev. Messrs. Schnarré and Rhenius, to India, the society destined two missionaries, the Rev. Mr. Norton and the Rev. Mr. Greenwood (English clergymen), for the island of Ceylon, some of the advantages of which station have been already enumerated. Missions to the East had been patronized in the early part of the eighteenth century by illustrious individuals in different states of Europe; and in Great Britain especially they were encouraged both by the Church and state; his Majesty King George the First, and the Archbishop of Canterbury, Dr. Wake, having addressed letters to the missionaries in Coromandel in the most affectionate and Christian terms. Our readers will have observed that the Church Missionary Society, in dispatching these agents, adopted the wise plan, which the great Author of Christianity himself employed, of sending out his disciples "two and two;" thus affording to each that assistance and counsel which a *solitary* labourer in a heathen land cannot procure, and without which his ardour is but too likely to cool, his resolution to fail, and his whole proceeding to be impeded. The mutual check also thus supplied, and the power afforded in case of the death of one missionary of still keeping up the establishment till another can be procured, are important reasons for adhering, as we perceive the society have for some years almost uniformly done, to the practice suggested by the example of Him who "knew what is in man," and therefore understood how best to guard against the casualties of human affairs and the waverings of the human heart. We might add also in this place that the society in very many cases have seen fit to employ married persons in their service. The benefits arising from this line of procedure need not be mentioned, especially the facilities thereby afforded for the instruction of the younger, and particularly the female, children of the heathen in Christian knowledge, and the domestic arts of European civilization.

Of western Africa during this time we have only to observe,

that Mr. Butcher, and several companions who went out with him as lay missionary settlers, had been wrecked, as before mentioned, off the island of Goree, and that many of the members of the mission died during the year, to the great disappointment and regret both of the society and the friends of Africa at large. The practice of redeeming slave children with a view to educate them in the missionary schools was about this time discontinued, because it seemed to give, though indirectly, a sort of sanction to the slave-trade. Indeed by the vigilance of his Majesty's vessels there were always more than a sufficient number of recaptured children to keep up and extend the school establishments; and his Majesty's government seem to have felt great satisfaction in confiding these unfortunate infants to the care of the society.

The year 1815 witnessed the society still increasing in its funds, its patronage, its local associations, and its general efficiency. To their designs in Africa the government were still favourable, and grants of land, &c. were made for their use within the colony. A separate school fund having been instituted, to which any person, whether approving of the other objects of the society or not, might, by a yearly contribution of 5*l.* support, clothe, and educate an African liberated child, to be named after any friend that his benefactor might suggest, a very considerable number of children began to be entered on the books of the society under these conditions. Great disasters, however, attended the African proceedings of the society during this year. Sickness and death continued to make such rapid inroads, that of six persons that had accompanied Mr. Butcher to Africa eighteen months before, but *one* was now surviving. To add to the adversities of the mission, one of the houses at Bashia was wilfully burned down; an attempt was made also to consume the school-house at Canoffee. These base and ungrateful proceedings may be traced to a prevalent opinion among the natives, that the missionaries were the cause of the activity with which his Majesty's government at Sierra Leone were found to oppose the slave trade and its agents. Addicted to the unlawful gains of this dreadful traffic, and accustomed during its prevalence to receive large supplies of spirits and gunpowder from the European slave factors, it could not be supposed that they would be immediately reconciled to the change; or that evil principled men, whose interest was immediately concerned, would fail to avenge themselves upon the supposed authors of this reverse in their fortunes. It does not, however, appear that the missionaries had at all interfered on the subject of the slave trade; having been enjoined by the society to conduct their proceedings with the utmost delicacy upon this subject. In every point of view, therefore, the disasters

at Bashia and elsewhere must be attributed to the machinations of evil disposed persons, who would not tolerate in others an excellence and virtue which were a continual reproach to themselves. These circumstances did not, however, deter several other persons from joining the African mission this year. At home also, the expected revival, on the part of the French, of that infamous traffic, which had given rise to all these disasters, so greatly excited the spirit of the nation at large, that not less than *eight hundred and sixty-four* petitions, signed by nearly a million of persons, were presented to the legislature and government on the subject. The effect of these in guiding the conduct of our ministry, both at the Congress, which was then about to assemble, and in all our subsequent transactions with foreign powers, may readily be conjectured.

In India, the society's exertions were attended with a favourable degree of success. The chief part of the Church of England Liturgy having been translated into Hindostannee by the Rev. Mr. Corrie, a powerful assistance was thus afforded in conducting the devotions of the native converts. We have already stated some reasons for the propriety of thus introducing, as far as practicable, our national forms of service and discipline among the converted heathen. The schools also of the lamented Dr. John have been upon the increase, thus affording an engine of immense power for evangelizing the natives. In consequence of the poverty of the Royal Mission College of Copenhagen, the bishop of that diocese about this period cheerfully surrendered these schools into the hands of the Church of England Missionary Society, by whom they have been continued on the most liberal and efficient scale.

In concluding the transactions of the society's fifteenth year, we must not pass over a most important plan that now began to be adopted; we allude to the establishment of "*Christian Institutions*" in various parts of the world, with a view to promote the extension of the Gospel. The incipient steps towards a project of this kind had been already taken in reference to Malta, whither the Rev. William Jowett, late Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge, had gone out as the society's literary representative. The chief objects of this undertaking were to acquire every practicable degree of information respecting the state of religion in the numerous countries bordering on the Mediterranean, and to ascertain the most proper stations for Christian missions; to diffuse the Scriptures and religious knowledge; to suggest new translations of the Bible and the means of accomplishing them; to ascertain the existence of valuable manuscripts of the Sacred Writings; and, in short, in every possible method to promote the extension of true religion. We have understood that, by these

means, even already very considerable accessions have been made to the stock of information relative to the moral and religious state of those parts of Europe, Africa, and Asia, which border on the Mediterranean; and that corresponding methods of benefiting them are opening, not to this society alone, but to every other that devotes itself to similar objects of benevolence. The society has lately obtained an invaluable manuscript, which we have seen, of the first eight books of the Scripture in the Ethiopic language, which is likely to supply a much-lamented deficiency that has long existed in sacred literature. It was thought that no complete copy of the Scriptures in that language is extant; but this important manuscript, with the various detached portions of the Ethiopic Scriptures to be found elsewhere, will nearly, if not quite, complete the sacred canon. It is, we believe, at present in the hands of the Rev. Samuel Lee, to be printed by the British and Foreign Bible Society for the benefit of the Abyssinian nation. We really augur much benefit to the world from the society's religious researches in the vicinity of the Mediterranean; and have no doubt that clergymen and gentlemen of piety and of oriental learning will be found to offer their services in this important part of its proceedings. A society of zealous and learned men thus settled in a central spot under fixed regulations, diffusing religious knowledge, by preaching, by education, by the press, by general intercourse and example, seems to offer the most auspicious prospects of stability and success; and, besides the other advantages of such institutions, they will greatly economize European labour, by educating natives for missionary pursuits. European benevolence may and must begin these exertions; but to the natives themselves of the various countries to be benefited, must we look for the full and ultimate propagation of Christianity in Mohammedan and Heathen lands.

Christian institutions have also been established, or are establishing, by the society, at Leicester Mountain, in Sierra Leone; and at Madras, Calcutta, and other places.

Having thus anticipated some of the proceedings of the next two years, we shall add only a few remaining circumstances. The difficulties of the African missions rendered a voyage of personal inspection thither highly expedient; and, accordingly, the Rev. Edward Bickersteth undertook that office. His very valuable and interesting report suggested many important improvements in the conduct of the settlements. In the mean time, a regular chaplain had been appointed at Sierra Leone; several of the Gospels had been translated into the Bullom language by Mr. Nylander, and the schools were generally flourishing and on the increase. The difficulties, however, during the last two or three years have been very formidable. Fires had twice more occurred in those settlements among the

natives which are beyond the limits of the colony; and there seemed, upon the whole, much reason to imagine that such settlements had better be removed to spots more within the protection of the British government. The mortality also among the missionaries had been very great; and even the pious and indefatigable Mr. Butscher himself had fallen a victim to his labours.

The general affairs, however, of the society have been promising. New and important openings have occurred in India; the chaplains of English colonies throughout the world have as a body become far more respectable in their character and function; and not a few of them, in the most important spheres of action, have lent their most active support to the operations of this and other religious charitable institutions for promoting Christianity throughout the world. The minds of the natives of many heathen countries are beginning to open to the reception of the true religion—"the fields are white unto the harvest." Even in Africa, after a long and gloomy night, the beneficent operations of the society begin to be felt. Measures have been taken by government for dividing Sierra Leone into parishes, and erecting churches in each; with two for Free Town, the capital of the colony. The separate school fund, and also a fund for the important object of supporting a missionary ship, to be named the William Wilberforce, have been steadily advancing. The reception and instruction of the poor wretches liberated from slave vessels have been continued, as far as prudence and the funds of the society permitted. An Auxiliary Bible Society has been established and liberally supported at Sierra Leone, which remitted nearly two hundred pounds, as its first fruits, to the parent institution in London. The smuggling slave-trade has, however, still continued to throw the most formidable impediments in the way of the society; and till it is banished fully and for ever from that unhappy country (an event which, from recent treaties with foreign powers, we venture to look forward to, not without considerable hopes and eager anticipations) we fear that such difficulties will still remain.

Without, however, going over the large field which is opening before us, we shall pass by the remaining transactions of the society, in order to give such a summary outline of its proceedings as may afford our readers a tolerably correct idea of what it has really achieved. The number of stations now occupied by the society, including the schools at Tranquebar, amount to about *fifty*. In these stations there are at least *ninety* Christian teachers (many of whom are married), of the various descriptions of missionaries, readers, schoolmasters, &c. More than 4,000 children, besides many adult scholars, are receiving Christian education. The income of the society during its seventeenth year, notwithstanding the peculiar pressure of the times at that

period, had risen to nearly 20,000*l.*; and, what is a still more interesting circumstance, considerable numbers of English *clergymen* have been engaged as missionaries in the service of the society. No less than *eight* were sent out at once to different stations at the close of the year 1817. In no respect has the society been more happy than in thus awakening the missionary spirit of the Established Church, and raising up from among ourselves a supply of religious and enlightened young men, eager and anxious to devote themselves to the promotion of Christian knowledge throughout the world. The society has now no longer need to have recourse to the institution at Berlin or others elsewhere abroad, unless in cases where foreign assistance may be more suitable for their purpose. More than fifty persons applied during the last year for stations in its service as missionaries, schoolmasters, &c. The society is preparing the Scriptures, the liturgy, and tracts, in various Mohammedan and heathen languages; under the care, more particularly, of its Orientalist, the Rev. Samuel Lee, who is rendering, in this department, the most important aid to the designs of this institution and of the British and Foreign Bible Society. The following are its principal stations and missionaries, schoolmasters, &c.

INDIA.

Calcutta.—*Greenwood* and *Addington*. The corresponding committee have schools containing 500 children, and print and circulate religious tracts.

Kidderpoor.—Two schools.

Agra.—*Abdool Messeeh* (native reader). Two schools.

Burdwan.—Three schools here and in the neighbourhood, containing 350 children. Five new school-houses now erecting in the vicinity.

Chunar.—*Bowley* (a native). Three schools.

Meerut.—*Amund Messeeh* (a native). Schools.

Titalya.—*Schroeter*, who is learning the Thibet language, hitherto almost unknown to Europeans. This station forms an important medium of communication between the friends of Christianity residing in India, and the Russian Bible Society.

Madras.—*Rhenius*, *B. Schmid*, *D. Schmid*, *Christian*, and *Rayappen* (the last two are natives). Schools. On their voyage for this station, *Fenn*, *Baker*, and *Barenbruck*.

Tranquebar.—*Schnarrè*, *Devasagayam*, and *David*. 825 children in the schools.

Palamcottah.—*Graham* and *Gahagan*, under the chaplain of the station. About 100 children in the schools.

Travancore.—*Dawson*. Considerable school.

Allepie.—*Norton*. A church is building, and government have given a house and land. This station appears very important on account of its local advantages.

- Cotym.**—*Bailey*. The Company's resident, having erected a college here for the Syrian priests, wished to place an English clergyman on the spot. Mr. Bailey was accordingly sent.
- Tellicherry.**—*Baptiste* (native), employed as schoolmaster under the chaplain of the station.
- Vadadelli.**—*Sandappan* (native).

CEYLON.

Lambrick, Ward, Mayor, and Knight. At the particular desire of the resident authorities these four clergymen have been sent to this field of useful and extensive labour. An American episcopal clergyman has been invited to join them.

WESTERN AFRICA.

- Kissey Town.**—*Wenzel*. Schools, 74 boys and 77 girls.
- Regent's Town.**—*Johnson*. Many baptized, 60 communicants. Schools, including adults, 409.
- Wilberforce Town.**—*Cates*.
- Gloucester Town.**—*Mr. and Mrs. Düring*. Schools, 13 boys and 67 girls.

STATIONS WITHOUT THE COLONY.

- Canoffea.**—*Renner, Wilhelm*, and two natives. It is feared that, on account of the slave-trade, this once promising mission among the Susoos must be relinquished.
- Gambier.**—*Klein and Anthony* (a native). Schools, 80 children.
- Yongroo Poomoh.**—*Nyländer and Caulker* (a native). Mr. Nyländer has translated the four Gospels into Bullem.
- Geree.**—*Mr. and Mrs. Hughes*. Schools.

WEST INDIES.

- Antigua.**—*Mr. Dawes* has instituted schools containing 709 children. *Thwaites*, superintendent.
- Barbadoes.**—*Lieut. Lugger* has organized schools under the patronage of the society. Scholars, 200.

AUSTRAL ASIA.

- New Zealand.**—*Kendall, Carlisle, Hall, King, and Gordon*. A school of 51 children. Two young chiefs have arrived in England. After receiving due instruction, they will return.
- New South Wales.**—A seminary for New Zealanders, under the Rev. S. Marsden. Eleven young men, connected with chiefs, were rapidly improving.

MALTA.

- Jowett, Conner, and Dr. Naudi.** The objects of this station have been already explained. A translation of the Scriptures into Maltese is in hand.

We leave these simple *facts* to tell their own tale, and plead their own cause. They certainly are not of a nature either to provoke or to justify that opposition which appears to have been exerted against the society. Whether they ought to have an opposite effect must be left to the judgment of our readers.

ART. VIII.—*Prospectus and Specimen of an intended National Work.* By William and Robert Whistlecraft, of Stow Market, in Suffolk, Harness and Collar-makers. *Intended to comprise the most interesting Particulars relating to King Arthur and his Round Table.* Second Edition. London, 1818.

EVERY accurate observer of the course of human affairs during the last twenty years must have been struck with the great changes which have taken place in the mode of conducting literary and military warfare, and with the opposite directions in which the current of revolution has flowed in these two departments of intellectual exertion. In the days of our fathers campaign often passed away after campaign without a single decisive event; it was an established maxim of the military art, that a general never fought but when he was quite at a loss what else to do; and the consequence was, that news-mongers and newspaper editors, deemed themselves not unfortunate, if a year of war furnished one tolerably bloody battle to gratify the idle curiosity of the one class, and fill the empty purses of the other. Our lot has been cast in a less sluggish age. We belong to a generation, which, turning a disdainful eye on all languid operations, carries on war with a spirit so truly warlike, that when recourse is once had to arms, battles are of monthly instead of annual recurrence, and that too, without any diminution, but rather with an increase of bloodshed and devastation in each. Gladly would we hail this alteration as a proof that, as the world advances in years additional vigour is infused into the nature of man, and that all which we have been taught concerning the perfectibility of our species is something more than a collection of unmeaning sounds: but, when we extend our view more widely, appearances meet our eye which speedily banish the pleasing delusion. Physiologists assure us, that the amount of vital energy in the animal frame is so limited, that one organ can never attain to a high degree of strength without impairing proportionally the force of some other part. So while the improvement of human society has been displaying itself in

the augmented rapidity and decisiveness of warlike operations, symptoms of increased tardiness and heaviness of movement may be discovered in the field of literary combat. The daily skirmishes between authors and critics, of which the newspapers were once the scene, are now nearly at an end; the great conflicts were wont to occur regularly once a month; at present three months' preparation is requisite; and if attacks are still made monthly, these are of less importance than they once were.

We are too deeply embued with the philosophical spirit of the age, not to maintain that this change in the tactics of the critical host must be regarded as an instance and an effect of that grand law of nature to which we have just alluded. At the same time, as we are aware that there are few results in the formation of which several circumstances do not co-operate, the care of our reputation for sagacity and candour makes it adviseable for us to admit, that there are other causes, besides the one already mentioned, which have had a share in producing the slowness that at present distinguishes the marching pace of reviewers. Among these causes we would class what is generally thought to be a great improvement on the art itself. It is now quite contrary to rule for a critic to proceed immediately up to the work which it is his duty to attack. He must break ground at a cautious distance; he must rear formidable batteries of general principles, and maintain a long, a loud, and a stunning cannonade of general reasonings, before he engages in closer combat with the foe. He is thus compelled to drag after him a quantity of ammunition and heavy artillery, which cannot fail to encumber his motions. Whether in this alteration the art of critical warfare has undergone an improvement, or merely an alteration, we must presume to doubt. The patrons of the change tell us, that it enables periodical publications to convey much more complete information than when they confined themselves to the proper task of criticism, and to insinuate valuable principles into minds, whose appetite for knowledge is too weak to lead them to peruse any thing more solid than the occasional productions of the day. It may be doubted (for we leave our military metaphor behind us, partly because it is unwilling to continue any longer in our service, and partly because, when we reason, military personages should be kept at a distance) whether books, rather than topics, are not the proper subjects of criticism; whether reviews are not generally read at hours, and in a frame of mind, in which we are too little inclined to mental exertion to make any addition to our stores of knowledge; and whether they, whose powers of thought are so feeble, or whose relish for truth is so faint, that they either are not able or are never tempted to seek instruction in the great

works of human intellect, are likely to gain any thing by the perusal of arguments, which thus take them by surprise in the pages of the Reviewer; and are too fugitive to be distinctly impressed. But the weighty objection to the prevailing fashion of criticism, is the trouble which it occasions to the critic; especially when he has a book before him, as we now have, on such a subject and in such a style, as to afford no opportunity of expatiating in those general reasonings to which our fraternity is become so partial. Such a situation is always vexatious and perplexing in the extreme; but it is doubly mortifying to us at present, because it is one in which, when we took up Messrs. Whistlecraft's book, we had no suspicion of being placed. "Prospectus and Specimen of an intended National Work" was a title so imposing, that it brought into our minds the "*exegi monumentum ære perennius*" of Horace, with a multitude of kindred associations, and suggested the most grave and interesting topics of discussion. We besides anticipated, with perhaps no slight degree of self-applause, the public good of which we might be the source, by throwing out a few hints for improving the splendour and magnificence of the edifice. And if the national monument, when completed with all the amendments which we meant to propose, should be deemed worthy of general admiration, why might not this national work be adopted as a national memorial of the triumphant issue of the late war? What though the poem might have been originally constructed without any such view? Has not the victory of Waterloo been commemorated by a bridge begun before it was won, without any compassion for the perplexity, which hundreds and thousands of years hence may be thus occasioned to chronologers and antiquaries, who, meeting with a battle fought in one year, and the trophy to perpetuate the remembrance of it founded long before, to reconcile the apparent contradiction will probably be forced to suppose, that, in the beginning of the nineteenth century, there presided in the councils of Britain, a prescient spirit, which, at the distance of years, could with unerring certainty foresee the issue of the most dubious conflicts? In contemplating so lofty a destination for the national work of Messrs. Whistlecraft, our fancy was not at all checked by the inglorious designation of harness and collar makers. We reflected, that the modesty of genius had, probably, sought concealment under a lowly garb; and even if the authors should in reality follow the humble occupation to which they lay claim, has not Mr. Cobbett again and again demonstrated, that it is by the hands and fingers of artisans and labourers alone, that every thing valuable is produced?

The wide field of discussion, which these views opened to us,

gradually closed, as we advanced in the perusal of the prospectus and specimen. When we reached the end, we were convinced that the national work of Messrs. Whistlecraft was neither meant nor fitted for the end to which we fondly wished to adapt it. The speculations, in which we were ready to indulge, were therefore useless; and, what was still more mortifying, though we could tell what the prospectus did not mean, it was no easy matter to say what it did mean. The two brothers have framed their cipher so artfully, that it may be read by three or four keys; and if any presumptuous critic, obtaining one of these, should attempt to unfold the secrets of the puzzle, they can immediately spring forward with another, and expose his mistake. We were for some time at a loss which of the keys to choose; and we had almost resolved to consider the work as a code of political wisdom, when we were deterred by the very delicate discussions in which we found ourselves entangled, in interpreting some of the passages where allusions are made to recent events:

“ Before the feast was ended, a report
Fill’d every soul with horror and dismay;
Some ladies on their journey to the court
Had been surpris’d, and were convey’d away,
By the aboriginal giants, to their fort,—
An unknown fort,—for government, they say,
Had ascertain’d its actual existence,
But knew not its direction, nor its distance.”

With the Reports of Secret Committees still wet from the press, would it not have been rank imprudence to venture on a commentary upon the last three lines? We therefore resolved to walk in a less thorny track than that of politics; and accordingly we announce to our readers, that the work of Messrs. Whistlecraft ought to be considered as a choice collection of the peculiar beauties of the present age of English poetry, from which young gentlemen will derive no less advantage in their attempts to acquire a truly modern and fashionable poetical taste, than from their *Gradus ad Parnassum* in the composition of nonsense Latin verses.

Recollecting the old saying, that example is better than precept, we shall not lay down any general canons of criticism which might be deduced from the verses of these Suffolk bards; we shall rather sketch the outline of the structure of the work, and quote a few of the most brilliant passages, that our readers may enjoy the fragrance while we explore the recesses of the flowers. The national work is divided, according to the most approved fashion, into cantos; and is preceded by what has hitherto had no appropriate name in poetry, though in prose it is usually called a preface, or an introduction, or an advertise-

ment to the reader. Messrs. Whistlecraft denominate it a proem; and we think the poetical nomenclature is indebted to them for the appellation. The office of the proem is to serve as a kind of lumber-room for things that have no connexion with the subject of the work, or with one another, but which can, without much difficulty, be done into rhyme. The genius of the Whistlecraft family is very conspicuous in the execution of this part of their task.

" I've often wish'd that I could write a book,
 Such as all English people might peruse;
 I never should regret the pains it took,
 'That's just the sort of fame that I should choose;
 To sail about the world like Captain Cook,
 I'd sling a cot up for my favourite muse,
 And we'd take verses out to Demerara,
 To New South Wales, and up to Niagara.

" Poets consume exciseable commodities,
 They raise the nation's spirit when victorious,
 They drive an export trade in whims and oddities,
 Making our commerce and revenue glorious;
 As an industrious and pains-taking body 'tis
 That poets should be reckoned meritorious;
 And, therefore, I submissively propose
 To erect *one board for verse, and one for prose.*
 * * * * *
 Each board to have twelve members, with a seat
 To bring them in, per annum, five hundred neat."

We know not which excellence is most conspicuous in this passage;—the poetical art with which it is composed,—or the skill with which that art is concealed. Horace long ago enacted, as a fundamental law of verse, that poetry should begin with smoke and end with fire, rather than begin with fire and end in smoke. In conformity with this ancient maxim, the commencement of our national work is studiously depressed, and mean almost to slovenliness; here are no coruscations to dazzle us; all is simple and unassuming; the commonest things are expressed in the commonest words; and if the poet should not afterwards soar to the loftiest heights of Parnassus, he at least has the comfortable assurance of being in no danger of tumbling lower. The versification has a merit highly prized of late days. We do not allude to the double rhymes at the end of the first stanza, nor to the rich treble rhymes in the second; but to the pleasing harshness with which their melody is diversified, and which, in modern criticism, is held to add as great a charm to the graceful flow of verse, as a rivulet gains, when, from a smooth, still, course it begins to glide with a rippling lively current over a pebbly bed. This is a secret

in the art which formerly was little practised. Pope, for instance, and Thomson, and Goldsmith, are so invariably melodious, that the ear of a true critic is soon cloyed with the luscious richness of the stream of sound which they pour fourth. Even Dryden was never rough, but when he had no leisure to be smooth. It was reserved for a later age to discover, that harshness is a necessary ingredient in poetical harmony; in obedience to which maxim, Messrs. Whistlecraft, after sliding softly through the first stanza, push through the second with much less regularity of movement; until their progress becomes exquisitely jolting, and jerking. The first two lines contain an amiable proof of modesty, which ought not to be robbed of its meed of praise:

"I've often wished that I could write a book,
Such as all English people might peruse."

Most men would have wished to write a book, which all their countrymen would like to read: but our brothers, with the proud humility of conscious genius, confine their desires, or at least their language, to the production of a work which it shall be possible for all Englishmen to peruse. It is likewise worthy of remark, that it is not a distant, casual, and ceremonious acquaintance with the goddesses of verse, which our two brothers have to boast of: they are in possession of all the privileges of long intimacy: instead of appearing before the Muses as humble votaries, preparing offerings for their acceptance, or decking bowers for their abode, they treat them without reserve, and talk of packing them off as plain men do their wives, to sell their small wares wherever they can find customers. At first this appeared to us to savour not a little of an unpoetical concern for the means of subsistence: but, on second thoughts, we are inclined to ascribe the uncourteous mode of procedure, which they speak of adopting, to the more dignified motive of solicitude for their poetical fame; since the muse would naturally be the most zealous propagator of the fame, which had been the fruit of her own inspiration.

The second line of the enumeration of the merits of poets,

"They raise the nation's spirit when victorious,"

contains one of those happy peculiarities of conception, which genius alone can reach, though even genius cannot always command them. An ordinary mind, especially if it happened to have any recollection of Tyrtæus and the Spartans in the Messenian war, might have struck out the idea, that poets are of use to raise the spirits of the vanquished: but is there any thing wonderful in raising what is low? to lift what is already high to a still greater height is surely a much more uncommon and stupendous effect: and accordingly, our Suffolk bards, with great

originality and felicity of thought, eulogize their art, not because it alleviates the dejection of defeat, but because it adds even fresh extravagance to the intoxication of victory.

The preceding line,

“Poets consume exciseable commodities,”

though it has no pretensions to that brilliance of conception which we have just been admiring, is yet remarkable for the skill with which it takes advantage of the present predilection for every thing that smells of political economy. This ground of praise will appear to be very aptly chosen, when we consider that the excise is that branch of the revenue in which till very lately the greatest deficiency has taken place, and that it is to the government that the cause of the poetical fraternity is here recommended. We are surprised that Messrs. Whistlecraft did not carry their eulogy further: they might have asserted, that poets produce, as well as consume exciseable commodities; for poetry was long ago defined by the primitive fathers to be *vinum dæmonum*—the devil's wine. They probably rejected this notion, because, if adopted, it would bring poetry under the cognizance of the Commissioners, which would be inconsistent with their plan for establishing two boards, one for verse, and one for prose. The idea of the two Boards exhibits the strength and copiousness of the Whistlecraft imagination, more conspicuously than any other part of the poem. We have only to regret, that they have not entered at more length into the details of an establishment of so great consequence to the public prosperity. Some, to take away from the merits of the proposal, may perhaps hint a suspicion, that the authors, far from being altogether disinterested, entertain an expectation of receiving the recompense of their ingenuity, by being themselves nominated to two seats. For our parts we acquit them of these grovelling views; for they cannot but be aware that such a nomination would be the extreme of impropriety. The Board of Excise might as well be filled with soap-boilers and distillers. Unless all dealers in verse and prose be excluded from the tribunals which are to have the superintendence of these commodities, the members will never be able to exert their authority with effect: for though their virtue might resist the temptations to abuse, they would never escape suspicion. Some may allege, that the gentlemen of the two boards should be skilled in verse and prose, which they cannot be without practice in these arts. But what do the members of the Board of Trade know about commerce and manufactures? and yet, is not the Board of Trade universally allowed to be one of the most harmless boards in the kingdom? The whole objection proceeds upon the very false notion, that the members of a public establishment

ought to understand the affairs of which they have the management. Such an idea can be entertained by those only, who hastily apply to public concerns the maxims of their domestic economy, without a due consideration of the principles of constitutional law.

Our bards, having thus suggested a hint for the encouragement of learning by the state, proceed to lament the loss of the twenty guineas which authors, in former times, were wont to receive from the patrons to whom they dedicated their works.

“ Then twenty guineas was a little fortune ;
 Now we must starve unless the times should mend :
 Our poets now-a-days are deem'd importune
 If their addresses are diffusely penn'd :
 Most fashionable authors make a short one
 To their own wife, or child, or private friend,
 To show their independence, I suppose ;
 And that may do for gentlemen like those.”

We agree with Messrs. Whistlecraft in deprecating the practice of gratuitous dedication. But, instead of bringing back the old fashion, we are inclined to think that it would be more profitable for the literary part of the community to adopt, as the general practice, what was attempted (we know not whether with success) in the case of *Tristram Shandy* ; where the dedication, printed at full length, is followed by an advertisement that it shall belong to whatever nobleman or gentleman shall offer the highest price. The sale of dedications by auction would, we have no doubt, extend the market for them very considerably. The fashion of family dedication is supported by such eminent examples—by that of Sir Humphry Davy, for instance, who inscribes his *Elements of Chemistry* to Lady Davy—and of Sir John Sinclair, who dedicates his *History of the British Revenue* to his son—that it threatens to become very prevalent, unless it is checked in its growth by being subjected to penalties. We wish that our limits allowed us to point out all the unassuming beauties of language, which lurk in the stanza which we have just quoted. We can do no more than direct the attention of our readers to the simple energy of the last line, and to the striking antithesis between *that* and *those*. “ And that may do for gentlemen like those.” We are not sure, however, that this flower of Parnassus is the genuine growth of Messrs. Whistlecraft's garden.

The conclusion of the poem is very properly occupied with announcing the theme of the intended national work, and the reasons which have determined the authors in the choice of their subject.

- " King Arthur, and the knights of his round table,
 Were reckon'd the best king and bravest lords,
 Of all that flourish'd since the tower of Babel;
 At least of all that history records;
 Therefore I shall endeavour, if I'm able,
 To paint their famous actions by my words:
 Heroes exert themselves in hopes of fame,
 And having such a strong decisive claim,
- " It grieves me much, that names that were respected
 In former ages, persons of such mark,
 And countrymen of ours, should lie neglected,
 Just like old portraits lumbering in the dark:
 An error such as this should be corrected,
 And if my muse can strike a single spark,
 Why then (as poets say) I'll string my lyre,
 And then I'll light a great poetic fire;
- " I'll air them all, and rub down the round table,
 And wash the canvass clean, and scour the frames,
 And put a coat of varnish on the fable,
 And try to puzzle out the dates and names;
 Then, as I said before, I'll heave my cable,
 And take a pilot, and drop down the Thames."

We have already admired the plain unadorned style with which the poem began; the profusion of figures and richness of imagery with which it concludes is no less worthy of applause. A careless reader might suppose that, after the spark has been struck, and the poetic fire lighted, and the portraits aired, and the round table rubbed down, and the canvass washed, the frames scoured, and the fable varnished, there is an incongruity of metaphor in heaving the cable, taking a pilot, and dropping down the Thames. The fact however is, that the last two lines, instead of being metaphorical, contain a literal statement of a plain matter of fact. They have nothing to do, like scouring the canvass or varnishing the fable, with the composition of the poem, but allude to the purpose of the writers, when the task of versification is finished, to set out on a voyage, with a view to retail their work in New South Wales.

The poem being finished, the national poem itself commences. After a description of the feasts and revels, the knights and ladies of King Arthur's court, we are presented with the characters of Sir Launcelot, Sir Tristram, and Sir Gawain, drawn very elaborately, and kept as distinct as heroes of an epic poem ought ever to be. Into the composition of each, a few grains of mystery are thrown; which, according to the rules of modern poetical pharmacy, is essential to the composition of an interesting personage. In the second canto intelligence arrives, that a company of ladies had been carried off by a band of giants. The knights pursue,

discover the castle of the giants, and attack it without success. Sir Gawain then conducts his operations against it in regular form; and after much labour perceives that he is not likely to effect his purpose in this way; or, as our bards beautifully express it:

“ In fact his confidence had much diminished,
Since all his preparations had been finished.”

Lastly, Sir Tristram attempts to gain the fortress, by a *coup de main*; and after much difficult climbing, hard fighting, and abusive railing, finds himself in possession of it; delivers all the ladies, with the exception of two fat duennas, who had been devoured; and forms a sentimental friendship with a sick giant, who had been saved from the general carnage. The canto concludes with announcing, that the ensuing part of the poem will contain an account of a giant's travels and education.

The merits of the construction of this plot are very conspicuous. It has always been deemed of poetical importance that the scenes which the poet paints to our imagination should follow one another in such an order, that the impression of each may be increased by the contrast subsisting between its general character and the general character of the scene immediately preceding; and that the fancy, instead of being tired with the sameness, may be refreshed by the variety of the pictures which are set before it. To try Messrs. Whistlecrafts' work by this criterion, we have merely to throw a cursory glance over the assemblages of ideas, by which it successively arrests our attention. First, we have the dishes on which King Arthur's court feasted, twenty-one in number, according to our reckoning; then the rude jollity of the menials is described; the courteous knights enter next; after whom the ladies make their appearance; three highly finished portraits of the three principal knights fill the following eight pages; then comes the consternation produced by the intelligence of the ladies' misfortune; the journey of the knights, their arrival at the place where the giants had supped, the description of the castle, the assault, the regular progress of the siege, Sir Tristram's *coup de main*, with its attendant horrors and bloodshed;—and that the reader may not be dismissed with a painful impression, the whole terminates with the pleasing sympathy which attaches Sir Tristram to the sick giant. They who cannot trace the most consummate art in this developement of the action of the work, must be pronounced insensible to poetical beauty.

The colouring of the piece is not inferior to the general disposition of its parts. The beauties of language and versification, which we pointed out at considerable length in the poem, appear in every part of the work. It is only a few of the more brilliant

passages that we can afford to extract ; and even these few must be given unaccompanied by the full commentary which their merit would entitle them to claim. The following description of the knights and ladies must be admired ; though perhaps it was not quite fair to mention as a defect in the gentlemen, that they had not attained to the accomplishment of driving stage coaches. Had stage coaches then existed, we would have resigned the reputation of the knights to its fate : but to blame them for not doing what it was impossible to do, is an harshness which the sternest *arbiter elegantiarum* could scarcely approve.

- “ Their manners were refined and perfect—saving
 Some modern graces, which they could not catch,
 As spitting through the teeth and driving stages,
 Accomplishments reserved for distant ages.
- “ They looked a manly, generous generation ;
 Beards, shoulders, eyebrows, broad, and square, and thick,
 Their accents firm and loud in conversation,
 Their eyes and gestures eager, sharp, and quick,
 Show'd them prepar'd, on proper provocation,
 To give the lie, pull noses, stab, and kick :
 And for that very reason, it is said,
 They were so very courteous and well bred.
- “ The ladies look'd of an heroic race—
 At first a general likeness struck your eye,
 Tall figures, open features, oval face,
 Large eyes, with ample eyebrows, arch'd and high ;
 Their manners had an odd peculiar grace,
 Neither repulsive, affable, nor shy ;
 Majestical, reserved, and somewhat sullen—
 Their dresses partly silk, and partly woollen.”

The first appearance of the giants is characteristic both of them and of the work.

- “ Sir Gawain tried a parley, but in vain—
 A true bred giant never trusts a knight—
 He sent a herald, who return'd again,
 All torn to rags and perishing with fright ;
 A trumpeter was sent, but he was slain—
 To trumpeters they bear a mortal spite :
 When all conciliatory measures fail'd,
 The castle and the fortress were assail'd.
- “ But, when the giants saw them fairly under,
 They shovelled down a cataract of stones,
 A hideous volley, like a peal of thunder,
 Bouncing, and bounding down, and breaking bones,
 Rending the earth, and riving rocks asunder ;
 Sir Gawain inwardly laments and groans,
 Retiring last, and standing most exposed ;—
 Success seem'd hopeless, and the combat closed.”

The fury of the combatants has evidently communicated a sympathetic ardour to the imagination of the poet; for, in one and the same breath, the stones are put into a shovel, become a cataract, are next a volley, and last of all, a peal of thunder. A reader of taste, who give the verse its proper cadence, will find in the line

“ Bouncing, and bounding down, and breaking bones,”
an adaptation of the sound to the sense, as exquisite as any that Homer or Virgil affords. The concluding line,

“ Success seem'd hopeless, and the combat closed,”
has a wonderful dignity of expression, and flows with a solemn majesty, which is worth at least half the meaning.

The railings between Achilles and Agamemnon in the *Iliad*, are not managed with more attention to nature, when urbanity is lost in resentment, than the mutual salutations of our Tristram and the giants in the final and successful attack.

“ The giants saw them on the topmost crown
Of the last rock, and threaten'd, and defied—
‘ Down with the mangy dwarfs there !—Dash them down !
Down with the dirty pismires !’—Thus they cried.
Sir Tristram, with a sharp sarcastic frown,
In their own giant jargon thus replied :
‘ Mullinger !—Cacamole !—and Mangonell !
You cursed cannibals, I know you well—
“ ‘ I’ll see that pate of yours upon a post—
And your left-handed squinting brother’s too—
By heaven and earth, within an hour at most,
I’ll give the crows a meal of him and you—
The wolves shall have you,—either raw or roast—
I’ll make an end of all your cursed crew.’
These words he partly said and partly sang,
As usual with the giants, in their slang.”

Messrs. Whistlecraft are entitled to praise, not merely for the distribution of their matter, and for the poetical beauties with which they have adorned it, but for the subject itself. Poetry has of late been rambling over ground which formerly had not the reputation of classical. From the isles of Scotland to the plains of Hindostan, there is scarcely a region on which the foot-step of the English muse has not been imprinted. The rude legends of our forefathers, and even the incoherent inelegant mythology of Brahma, have received fresh beauty from her hands. We have long wondered that she has continued so long insensible to the attractions of the giants and ogres, who have agitated, and still agitate, so many youthful hearts, and who have so large a share in producing the pains and the joys of the nursery. The poet, who shall celebrate them with worthy strains, will find

in the breast of every person, who in his childhood has followed Jack the Giant-killer through his marvellous adventures, a chord which will vibrate responsive to his notes. Such a bard Mr. William Whistlecraft in part was, and such we hope the surviving brother will yet prove himself to be. He will then be to giants what Walter Scott is to feudal chieftains; and as much as a giant surpassed the most brawny borderer, by so much may he promise himself that his fame will exceed that of the minstrel of the North.

ART. IX.—STATE OF MORALS AND CRIMINAL JURISPRUDENCE IN FRANCE.

1. *Memoirs of Madame Manson, explanatory of her Conduct on the Trial for the Assassination of M. Fualdès: written by herself, and addressed to Madame Engelran, her Mother. Translated from the French, and accompanied by an Abstract of the Trial, and a concise Account of the Persons and Events alluded to in the Memoirs.* 12mo. pp. 276. Baldwin and Co. London, 1818.
2. *Procédure de l'Assassinat de M. Fualdès, devant la Cours d'Assises de Rhodex.* 8vo. pp. 300.

THERE is a M. Jouy in Paris, who, as a member of the French Academy, is to be regarded as an author of considerable name and authority amongst our neighbours, and who has written eleven or twelve volumes of essays, expressly on "*the Manners and Usages*" of his native land. This gentleman, in the course of these essays, censures what he declares to be the well-known and acknowledged propensity of his countrymen to undervalue themselves and their country; and, to prove that he, at least, ought not to be included in the reproach, which may be justly brought against the Parisians and Gascons in particular, for this excess of humility and diffidence, he states his own opinion in the following clear terms:—"We are, whatever we may be pleased to say of ourselves, the best, the most social, and the most enlightened nation of Europe."

This sentiment, though it may seem rather abrupt, and somewhat singularly introduced, as it is stated with every appearance of sincere conviction, merits serious attention. It is a pity, we allow, that the French should undervalue themselves; and it is our duty to say this, because, on the other hand, we should not feel inclined, for particular reasons, which we shall probably specify in the sequel, to submit quietly to hear them

very much overvalue themselves. Least of all should we be inclined to submit to this, if the superiority were assumed, not in a burst of virtuous patriotism, or in the enthusiasm excited by some splendid manifestation of public spirit or principle, but in the supercilious repetitions of a presumptuous arrogance whose living impulse is levity, and whose daily food is licentiousness. The superiority we recognize should certainly consist in something which we can usefully imitate or honourably admire: the sacrifice of self ought only to be made at the altar of Greatness or of Goodness: when we practise mortification it ought to be with a view to improvement in moral worth and dignity. It would be infatuation in the last degree to consent to honour what we should be ashamed to be, or, still worse, to receive corruption in return for acknowledging others to be more deserving than ourselves.

Before going further, however, we must permit ourselves the pleasure of unequivocally recognizing the superior ingenuity of our neighbours. To claim with a boldness, which some may think approaches to effrontery, a triple superiority over all the world, and at the same instant to lodge a demand on that generous regard which most people are delighted to pay to merit when ignorant of its own existence, is a combination of opposite, and, as they have usually been thought, of contradictory pretensions, which probably no one but a Frenchman would have imagined, and which certainly none but a Frenchman would have had bravery enough to publish. Wonders, however, of this nature, are by no means rare in that happy country, where the sentiments of doubt and difficulty, that press so heavily on the rest of mankind, can scarcely be said to exist at all. M. Jouy's union of the edifying spectacle of national humility with the majestic display of national pride, is one of their most common feats of dexterity. "How comes it," says a critic in the *Mercure*, "that we French are so unjust towards our historians, notwithstanding they are superior to those of any other nation? We persist in thinking that we have rivals in this department of literature, whereas nothing can be more evident than that Montesquieu is above Gibbon, and that Hume and Robertson must yield precedence to Voltaire, considered simply as a writer of history."—Who can help being prepossessed in favour of an amiable people, who declare to us that they are first in every thing, and that they are conscious of their excellence in nothing? It would surely be the height of injustice to refuse our acknowledgments to this double claim: if we deny the merit, should we not yield to the modesty? and if we doubt the modesty, ought we not to be vanquished by the merit?

But the total unconsciousness of the French as to those eminent virtues which they assure us they possess, has not hindered

them from exclaiming bitterly and vociferously against Lord Stanhope, because, as they express it, he has been base enough to accuse their national manners of looseness in regard to morality, and their national politics of a tendency to change, to disorder, and to aggression. One of their writers, a member of the Academy, has declared it to be an example of the extraordinary magnanimity of France, that Lady Stanhope was suffered to reside in Paris after these ideas of her husband were known; and there is not a bravo on their half-pay list who does not pretend that a British peer owes him a personal account for the opinion he has been unfortunate enough to form, and hardy enough to express in the British Parliament, clashing rather violently with M. Jouy's decision, quoted above. This puts us in mind of a note which Scudery added to one of his doggrels: "*Should any one take it into his head that this poetry is bad, I wish to tell him that my name is Scudery, and that I wear a sword.*" A stripling of Paris, who writes political pamphlets in a style of suffocating bombast, having last year reflected very severely, as he thought, on England, magnanimously dispatched an intimation to Sir Charles Stuart, that he lived *au quatrième* in some street or other, and that he held himself responsible as a man for all he had said; but that if he was attacked according to the fashion of ambassadors, he had no protection against poignards or poison! Differing from Lord Stanhope, in thinking that the army of occupation should be continued in France, and anxious to take an opportunity of declaring, that we consider the attempt on the life of the Duke of Wellington to have been the isolated act of some madman or ruffian, such as might be found in any country, we must yet hesitate to admit that his Lordship has calumniated spotless innocence. M. Lafite, in an excellent speech, delivered in the Chamber of Deputies, has recently indeed declared it to be villanous to distrust the pacific feelings of his nation; "for," said he, "the public wish pronounces itself loudly, that our politics may not for the future disturb any neighbouring people." It may be so; but who has heard this loud expression, and where are the indications of such a wish? In the *Minerve* (lately the *Mercure*), a periodical work, which is the organ of M. Lafite's party, there have appeared, it is true, several bitter attacks on Lord Stanhope, for daring to affirm, that there are men in France hostile in heart to the Bourbons, and that the mass of disbanded soldiers, and officers on the half-pay, cherish an ardent desire to renew the work of plunder and aggraudizement. Certainly the *Minerve* ought to know the real sentiments of these people; but unluckily, in the same number with one of these violent vindications of the morality and good temper universal at present among the French, we discovered a song ad-

dressed to the military, in which a camp prostitute addresses them in the plain language of her profession, in words with which we cannot pollute our pages, recalling to their recollection the various capitals in which they had practised their orgies, and bidding them hope that some day ere long they might yet drink a glass together at the expense of M. Lafite's "peuples voisins!" It is to be observed, that the *Minerve* publishes on its cover a list of its authors, amongst whom are three members of the Academy, and a Professor of the College of France; it is not, therefore, one of those obscure or contemptible works, the profligacy of which may be considered a matter of course, like the filthiness of low resorts. On the contrary, it connects itself with the dignity of the great Literary Corporation of France; it is identified with avowed writers of name and celebrity; it therefore forms a part of the unexceptionable evidence which the French nation furnishes respecting its own public character and disposition. Instead of breathing that "vœu national" for peace and concord, of which M. Lafite speaks, its general tone is inveterately malignant; and a host of minor works notoriously seek support by addressing the passions of Buonaparte's soldiery; filling their columns with all the falsehoods that credulous rancour invents or collects, for the purpose of again inflaming these trampled firebrands. The style of these incitements often affords a curious illustration of the propriety of M. Jouy's reproach of his countrymen for too much modesty. "The crowd," says one of the writers in question, "still continues to collect before an engraving, which represents a dying French grenadier keeping in check by his *countenance* a whole detachment of the enemy!" So much for the meekness of the French, and their present pacific temper, which they say Lord Stanhope has calumniated. Brantome, their old court chronicler, after narrating the scandalous amours of their queens and ladies, usually concludes the picture of each by assuring his readers, that she *was a good and virtuous woman, an honour to France, very chaste, and withal pious!*

As to the morality of general manners in France, which it appears Lord Stanhope, like others of our countrymen, does not consider to be too exemplary, it is a point upon which a people may be well allowed to feel tenderly sensible. Wilful calumny here would indeed be very base: but at all times, and still more particularly under the present circumstances of the two countries, an undue concession of truth to courtesy would be both foolish and criminal. It has indeed been pronounced, in the flippant and superficial cant of liberality, that general judgments passed on national character must be unjust. This is one of the discoveries of the present day, and is loudly proclaimed by persons who would fain carry to the credit of their philosophy the amount

of their deficiency in solid sense and steady principle. It would be very unjust, we allow, to deny the virtue of a particular lady, or the honour of a particular gentleman, because we may have been led, by studying the history, and observing the conduct, of the particular people amongst whom he or she has been born, to form an opinion not over favourable to the steadiness of the public disposition, or the extent of the public information. But to maintain that we ought not to come to any general conclusions on such points, is, at all events, as we have said, a novelty. The first historians, philosophers, and moralists in all ages, have been accustomed to trace the natural effects of particular political institutions and religious systems in the distinctive features marked on the aspects of different nations; and from these, as recognized and notorious, they have deduced some of the most clear and striking of those admonitions which have entitled them to the gratitude and admiration of mankind. If national character is not to be examined, and pronounced upon, public institutions become matters of comparatively small moment; for particular individuals may live virtuously and amiably under any form of government, and, at this time of day, personal security may in general be ensured by a tranquil pursuit of private pleasures and occupations, undisturbed by any regard to politics. No person who possesses the power of observation can look at the two people, the French and the English, without discovering a marked difference of national character, the vein of which runs, as a line of separation, through all their conduct and proceedings. It is apparent in their revolutions, in their literature, in their oratory, in their courts of law, in their religions, in the application given to the public means in things that are considered of general utility. Posterity will recognize the difference; and those amongst us who are far from being ashamed of it, must naturally feel anxious that it should not be obscured or misrepresented at present.

The question, as to the state of public morality in any country, is a very extensive one: all that we can think of doing here is to notice some of the facts, that will be found, we apprehend, sufficient to relieve from the charge of calumny those of our travellers who have represented that, in the present intimate communications between the two people, England might lose more than she could gain by the example offered to her. The clear and irreconcilable distinction between virtue and vice, between the good and the bad, has always been regarded and described by sound thinkers as a circumstance the most essential to the existence of what is called public morals. However lamentably great may be the amount of crime committed in a country (and England has but too much reason to deplore the increased cata-

logue of her offences), while this line of demarcation is kept strongly marked and recognisable by all, there remains a sure defence against general corruption, and the vital parts of the state may be considered as still healthy. It is the want of the impression of this distinction on the public sentiment of France that strikes us as chiefly indicative of her moral derangement. Take, for instance, the works of M. Jouy, to whom we have already alluded, which are placed, says their publisher, "on a level with the English Spectator, giving a faithful picture of the manners and habits of the French of all classes." Throughout these essays we find female virtue and adultery described in the same tone, recounted with the same air of smiling observation, and the same turns of small and mannered pleasantry, according as the author pretends to have met with examples of each in society. But these opposite examples are not of equal numbers: far from it: the stratagems of paramours, and the infidelities of wives and husbands, form infinitely the largest proportion of ten or twelve volumes: they are represented in works, the principal avowed object of which is not raillery or satire, but faithful description and instruction, as matters of daily occurrence, amongst all conditions, the high, the middle, and the low: and this writer, who is put on a level with our Steel and Addison, passes *jauntily* over a series of intrigues and debaucheries, which he offers as "*constituting a faithful picture of the manners and habits of the French of all classes!*"—M. Jouy, it is true, often presents scenes in which we find all that is amiable glossily delineated: but we observe no difference in his air or manner, no attempt to excite different feelings in the breasts of his readers, when he is narrating the history and success of a licentious adventure, and when he is describing the touching ceremony of the first communion of an interesting young female. He makes no attempt, in short, to influence substantially the character; he appeals to no fixed principle; all is alike reconciled to the agreeable; and the person who sheds tears over the solemnity of the church, may dry them, and go without hesitation to realize the amour described in the next chapter. We instance M. Jouy's writings so particularly, because they profess to give a picture of the French, and because they do give one: above all, because this looseness, and emptiness of sentiment, by which they are characterized, is the most prominent quality of the national disposition, and the chief source of what are deemed its embellishments. The French Spectator frequently talks of morality; but it is a morality like the gallantry of his nation, which, says Thomas, "destroys nothing, and mingles itself easily with all, because it has no depth, and is rather a fashion of the spirit than a sentiment of the heart." This sort of facility belongs to them in every thing; and it would scarcely

be too severe to say, that it indicates that they are to be depended upon in nothing. It is this which has given such a ridiculous character to their political enthusiasm: they publish odes one day "Sur l'heureuse grossesse de l'Imperatrice," and the next the same persons will faint away over the odour of a faded lily!

The most moral chapter in these essays of M. Jouy is one wherein he alludes to the adulteries of the court of France, that form a regular division of its public history, and belong as intimately to its politics and manners as our contested elections do to ours. He owns the "urbanité des mœurs," which always has distinguished, and which continues to distinguish, France, "sur le chapitre de la fidélité des époux," adding, however, that conjugal virtue is considered a title to esteem, but "*le mépris ne s'attache pas toujours à sa violation.*" The severity of his own opinions on this matter may be judged of from the following passage. "Let the kings have their mistresses,—*let the queens have their favourites*,—it is a fault of which the *greatest part of their subjects would reproach them with a bad grace*. But that these mistresses should be publicly avowed, that they should be proud of their shame, that they should exact, that they should partake the honours of sovereignty, that they should give their name to the reign which they degrade,—that *the arts* should occupy themselves, or rather debase themselves by celebrating these splendid adulteries; that the historians, more vile than the courtiers, not having the same excuse, should consecrate this shameful celebrity; these are things which it is impossible to justify, and, if all must be said, which are not to be found in the records of any other people."

M. Jouy then agrees, not only that kings may have their mistresses, but that the *queens* of France may have their favourites; and, from his "picture of the morals and manners of the French of all classes," we learn that the *greater part* of their subjects would reproach such indulgences with a very bad grace! We ask, then, what English traveller has calumniated the appreciation of female virtue in France. Those who have considered it most deficient in proper strictness, have been careful to say that practical licentiousness was by no means to be generally argued from the miserable looseness of sentiments which they saw every where prevailing. M. Jouy, however, corrects them in this respect. What he says of the degradation of arts and of literature, peculiar to France amongst all other nations, exactly corresponds with what has been urged on the attention of our own public, in the language of censure and caution, by some of our countrymen, who have considered a faithful representation of the great moral maladies of nations, essential to improving the science of their preservation.—We have heard it affirmed, how-

ever, that such observations have only a fair application to the sentiments and manners of Paris; that these have always presented themselves prominently, as constituting the national character; but that, in truth, the great body of the French people, who live quietly in the provinces, possess qualities of a much more pure and steady kind. We would notice here incidentally, that it forms a peculiarity in the public disposition of France, distinguishing it at least very much from that of our people, to consider the capital as every thing, and the provinces as nothing. To this judgment the inhabitants of country places readily assent; and Paris is spoken of, in the distant parts of the kingdom, in language of reverential deference, which forms a striking contrast with the treatment of the Londoners by the people of England. This difference it is by no means unimportant to state; for it traces itself at once to a corresponding difference in the strength of thought and extent of instruction in the two nations. But as to the actual state of manners, in at least some of the principal districts of France, we can only venture to quote French authors, not without some fears that for repeating their own statements we may be accused by our neighbours of calumniating them.—M. Millin, a well-known savan, and “*Conservateur des médailles, des pierres gravées, et des Antiques, de la Bibliothèque Imperiale*,” has published several volumes of a Tour through the southern division of his country, made so lately as 1808. “*Les mœurs en Province*,” he says, “*sont infiniment plus dissolues qu’à Paris: on peut en faire la remarque dans les petites villes, et même dans les campagnes. Une jeune personne qui a joui par anticipation des prérogatives de la maternité, n’en trouve pas moins un bon parti: on a même vu une fille mère recevoir des visites de couches.*” He declares that, in the theatre of *Marseille*, married men commonly go, in the face of their families, whom they leave in a box, to converse and make arrangements with the common women who are collected in what is called the orchestra of a French theatre; and that “a husband may be frequently seen in one box with his kept mistress, while his wife sits opposite to him with the lover who consoles her, and whom she avows almost as publicly.” *Voyage dans les Departemens du Midi de la France, par Aubin-Louis Millin*, vol. iii. p. 328.

In the discussion of such questions as this, we can luckily spare ourselves the irksome and obnoxious task of investigating individual character: particular Frenchmen, and women, may deserve and receive our esteem; but there are general indications of the standard state of the public mind, the examination of which it is gross folly to consider as offering an insult to any one in particular. We turn, for instance, to M. Chenier’s picture of French literature (recently noticed in our Review), and there

we find the obscure works of Laclos and Louvet drily stated among the novels of the period, without a word of caution even, far less of indignant criticism. Grécourt's indecent and blasphemous poetry is often casually noticed in the newspapers, and other periodical publications; and if any thing like rebuke be ever ventured, it never takes a more serious shape than that of a gentle tap of pleasantry. Do not such facts as these fairly suggest a comparison between the two countries? Have we not seen one of the most fascinating and elegant of England's living poets, delivering himself in the commencement of his career to the impulses of a licentious fancy, turned forcibly from this improper course by the severe inflictions of criticism, supported by the grave manifestations of public displeasure? Would so honourable and desirable an amendment, so beneficial to the arts as well as advantageous to morals, have been produced by the voice of public opinion in France? The question is answered by the fact, that neither the Academy, nor any of the known organs of criticism, consider the licentiousness of an author as a thing to be blamed; and it is such circumstances as these that prove the superiority of one nation to another in regard to public morality. Examples of profligacy are but too multiplied in England: its commerce, its political exertions, its large population, and we may add, the strong qualities that enter into the composition of the national temper, combine to produce violations of the peace and order of society; but its principles are not affected by these; wickedness exists, but it is with a branded front, and confined to its proper dens. Even a disorderly carriage is with us followed by a debasement in popular estimation: all within the line of public respectability is kept at least decently clean; but who in France has ever thought of reproaching M. Parny with the immorality of his productions? Certainly no member of the Academy, when that writer was received as a member: on the contrary, the looseness of his pieces only then gave occasion to a discourse on the nature of erotic poetry amongst the ancients. The grossness of expression to be found in the works of some of the earlier English writers of high reputation, considering that they wrote at periods when manners were altogether on a different footing, and when language had, we may say, a different acceptation, is not to be put in parallel with that depravity of design and principle which dictates the indecencies that disgrace many celebrated names in French literature. The novels of Diderot and of Crébillon are atrocities to which happily we have no companions in the same rank of talent and celebrity: and we ask again, what French writer, in this age, which is described as one of reformation, has endeavoured to reduce such abomina-

tions to their proper level of contemptuous abhorrence? The glory, however, of modern Frenchmen is Voltaire: he is represented as an instructor in morals, a sage in philosophy, a model in art. The stranger who visits France must have considerable firmness and resolution if he can withstand the torrent that is brought to bear on any one who attempts to dispute his rightful supremacy in matters of virtue as well as of taste: yet so large a mass of depraved sentiment and false opinion as that which is contained in this author's voluminous works has never been thrown upon the world, by any other single writer. There is scarcely, in fact, a fine reputation that he has not calumniated, a noble principle that he has not disputed, a beautiful production that he has not abused. His general system of morality is fully explained in the following verses of his; and from them may be guessed the influence of his almost universal popularity in France:—

“ Mais Dieu, Père indulgent, nous voit d'un voix plus doux;
Il aime ses enfans, et veut les sauver tous :
On ne l'offense point par de l'aimables faiblesses.
Que lui font nos soupers, nos bords, et nos maîtresses?
Il nous donna des sens,—pourrait-il nous punir
Quand d'un present si beau nous cherchons à jouir ?”

The bishop of Beauvais, who delivered the funeral oration of Louis XV. having had the honest hardihood to notice the debaucheries of that monarch as vices, Voltaire addressed a letter to the preacher, in which he exclaims, “ Ah, Monsieur, employez le mot propre; l'amour est une faiblesse, l'ingratitude envers son bienfaiteur est une vice.” What is this but the reasoning of a venal and profligate courtier, who would decry honesty as ingratitude, and inculcate tenderness towards the irregularities of men in power; yet Voltaire is generally considered by the French as their principal leader in the cause of liberty. In one of the monthly numbers of a periodical work, which does great honour to France, and from which it might learn to improve its opinions on more points than one, we some time ago observed a remark made on the connexion of Voltaire's name with that of Liberty, which struck us as extremely just. “ There are certain liberal doctrines,” it said (we quote only from memory), “ from which people ought not, and will not at this time of day be turned; but the identification of these with the frivolous philosophy of the eighteenth century” (they mean the *French* philosophy) “ has been a great hindrance to the cause of truth and improvement.” For this hindrance Europe is entirely indebted to France: her conduct has rendered the terms which express the best things suspicious in the ears of the best people; and the period does not seem to be yet quite arrived when the minds of

men can entirely recover that certainty in just principles, from which they have been shaken by her opinions and example.

Are we to stifle and conceal the lesson which all this inculcates, for fear that the French should charge us with calumny? Are we, out of deference to their feelings, to avoid the examination of the facts of their history, and of such occurrences as their daily organs of intelligence recite to the world? We should be abandoning the best means of instruction, and the most forcible admonitions against certain dangers, if we were to make any such concession. At the conclusion of a long period of revolution, during each stage of which we have been told, not only by the French, but by many amongst ourselves, that France was building up a solid edifice of glory, which would darken the fame of all her neighbours, it becomes not only a matter of curiosity, but a necessary duty, to regard closely the state of her public mind and institutions. Let us imitate her, if we can improve ourselves by so doing; let us avoid what might lead us into the course which we have seen her take, if the result appears to our eyes mischievous and degrading. It is under this impression that we have been led to examine the publications containing the history of the inquiry into the murder of M. Fualdès, including, as that history does, an aggregation of circumstances which has excited the most lively sensation in France, and displayed the genuine action of its public feeling on events that materially affect the public interests.

We confess that we regard this history as peculiarly calculated to throw a clear and fair light on the disposition and attainments of the nation; for, in the first place, it relates the effects of a cause of popular excitement, which offers nothing to seduce or pervert the honest impulse of the public sensibility, as a political affair might be supposed capable of doing; and, secondly, it demonstrates the character of the independent administration of justice in France, in its function of protecting the safety and avenging the wrongs of society, where the moral sense of mankind is alone concerned; and no sinister motive of authority can be supposed to have an influence to turn it from an even, steady, cautious, faithful, and determined course. It is to the credit of public morality in a country when the functions of the ministers of justice are assisted by the solemn abhorrence of the public mind, directed against instances of enormous crime, and lending its affecting gravity to the discussion of transgressions against the first principles of nature as well as against the laws of all human institutions. Where this gravity of sentiment is wanting; where, in lieu of its supplying a power to the laws which the apparel of force cannot give to them, incidental circumstances are permitted to arrest the attention, and turn salutary horror into pernicious pleasantry;

where the popular writers find it their interest to spread a garniture around the hideous spectacle of murder and barbarity,—is it calumny to say that there must be a great deficiency of public conscience, heart, and dignity? Perhaps the principal security of a country is to be found in the stern and angry regards which society fixes on great delinquents, the frown of which nothing can divert or soften. If the mockery of justice, the impudence of depravity, the indecency of licentious manners, are permitted to constitute an agreeable relief from the contemplation of the sanguinary villany, to which they form a sort of farcical accompaniment, national manners may possess a certain glossiness of surface, the smoothness of which it is easy to vaunt; but the want of marked distinctions in the characters of men, and the qualities of things, will ever render such a state of society slippery and unsafe; and in times of trial, when radical properties are put to the test, the most direful calamities maybe expected to result from the absence of fixed rallying points for the virtuous, and of immoveable lines of separation and defence from the vicious.

This being indisputable, we apprehend, in regard to public morality, we would observe that the constitution of the administrative justice,—the general rules which define and guide its proceedings, in order that their operation may be at once safe and effectual in the course of its momentous investigations; that innocence may be protected against unhappy accidents, and guilt have little reason to flatter itself with the hopes of impunity, are the most convincing proofs that a nation can afford of the extent of its knowledge and sagacity; of the progress which true philosophy has made amongst its people, and of the rank which it has a right to claim in the scale of general estimation. Political power may be seized by desperate hands, and an enlightened people may be compelled to submit for a time to extravagancies that must appear on the face of its history, which nevertheless cannot fairly be said to characterize the nation. But it is at present the interest of all sorts of governments, as well as of their subjects, to organize with skill the administration of public justice, as applicable to the ordinary cases of civil engagements and criminal outrage. Buonaparte had his military tribunals, and his general power of exception in political cases, enabling him to supersede at pleasure all the established laws, and the functions of all the regular courts of the country: but justice, as between man and man, and between society and criminals, it was his object to place on the best possible footing; and he availed himself, for this purpose, of all the lights which France could afford. Whatever may be the body of rules thus formed into a system of justice by an act of authority, its character will soon

receive its most important practical qualities from the influence of the national mind, continually bearing upon its exercise, and modifying and applying, with a force that nothing can resist, the dry regulations that have been emitted from the council-rooms of lawyers and statesmen. In regard to this part of her institutions, therefore, France must take upon herself the entire praise or the censure due to its adequacy or its imperfections. The butcheries of the Revolution she traces, with admirable magnanimity, to Mr. Pitt; her submission to Buonaparté "to circumstances;" and his return from Elba to the English cabinet; but her code, and its practical administration in her courts, are her own, and she is proud of them. Not one of her public writers has hinted an objection, directed fundamentally against the principle of proceedings, which, as will be seen, include almost every possible variety of absurdity and unfairness. With reports of trials before them, which would raise in our country one general cry of alarm and astonishment, which would call forth irresistible argument for the reformation of such a fallacious and ill-concocted course of inquiry, and silence the most inveterate party-spirit by the superior feeling of universal interest,—we find the French silent, acquiescing, and many of them admiring the construction of their juridical machinery. Mr. Benjamin Constant has indeed proved that, in one instance lately, an innocent person was sentenced to death; but his able observations do not apply to the fundamental source of the evil: they are solely directed to the mischief done in one particular case. It is not that censure dare not exert itself in France. The priests, the foreigners, the nobles, are bitterly attacked; the measures of the administration are sharply criticized, as they ought to be; and the conduct of the magistrates in matters of police is strenuously debated. But the undignified, ridiculous, insufficient, and grossly unjust system adopted in their criminal courts, which daily affects the lives and reputation of individuals, and exposes the national respectability, attracts no attention whatever to its defects. The reason of this is, as we shall soon see, that its faults proceed clearly and distinctly from the national character; from its heartless frivolity, its love of theatrical display, its vanity, and, we add with reluctance, its *inhumanity*. After using such language, our facts ought to be incontrovertible,—and we believe they will be found so.

It is, then, with reference to two points of observation that we request attention to the contents of the publications whose titles are placed at the head of this article; viz. the interest which Madame Manson has excited in France,—and the forms under which the ministers of justice there conduct its investigations. We do not know that any more curious history could be offered to our readers: for however contemptible may be the individual whose name

gives the greatest interest to this case of murder, the influence which she has had in impeding the course of justice, and the attention which has been paid to her extravagancies by the gravest legal authorities, as well as by the body of the nation, render the circumstances of her notoriety highly interesting and singular.

Every body by this time has heard, that M. Fualdès, a gentleman of respectability, and an inhabitant of Rhodéz, a town in the south of France, was one morning, about twelve months ago, found murdered in the river that runs near that town. The circumstances of his assassination are said to be, that he was seized forcibly in the street about eight in the evening; carried by a troop of men into a house of bad fame, and stretched out upon a table; that his throat was then cut with a blunt knife; the blood given to a hog; and the body carried, in a kind of procession, to the river at no very late hour: some of the neighbours being at their doors, and several persons in the streets. The principal persons accused of contriving and executing this murder, are Jausson and Bastide, men of property and consideration in society; the first a relation, and both intimate friends, of the murdered man. An accomplice states the fact of carrying the body, but does not speak to the murder, not having been present. A little girl, the daughter of Bancal, who kept the disreputable house where the assassination is said to have taken place, is stated to have told some other little girls that she saw the above horrible scene take place from her bed, where she lay unknown to the murderers. She has since, however, denied the whole story, and has not been examined in court. The woman Bancal, Bastide, Jausson, Colard, and Bach, were condemned to die, as authors of the murder with premeditation; Anne Benoit, and a man named Missonier, were sentenced to be imprisoned for life, as concerned in the murder, without premeditation; and a daughter of Bancal, with the wife of Jausson, and the sister-in-law of Bastide, were declared innocent. The parties appealed in cassation,—and the court of cassation broke the whole proceedings; chiefly on account of an irregularity in administering the oath to the witnesses, sending the condemned persons to be tried again before the Court of Assizes at Albi.

The reading of the whole confused mass of reports, conjectures, speculations, and facts, as contested, affirmed, and any thing but proved in court, certainly leaves on the mind a strong impression that the condemned parties are really guilty. There are however many grave and almost insuperable difficulties in the way of such a conclusion, and nothing can be further removed from what would be deemed to warrant conviction in England. Still however we repeat, that, on the whole, we believe them to be guilty; but God forbid that we should have their lives on our

consciences in consequence of what has taken place against them in the French court. The general evidence it is not our intention to state; neither shall we detail the full particulars of the case: the public journals, and the publications themselves, are sufficient for the gratification of curiosity. We shall only observe, that Jaussion and Bastide are supposed to have been induced to commit the murder by certain money transactions subsisting between them and the deceased; and that the other persons accused are miserable creatures, who, if they have committed the crime in question, have been bought into it by the principal agents. A more strangely stupid scheme than this was certainly never contrived. Some of the many persons, male and female, so needlessly employed, appear to have had no previous intimation of the design, and to have been in situations leading most naturally to the speedy divulging of their share of the secret. Our object, however, is only to notice such particulars of the case as illustrate the monstrous imperfection of the mode of proceeding in the French criminal courts. It is not, therefore, to be supposed that nothing was stated in evidence beyond what we are about to quote: our design is not to establish either the guilt or the innocence of the accused—but to make it manifest that the observances which common sense, prudence, humanity, and justice impose, to guide and define the course of a trial for life or death, do not exist for a prisoner in France: that a looseness of proceeding is admitted which can scarcely fail to be frequently fatal to innocence,—and which involves outrages on justice almost as glaring as any crime that can come before the tribunal.

The most remarkable of the witnesses in this case we have not yet noticed; it is Madame Manson. Shortly after the discovery of the murder, it seems to have been reported in the town of Rhodéz that this lady, who lived there in a state of separation from her husband, was, by some accident or adventure, found in the disreputable resort at the instant when the murder was committed. Such reports are very clearly made out to have been caused by her own conversations. It was said that she had seen the assassination take place from the window of the closet where she was concealed; that she had been subsequently discovered by the murderers; that one of them wished to put her to death; but that her life was saved by another. Report mentioned Bastide as the person who wished to destroy her, and Jaussion as her preserver. M. Clemendot, an officer on the staff, who is by some supposed to be the gallant for the sake of whom Madame Manson went to the house of Bancal, declared before a magistrate that she had avowed to him having been an eye-witness of the murder. The lady was in consequence examined,—at first she denied totally. Confronted with M. Clemendot, “I ought,” says she in

her Memoir, "to have torn from his head the few hairs that there are left." After two or three examinations by the prefect, she intimated, that if her father would engage that her allowance should be regularly paid, and, above all, that she should not be compelled to live in the country with her mother and brothers, she would confess the whole truth. It was at this period that she commenced a series of letters to the prefect, which that worthy magistrate appears to have very graciously received, and which are all written in a style of sentimental heroics, that we are afraid would have been wasted on our Bow-street justices, and irreverently, we may say, considering the occasion, indignantly treated in our public journals, but which have had great success in Paris, where Madame Manson became the object of general eulogy and interest. The members of the French Academy who edit the *Minerve* quoted passages from them as equal in eloquence to the sermons of Bossuet! In her first letter she declares she will unveil the mystery. May Heaven grant her force to speak! Perhaps her life will be in danger,—but at all events she will do justice to a brave officer—meaning M. Clemendot. Elsewhere she draws the following portrait of this brave officer, which certainly is not in the manner of Bossuet: "His lower jaw projects; he has an enormous mouth and a mean nose; he squints; his complexion is wan; he is bald, and speaks through his nose; he is not taller than I am; his legs are like two gun-barrels, added to which he has a rage for wearing short breeches and black stockings." Probably it was this decent passage which inspired a poetical address to her that we have seen quoted in the Paris journals:

"J'ai vu de votre esprit tout Paris tributaire!
On vous croit un secret: je vous en connais deux:
N'avez-vous celui de plaire!"

In the presence of M. Clemendot, and before the magistrate, she now owned being at Bancal's. The officer having retired, and her father having come in, she retracted all, saying she had only joked with the aide-de-camp. Her Editor, who at first professes to believe her the most naïve and romantic of creatures, and who afterwards, when he quarrels with her, gives himself the lie, makes very light of these contradictions: "an impassioned moment might conduct such a character to make a false confession, and to sustain it in a *tête-à-tête*. Madame Manson has proved that she can brave all sufferings but the inquisition of the thought,—the *question morale*." This was unanimously considered as satisfactory in Paris, or, what was better, as finely and delicately said.

Besought by her father to speak the truth, she declared she was at Bancal's, but that she could not recognize any of the persons

concerned in the murder. Conducted to the place, she pointed out the closet, the window, the table; declared that the assassins had shown her a piece of paper, on which was written, "*if you speak, you perish.*" She added, that she was in a man's dress, and that she had burnt her pantaloons, because they were spotted with blood; "in fact," says she, in her Memoirs, "I was so tired, and so hungry, for it was five o'clock, that I said any thing that came into my head to escape most quickly from M. Le Prefect." The publication of such passages as these so kindled the enthusiasm of French gallantry in her favour, that she has concluded a bargain with a bookseller for the copyright of a volume formed of the tender and complimentary letters which she received during the course of the affair. Neither by the members of the French Academy who write in the *Minerve*, nor by any one Editor of any French journal, we believe, was a word said calculated to lead this infatuated woman to shame and penitence, and to spare their country the disgrace of having its magistrates and its public thus made the sport of her falsehoods in the serious matter of a trial for murder.

During the course of the night which followed this examination she "began to think that what she had said might be attended with bad consequences." She accordingly wrote two more letters to the prefect. In the first of these she says, "In you alone I put all my confidence;" but tells him nothing, because she "feels it to be impossible to connect two ideas together:" in the second she makes stronger claims than ever on the admiration of the editors and poets. "Abandon an unfortunate! overwhelm me with the weight of your anger!" One cannot imagine a correspondence of this nature going on between Sir Nathaniel Conant and a female witness who had seen an assassination committed in a brothel. She hints to the prefect that her confession is false; but that if he bids her sustain it, she will do so at all perils of her life.

At the next interview with the magistrate, she agrees that she was in the house: soon afterwards, her confessor having told her, what she had not before thought of, that she implicated the woman Bancal by saying that she had seen a murder committed in her apartment, she retracts all again, and writes to the prefect, complaining against "the malignity of the public;" accounts for her false deposition, by saying "she had lost her head," that her energy had been subdued for a moment, but that she will recover it again.

Again "reflecting on her situation," she continued the correspondence. She begged the prefect not to imagine that it was her design to amuse him by false tales. "Could you suppose me capable of such wickedness?" she asks. She requests the magis-

trate to prove to her that *virtue exists in the nineteenth century*—and hopes that he will *burn her letters!*

The judges arrive in the town; still more letters to the prefect: she informs him that should *one* being show himself interested in her fate, she might yet love life; that her heart is ulcerated; that she has not studied Machiavel. The public prosecutor (le Procureur General du Roi) received a visit from her; he told her that her fine voice was well known at Montpellier, and then spoke of the murder. From the public prosecutor she passed to the chief judge, who was to preside at the trial the next morning. Our readers will be astonished to hear that he received her, and conversed with her on the cause! The other judges came into the room; the President did the honours of his apartment with more politeness than Lord Ellenborough would probably have shown in such circumstances, introducing Madame Manson to his brethren. He observed to them that “Madame was in such a state of irritation, that she was resolved to force M. Clemendot, the pistol at his breast, to speak the truth, and that she would blow his brains out if he resisted!” She declares in her Memoirs, that she made a great impression on the Bench at this private interview. She again writes to her old correspondent the prefect, to say, that she “*had seen in his eyes all the excess of his sensibility!*”

When the trial came on she resolved in good earnest to shoot M. Clemendot: full of this design, she called a young milliner from the street, bade her step to Madame Pons, and ask for a loaded pistol. “This lady flatly refused what I demanded;” but “*rage passed away, and religion and reason returned!*” She wrote to her father that the great blow should be struck; that the tribunal would be astonished; that the wretches should perish!

Introduced into court as a witness, the president made her a speech, in the course of which he told her that she was *an angel destined by Providence* to clear up a horrible mystery. She was invited to tell all she knew of the assassination; on which, says the reporter, she darted a terrible look at the accused, and fainted away. A *maréchal-de-camp* and others, fly to her help. Recovering, she cried out, “Remove from my sight these assassins!” She then deposed that she knew of no assassins, and that she had never been at Bancal’s:—she added that she believed Bastide and Jaussion were there. “Why do you believe so?” “In consequence of anonymous notes I have received.”—“Since you say you know nothing yourself against these men, why did you call them assassins?”—“By conjecture: besides (turning to Jaussion) when one kills one’s children, one may kill one’s friend.” The chief judge enters with much eager curiosity into this story about killing children; and a good deal of loose talk takes place on this subject between him and his visitor of the

evening before, all in the hearing of the jury. Being still further pressed, Madame Manson again fainted away—but this time she kept her seat. On her *recovery*, she put her hand on the sword of an officer, who was administering the remedies proper in such cases, and exclaimed “You have got a knife!” The officer removed his sword that she might not be alarmed by its sight.

M. Fualdès, the son of the murdered person, is busy in court during the whole proceedings; he is indulged with permission to make speeches as often and as long as he pleases, and on any subject that may occur at the moment. The public prosecutor and another lawyer are employed against the prisoners, but that appears to be no reason why M. Fualdès should not also take possession of the court at his pleasure. The best possible understanding seems to have existed between him and the judges; he abused Bastide’s advocate in outrageous terms, often interrupted the prisoners in their defence, and favoured the audience with long accounts of his mode of living at Paris, what company he kept, and what were his motives and feelings in pursuing the assassins of his father. Nothing could equal the nobleness of his conduct, say the reporters; and the audience never failed to dissolve in tears whenever he opened his mouth. When the accused persons take the undue liberty of cross-questioning him, the Court murmurs disapprobation! The display of grief made by M. Fualdès is scarcely less theatrical than Madame Manson’s horrors; but what is most offensively ridiculous is his intolerance and impatience, which perpetually goad him to interrupt the debates. The advocate for Jaussion having objected to the testimony of a domestic belonging to the family of the murdered man, that his statement before the court went much further than his deposition before the Judge of Instruction, M. Fualdès gets up without ceremony, and informs the Court, that his servant ought to be easily excused for the omission, inasmuch as he himself could scarcely at first bring himself to believe in the guilt of Jaussion (then on his trial). “I was in my bed,” said M. Fualdès, “when at the approach of that person I felt an indescribable horror, so much so, that I shrunk beneath the clothes to avoid his sight. It was then, as if by inspiration, I felt convinced he had been the principal instigator of the murder of my father!” All this goes without a word of caution from any body to the jury. M. Fualdès, as attentive to the inspirations of others as to his own, requested the Court to order a file of armed men to be placed between the prisoners and Madame Manson, that she might feel reassured; this arrangement of the scenery took place, and had a striking effect. Madame Manson played her part still more interestingly; she assured M. Fualdès, with whom she carried on the dialogue, that to discover

the assassins of his father, she would give all she had—"All," she added with a sigh, "but my son!"

Is it not strange, is it not most lamentable, that there should not be found one person in France to point out how unworthy all this miserable mummery is of a court of justice: to indicate the folly and the enormity of permitting melo-dramatic scenes of mock-sensibility to be acted before a jury assembled to try men on life or death: to show how the judgment seat is degraded, and the moral principle, that can alone sustain its dignity, injured, when a judge declares to a witness, in the situation of Madame Manson, that she is an *angel commissioned from heaven to reveal the truth!* Is it not fearful that it should not strike one Frenchman to maintain, that life and character can only be safe in a country where justice takes a calm, dry, and deliberative course in pursuing its investigations, limiting its proceedings to the establishment of absolute facts, and carefully excluding from access into the tribunal, not only the heated imaginations of individuals, but also those natural emotions, which, if honourable to friends and relations, lose their respectability when paraded in public, and which ought never to be permitted to disturb the gravity of an official inquiry. That the multitude should be rash, violent, and prejudiced, with reference to an enormous crime, is not to their discredit; but here are judges and lawyers substituting heroics in the place of deliberation, and, instead of opposing the necessary checks to tumultuous precipitation and mistake, as their stations call upon them to do, joining the general extravagance, as if fearful to lose their share of the *eclat!* Is it illiberal to suggest in what a very different and how much more respectable a manner such an affair would have been conducted in this country? A woman of the character of Madame Manson might have been permitted to amuse the public in matters of a less tremendous character than an assassination; our people may be "fooled to the top of their bent" in many things; but luckily we do not so terribly confound what ought to be kept immeasurably separate. When a certain barrier is passed, the public mind in this country returns to seriousness and reflection; and those whose peculiar duty it is to give the signal when trifling ought to cease, have not yet been found to be totally regardless of that sacred charge.

The astonishment of our readers will be increased when they find the chief judge exclaiming, in the middle of the trial, to the two prisoners, Bastide and Jaussion,—“You certainly were in *Bancal's house*; TELL US which of you saved the life of a female?” To the woman Bancal he said, “You know you are guilty;” and then exhorted her to look at the figure of Christ, suspended

over his head, and no longer conceal the truth ! After this it is scarcely necessary to observe, that the humane and just rule of our law, that no prisoner can be called upon to criminate himself, has no place in French theory or practice. On the contrary if the accused do not criminate themselves by avowals, the judges tell them that they have done so sufficiently by their silence or their denials. Questions of the most indecent and appalling nature are put from the Bench to the accused, in a tone of severity, and often of sarcasm, which would scarcely be permitted to advocates in England (free as they are in this respect) towards an unconcerned witness. The judges cover the prisoners on their trials with reproaches; charge them with falsehoods; enter into contestations with them; declare that they are caught before the jury, and so forth. In England the judge is held to be officially counsel for the accused; in France he appears to be his natural and inveterate enemy. Independently of the inhumanity of this practice, it is necessarily fatal to that solemnity and majesty which ought to mantle the judgment seat in the eyes of society.

The president having again affirmed, by way of address to Bastide, that he was in the house of Bancal the night of the murder, Madame Manson suddenly exclaimed, "*Avow, wretch!*" This indecent interruption would have been severely rebuked with us,—but in France "all hearts trembled," says the reporter. She had just declared, be it remembered, that she knew nothing of the affair; yet there appears to have been no one in court, not even the counsel for the prisoners, to charge the jury, as they valued their consciences, to dismiss entirely from their attention the mountebank tricks of this infamous woman. A M. Amans Rodat is then invited by the judge to state in court a sort of metaphysical lecture which he delivered one day to Madame Manson on the propriety of speaking the truth when examined in a case affecting men's lives and the punishment of murder. After several modest excuses, he commenced the repetition of his discourse, in which he told her, that, "if a *wicked* world should judge of her by *appearances*," (in consequence of her having been in a brothel) "it would at the same time say, as has been said of our first mother, *Oh, happy fault!*" "Go on! speak, sir!" said the president, "your words may serve for *public instruction*."

We can conceive nothing more calculated to divest the jury of the power of keeping their minds impartially fixed on substantial facts, and even to fill them with the most deadly prejudices, than the desultory, vague, and vulgar style in which the official act of accusation is drawn up. It is long and historical, with no appearance of technical precision about it. It enters at large into all the reports and surmises of the neighbourhood, lays great

stress on public opinion as directed against particular individuals, and relates all the extravagant stories which any great crime is sure to set afloat, in the inflated style of a common newspaper, desirous to sell a second edition by the attraction of its horrors. By the French law it seems to be the duty of the nearest magistrate to proceed to the spot where a crime has been committed, and there to collect and embody in a *procès verbal*, every thing that any one shall choose to tell him, in the way either of opinion, hearsay, surmise, or knowledge, in regard to the offence. Persons are designated by individuals as objects of public suspicion; and when so designated the magistrate receives from all mouths anecdotes of their private lives, no matter how distant the date, or how remote from any connexion with the fact that has occasioned his official researches. All this mass of terrible matter is read to the jury on the trial. In our courts it is perhaps the principal care of the judge to impress on the jury, that they are to drive every thing from their minds but what they shall hear in court; that they are to discharge from their memories, if possible, even, every report and circumstance which they may have known out of doors; and that, if any thing should escape, even within the walls of the court, that is not evidence according to legal rules accurately defined, it ought to have no share in the formation of their verdict. In France, on the contrary, if we are to believe the report of the trial of the accused murderers of M. Fualdès, the procureur-general laid down the astonishing doctrines, that the jury ought to judge by their impressions, and even their sensations, and that it was an error to suppose legal proofs of a determined character necessary! Should it have happened that his words on this important point have not been exactly reported (a supposition to which we are almost driven by the monstrous nature of the principle), it is but too certain, that the evidence was received in conformity to this system. Two hundred and forty witnesses for the prosecution is a number only to be accounted for by the fact that all who pleased to offer a deposition were received, no matter whether what they had to say had or had not any connexion with the guilt or innocence of the prisoners. In several cases the ridicule thrown upon the name of judicial investigation was as great as the insult offered to justice. Will our readers believe that, in France, in the year 1817, a witness was permitted to make the following statement as regular evidence against a man on trial for his life? J. Vignes, who described himself as professor, being sworn and questioned, declared as follows:

“ I met Bastide on the 19th of March, about two o’clock in the day, on the Boulevard d’Estourmel, below the garden of Mr. Segurét. I said to my companion, ‘ That man looks like a rogue.’ ‘ He belongs to

a respectable family, however,' said my friend. 'No matter,' replied I; 'he carries a bad look with him.' More late in the day I was in the shop of M. Fontana, the jeweller, with the same person: Bastide again passed: *I was seized with horror*, and hastily retired into the shop. 'You will get yourself into a quarrel,' said my companion. 'I cannot help it; I am not master of myself,' I replied. When I heard of the affair in which he was involved, I felt no surprise, and I observed to my friend *that I was not deceived.*"

This is the whole of the witness's deposition! Happily we have judges, who, if they had had patience to hear him out, would have asked when he had finished, What does this man prove, except his own consummate folly? Bastide, however, is questioned by the president what he has to say to *this testimony!* Though the presumptions are very grave against the prisoner, one can scarcely help feeling respect for him, compared with his judges, when we find him contenting himself with congratulating the department on having a professor who was so good a physiognomist! Five or six witnesses are brought in, merely to say, that they had heard from others, that these others had heard it reported, that Mr. Fualdès had been watched for a considerable time before his death. A justice of peace is examined, who commences his testimony by declaring that he has nothing at all to say in regard to the murder, but that he has been told that *eighteen years ago Bastide opened a cabinet at his brother's, and took out some papers!* For the first and only time, one of the counsel here rose, and said that the jury ought to distrust the reasonings and surmises of witnesses, who should confine themselves to plain and applicable facts. The Court, who had listened with interest to the physiognomist, stopped the advocate in this proper discharge of his duty, and begged that its time might not be occupied by such unnecessary remarks! In the act of accusation, it is said that Colard, one of the prisoners, had been heard to declare that he would take any one's life away for twenty-five louis; that the good things of the world were not well divided; that the rich had more than their share; and that if every one were of his mind, those who had nothing would take where they could. The jury were so struck by this passage, that they desired it might be read to them twice, though it had no earthly connexion with the case they had to try; and the judge, in his charge, particularly alluded to this atrocious speech, as he called it—so much the more improperly introduced, as it has a direct bearing on the political opinions that have so long agitated France, and was therefore very likely to excite in the breasts of some of the jury, feelings of prejudice against the prisoner totally irrelevant to the crime with which he stood charged. The sanction given to stories of this nature

by repetition from the organs of authority, must have a very strong effect on the minds of the mayors of villages and other petty functionaries in country places, of which description of persons we observe the jury in this case was principally composed. The liberty of raking together all the loose floating matter which scandal or mistake may have scattered, and to convert it into a substitute for regular evidence, when people's tempers and imaginations are disturbed by the commission of a great crime close to their homes, must expose the best intentioned persons to the hazard of being betrayed into dreadful error—a hazard which ought to make all who may be employed in such investigations tremble for themselves, and which may well alarm every friend of justice and humanity, much more those unhappy individuals whom accident may expose to the enmity or misapprehension of authority thus mischievously armed. The advantage of strict, and even narrow general rules to confine the reception of evidence, is, that being applicable alike to all cases, they counteract the effects of a disposition to oppression, or the influence of delusion in particular instances. That no such disposition or influence could exist, would on each separate occasion be affirmed with zeal, and most frequently with the consciousness of sincerity; but the unanimous voice of history too well proves, that the members of society are only safe in the fixed impartiality of general regulations, controuling or excluding the exercise of discretionary power.

All the follies, scandals, surmises, and irrelevant facts, stated by such witnesses as we have been regarding (and many others were received equally idle), were mixed up together in the speech of the public accuser to the jury. On the strength of these, and not with reference to the murder, he styled Bastide a monster such as nature seldom engenders. Quoting stories, which rest on no foundation that would entitle them to be listened to in common conversation, he asked if such a man would hesitate to murder Mr. Fualdès for 26,000 francs, although nothing like *regular* proof had been offered of the pecuniary interest which this prisoner had in the death of the murdered person. On the other hand, the falsehoods and tricks of Madame Manson he ascribes to a *character naturally generous, sentimental, and elevated!* He observes that though she had not criminated Jausson, the jury would draw a conviction against him *from her exclamations and her gestures!* Upon this prisoner he then turns short round, to abuse him for habitual usury and hard dealing—a circumstance neither proved, nor entitled to be proved, on the trial.

The decision of the jury against the prisoners we have already stated, together with the quashing of the whole proceeding by the

Court of Cassation : but it is not to be supposed that the circumstances which we have pointed out as gross improprieties, had any share in producing this decree. None of these, in fact, would be regarded as improprieties in France. The principal informality lay, as we have said, in the administration of the oath to the witnesses. To prevent mistake we will here also repeat, that it is not our wish to leave an impression on the minds of our readers that the persons condemned are innocent : we have said that the *probability* is that they are guilty. But, we apprehend no doubt will now be entertained of what we set out with asserting, viz. that a fair trial is not to be had in France under its present system of judicial proceedings ; and what more disgraceful thing can be said of a nation ? It is quite obvious that no man's life or property can be safe where such a farrago of folly, passion, pretension, display, and intolerance, can assume the name and place of the administration of justice. There is no person whom accident might not expose to condemnation, while all the principal sources of human error are thus largely opened to discharge themselves into the public tribunals. In point of fact, the most dreadful mistakes occur. It is clearly proved that a man named Wilfred Regnault is innocent of the murder for which he was condemned to die. The government, being satisfied of his innocence, has saved his life, but sent him to prison for *twenty years* to avoid throwing discredit on the Court ! A woman, also condemned for murder, was the other day discovered to be guiltless just as they were about to execute her. All these cases are of murder, it will be observed : these chiefly excite popular prejudices and clamours, and therefore chiefly produce the fatal development of the evils which so miserable a system necessarily includes in its course of operation.

While we have been writing this article the second trial has been proceeding at Albi ; and some part of the proceedings have already reached this country. It appears that, at last, Madame Manson has lost her popularity with the crowd, but she preserves it with the judges and the lawyers. The public prosecutor still speaks of her romantic and noble disposition ! She has again confessed being at Bancal's, and has accused Bastide in plain terms. "Never," says the Report, "has a scene so eminently dramatic terrified the audience of a tribunal. Never did the Champmelés, the Clairons, the Raucourts, of tragic memory, produce on their spectators an effect so prompt, so terrible." * * * "The voice, the countenance, the attitude of Madame Manson, in making this terrible reproach to Bastide, cannot be described ! judges, lawyers, guards, spectators, and criminals, all turned pale !—a general cry was raised ; then a doleful silence took place, which was soon interrupted by a peal of applause !" It has been

said that Bonaparte alone knew how to manage this nation; for the future it should be added—and *Madame Manson*.

It was during the interval between the first and second trial, that this lady, being in prison on a charge of—one has not been clearly told what—published her *Memoirs*, to which she would be apt to think that we have hitherto paid too little attention. They are certainly curious as proceeding from such a being; but we can now only spare room for a few lines on the introduction by the editor, which is highly characteristic of him, of her, and of the people to whom they both belong. A *young author*, says the *Journal de Paris*, is the person from whose hands the *Memoirs* of Madame Manson have been given to the publisher; and something is said, and more is suggested, about the interest excited in the breast of the young author by the lady, and in the breast of the lady by the young author. He turns out to be a short-hand writer employed to take notes of the trial. His introductory letter is intended to supply information and explanation; for “Madame Manson’s style is not remarkable for throwing a light on circumstances.” He believes, however, that it may be difficult to reconcile the lady’s conduct “to frigid or prejudiced minds.” “France entire,” he says, “supposes artifices, combined interests, and profound calculations:” all the secrets, however, he assures us, “repose in the human heart.” To elucidate this, he deems it necessary to enter “into a general analysis of her disposition, education, life, and character.” The analysis, however, is very compendious. We learn that she is about thirty-three years of age; that in her youth she displayed a “grande finesse,” a “sensibilité exquise,” and that when she was but eight years old she manifested heroic resignation under the troubles of the revolution. She herself, in a letter to one of the Ministers of State (for she did not confine her correspondence to the Préfect) declares, that if her parents had perished on the scaffold at that time, *she would have mounted it with them!* Her modest wish is to be examined by his Excellency at Paris: and, writing to her mother, she exclaims, “Ah! could I but see his Majesty Louis XVIII. and the august daughter of Louis XVI. whose fate we have so often wept over!”

The young author intimates that Madame Manson was crossed in her first love. “She married to obey her father,” as is often done in France; and, as such cases generally turn out, “the marriage was unhappy.” M. Manson quitted her at the end of three months; and the lady, it appears, “gave occasion for talking;” but, says the young author, “she was singular, because she was superior.” Her husband returned, and wished her to live with him: she refused; but being superior, and therefore singular, she hid him in her mother’s house. He was discovered

in his concealment and "sacrificed," that is to say, he was turned out of doors; but Madame Manson, "under pretence of going to the village to fulfil a pious duty, used to meet him in a wood." "Who can explain these caprices?" asks the young author. To prove that he cannot, he quotes Madame de Staël, who says, that "the vulgar take for madness the uneasiness of a mind that cannot respire in the world enough of air, of enthusiasm, of hope?" To make this quite clear, he adds a note in which we are informed that Madame la Duchesse de Longueville, on drinking a glass of deliciously cold water, exclaimed, "*What a pity it is not a sin!*"

The analysis does not go much further: "the young wife became a mother;" but she seems to have lived entirely separated from her husband ever since. On the Memoirs themselves, which relate chiefly to her acquaintance with Mr. Clemendot and the events of her imprisonment, we cannot enter. They operated miraculously in her favour in France. Nothing was talked of in society or in the newspapers, but the graces of her style and the respect due to her misfortunes! A hundred thousand francs are reported to have been offered to her to preside in a café after her liberation. The work, as we have before said, is interesting as a specimen of human nature, but barefaced profligacy is marked on every page. Her inhumanity and selfishness in scattering insinuations of guilt at random amongst men, and women, and children, would have directed against her in this country one general expression of contemptuous abhorrence. But, indeed, in this country we never should have heard of her Memoirs. Justice here would have found a way to extract the truth within her knowledge without theatrical parade, or would quietly but severely have chastised her falsehoods, and examined and settled the case on such valid evidence as could be procured. The star of Madame Manson would never have pierced the fogs of our atmosphere: instead of calling her to preside in a coffee-room, we should most probably have sent her to Bridewell; and it is very certain that Lord Ellenborough would never have styled her an angel, nor Sir Samuel Shepherd have directed a jury to accept as proofs against men on trial for their lives, her faintings, her attitudes, and her exclamations. At the Old Bailey there would have been no Mareschals de Camp to receive her as she fell; but there the lady would not have fallen. M. Fualdès, the son, had he attempted there to explain his revelations, would have been desired not to interrupt the court, but to confine his grief to its proper sphere—his own chamber. With a general eagerness for the discovery of the culpable, and a serious horror at the crime, our people would neither have shed tears, nor raised cries, nor displayed tremblings: in short, we should have had none of those dra-

matic incidents which rendered the assizes at Rhodéz so touching. On the other hand, as some compensation for this deficiency, the proceedings would have borne a firm, clear, distinct, and precise character: nothing but substantial and applicable facts would have influenced the fate of the accused; praters on physiognomy would not have dared to open their lips within the solemn precincts of the court; dignity, gravity, and decency, would have marked its operations: the prisoners would have been treated with humanity, judged with strictness; and, if found guilty, punished with rigour.

Such, then, is France:—France delineated by herself, in the most important points that regard public morals, the strength of the public mind, and the extent of the public information. Such is France, as her proper sagacity and disposition have formed her; where her late political tyranny has followed rather than forced the national impulses; where foreign interference has not thwarted her designs; where England's gold has had no influence to disturb her course; where her own proper luminaries, principles, virtues, and accomplishments, have had unimpeded scope. Such we find her at the conclusion of a revolution which was to render her the admiration and model of the world. It is not with her common people, or with her conduct in extraordinary situations, that we have occupied ourselves in this article. We have been dealing with prefects, judges, lawyers, and academical authors, acting in their ordinary functions. In these facts, gathered from her own accounts, may be seen proofs that our country might easily lose more than it could possibly learn by her example; and this conclusion leads to the principal motive which has induced us to take up the present subject, with the explanation of which we shall conclude the article.

We may observe in the first place, generally, that the attention that has been paid to the right information of public opinion in England, has been the principal cause of her greatness, and that it cannot be misled in regard to any considerable matter of fact, without mischievous consequences necessarily ensuing. There are persons amongst us, who, finding it difficult to connect their fame with their country's glory, would fain acquire distinction by paradox and contrast; such a fashion of representing things has its own attractions, particularly amongst a people accustomed to think strongly and independently; and we need not stop to point out what must inevitably be the effect of a prevailing misdirection of the popular judgment. It should be the patriot's endeavour to sustain in the bosoms of his countrymen, even in the lowest ranks, the conviction of their own value, and of their advance in knowledge and in liberty; since it is in England alone that the bounty of

Providence has reared that lofty and far-seen signal-light, which shines in the view of the world, to guide the advance of nations.

There is an exigence peculiar to the moment, which presses particularly on our minds—an urgent necessity for sedulously endeavouring to strengthen, by every honourable means, what may be termed the sense of national self-respect amongst our people. National character is always more or less in a flux state; the spirit and disposition of a nation, proper to itself, and distinguishing it in the eyes of those who surround it, are liable to undergo great, and even total changes in their essential qualities. Influencing causes of such alteration silently take root, and slowly grow: at no one moment would it be easy to specify the change which it has induced, yet the final result is a new face of things, entirely obliterating the old. In watching these tendencies, in calling attention to the progress which they are making, and to the direction towards good or evil which they may be observed to take, consists the most important duty of those who fill the posts of public centinels.

We have seen, in another country, the elegant profligacy of a court, directed by a monarch possessing a certain stateliness of temper which gave an erect carriage even to vice, extending itself downwards, without interruption, among the people, and becoming fouler and fouler in its progress: we have seen, in the same country, the general habit of flattering power, adopted without scruple by those who, under the title of philosophers, were sapping its foundations: and, in the end, we have seen the people of that country, thus untaught as to their duties and rights as citizens, debauched as men, and freed from all restraints as Christians, explode into aimless mischief, darting terror on all sides, only to lie in the end burnt out on the ground themselves, emitting stench and smoke. In all this, there is to be observed a constant progressive increase of the evil once begun; and the reason seems to be, that freedom and instruction had not given to the public character a sufficient constitutional strength to triumph ultimately over the disorders which accident is liable to produce in a state. In England, on the other hand, a recovery from the most pernicious attacks has always hitherto taken place: delusion often goes a certain length, but it would appear as if there was a latent power of prevention and correction (which it behoves us well to guard) deposited deep in the public mind, ready and certain to act when the mischief threatens ruin. The writings of Steel and Addison, succeeding to the depravities of foreign origin, summoned general readers to an admiration of the beauties of our first poets;—and these writings, forming a union, which no other literature in the world

can match, of a wit, lively, keen, and universal, with a purity, not merely of general object, but of language and manner of illustration, carried politeness, good taste, and piety into the interior of our families, from thence again to show themselves in those virtues that shed an air of dignity over a nation's reputation, and strengthen the roots of its greatness.

If all the circumstances of the present communication of England with France be considered, it cannot appear to any one that we are less exposed now than at the period of the restoration to the influence of foreign example: our own opinion is, that such influence bears upon our country in a more extensive and forcible manner than it has ever before done, and that its effects are at this moment lodging themselves very deeply. On the roads of the Continent it is very common to hear a discontented remark, that the English do not travel now as they were accustomed to do; that they do not spend their money in the same lavish and regardless manner as formerly—but that they are unjust and mean enough to expect to pay no more than that fair price for their accommodations which has been settled for all the rest of the world but themselves. This has been found hard, extraordinary, and even disgraceful: but the reason of the alteration, though a very palpable one, and carrying a certain compensation along with it, it is not thought fit to take into account. For every hundred British that travelled over the great roads of France before the Revolution, there are now at least a thousand to be found on them. The title of “My Lord” had, in former times, become commonly appropriated to our countrymen, because it was chiefly the nobility that travelled, or commoners whose style of equipage was equally imposing. It ought not to be expected by our neighbours that the quality of their visitors should continue as select as before, now that the quantity is so marvellously increased. The discharge from England, if we may so speak, has been copious to a degree which renders it a phenomenon in the history of society. Such a thing never took place before; nor could any other nation of the world furnish the proportion either of means, or energy, necessary to afford such a spectacle. When we speak of means, we are not ignorant that straitened circumstances have been a very principal motive of the emigration; but the necessity in most cases is merely relative to the rank and appearance which the parties have been accustomed to maintain at home. Because it has been found difficult to sustain these, and mortifying to reduce them, a temporary absence for the purpose of retrenchment has been resolved upon. The saving could, in general, be made more effectually by remaining; but the reduction of a family establishment, which in France is a matter but of a morn-

ing's deliberation when prudence seems to require it, is almost intolerable to English feelings; and few indeed can muster enough of proper courage to carry it into effect when the necessity for it is most urgent.

The importance that has been attached in all schemes of education to travelling, and the extraordinary impression which every one who has travelled must remember to have received from new scenery and society, prove that the effect of such a general emigration must be forcible one way or other. We are afraid that, like other stimulants, however salutary under prudent management, and in properly selected cases, it cannot be indiscriminately adopted without becoming highly dangerous. When a few wealthy connoisseurs and men of pleasure, and a certain number of young men with their tutors, formed the body of British travellers on the Continent, it might still have been doubted whether individuals did not more often lose than gain in the course of their journey: but at all events the absentees were under no temptation to quit or conceal the distinctive marks of the English character. On the contrary, there was every inducement to display these with a pride from which their country could not fail to derive advantages. Their wealth enabled them to give a commanding authority to the name of Englishman wherever they passed, and into whatever company they entered: they found that the peculiarities which denoted their origin procured them attention and respect; they heard their native land every where spoken of in language of admiration and wonder, as a mysterious place where liberty maintained an existence and an ascendancy which foreigners could not well comprehend, and philosophy exercised a dominion the majesty of which they could not but revere.

The loss of an advantage which put others in the situation of inferiors, will always be regretted by those who have sustained it, but can claim no sympathy from others: we therefore make no complaints of the total change that has taken place in regard to the footing on which the British visitor to the Continent stands in the estimation of its people. Our object is simply to call attention to the facts. The class of our country-folks now abroad, that contains persons most to be pitied themselves, and whose absence is most to be regretted by their country, is formed of *families* who have left us to economize. They have in general been taken from a very characteristic part of English society; and they include those relationships whose affections impart a glow and a warmth to the shady places of life, and those conditions of age and character which are the most critical for the individual, and most important in respect to the interest which the public has in of its members. Husbands, wives, fathers, mothers, and

children, are to be seen thrown out of their suitable and natural situations into circumstances that are strange and deteriorating. The object of these travellers being indefinite as to time and place, wandering begets heartlessness, and all the reality of indwelling affections is lost in the habit of seeking full occupation for the mind in every momentary encounter.— These strangers struggling between economy and the temptation to expend, cannot assume an imposing appearance in the eyes of the natives; they are reduced therefore to the obligation of conforming as much as possible to all around them, and to surrender what is found peculiar in English habits and opinions, as the most likely way to reconcile themselves to continental society. We repeat, that they are as much to be pitied as regretted. They are out of their element; and, that this may be the less seen and felt, they get rid of that which best became them. Not to specify too minutely all that may be supposed to be going wrong in the interior of a family under such circumstances, we may state that its head soon acquires the certainty that he has lost his importance both at home and abroad. No longer connected with his neighbours by the discharge of any civil or professional functions which claim attention and confer respectability, he degenerates gradually from that character or disposition which is almost peculiar to his country; which consists in a quick sense of every thing public, and a scrupulous feeling in regard to all that can affect personal estimation. He thus becomes the mere shade of what he was; and, like the ghost of ancient story, he feels an eternal hankering after those substantial scenes in which he once bore a living and an active part, having now no better occupation than to pore over the pages of an obsolete London newspaper.

Absentees of another class are more completely alienated in affection from their native land; and this estrangement must be considered in a very serious light, though, being in general but single individuals, they may not afford quite so much cause for regret or alarm as those whom we have just been describing. We now allude to persons who have felt what is called the pressure of the times more immediately on their daily wants, curtailing their gratifications, and darkening their prospects. Deriving their incomes from various sources which absence does not affect, many individuals so situated have left their country, and, without being detached from her in their present means or ultimate views, are forgetting her indigenous manners, and peculiar sentiments; weaned in heart from her as a mother, though still intimately connected with her condition. The cheapness and goodness of French wines, and the difference in the price of an English and a French dinner, would form a triumphant answer to

any argument we might offer to these persons. The most unhappy consequence, however, resulting from this species of emigration, is, that the sentiment of political opposition, so naturally belonging to Englishmen, and which is generally strengthened in the character when circumstances do not go very favourably for the individual, becomes perverted and debauched, so as to lose all its beneficial tendencies, and to acquire some of a poisonous kind. This is an evil which arises out of the new features of the time: formerly the direction of all such sentiment was necessarily in favour of this country, where alone its proper attractions were to be found; but new debates and doubts have grown out of a system of altered relations and strange events; and those who leave her with discontented opinions are exposed to be enlisted in a set of unprincipled and ignorant foreign malcontents, by whom she is bitterly hated, and to be seduced by them to confound the cause of liberty with the success of profligate men, and the accomplishment of the most odious designs. This is a corruption of the most serious nature: it threatens to turn that which has been our strength into a mortal malady: to deprive us of one of our finest distinctions as a nation, the union of an untameable spirit of jealousy and independence with unchangeable patriotism, with habits of strict subordination to the laws, and a constitutional moderation in practical matters of grave importance.

The countless number of those who merely make an excursion to Paris, or into the provinces of France, is composed of all classes and descriptions, amongst which are to be found several that in former times furnished few or no travellers from their own country. The majority of these are very ill-adapted for exportation. Their virtues are only calculated for home use, and their faults it would be desirable to keep at home, as family secrets. It is not, by any means, that they are generally inclined to admire and adopt whatever they see abroad: far from it: most of them proceed contemptuously on their way, scattering and crushing to the right and left: but they meet with certain things that captivate them, and, unfortunately, if the people to whom they have paid a visit may fairly accuse their criticisms of prejudice and folly, we, to whom they return, are but little likely to derive improvement from that which they describe in language of approbation.

But the most mischievous circumstance of all is that which we have reserved to mention last: we allude to the not uncommon practice of sending young persons of both sexes, under other superintendence than that of their parents, to go through the most important, that is to say, the finishing part of the course of their education at Paris. It is scarcely necessary to observe, that it becomes the interest of those to whom they are entrusted

to enhance, even at the expense of misrepresentation, every foreign peculiarity which their pupils see around them; to describe as the offspring of prejudice, and as defects to be got rid of, many of the most salutary habits and sacred feelings, that enter imperceptibly from surrounding things into the character as life grows up, and which form it to fit the station where Providence has placed the individual. These young persons are daily accustomed to hear at least the laugh turned against their own country; they are taught to regard as ridiculous, observances which are intimately connected with the discharge of some of their most important duties. And here it is essential to point out for notice a remarkable difference between the two countries, which is alone sufficient to prove the perilous nature of the custom which we are describing. In England, unmarried females enter into society at a very early age on a free and unrestricted footing. They are entrusted to their own sense of propriety; and the precautions of their guardians have more in view the instruction of their minds, and the regulation of their sentiments, than the controul of their persons. The consequence of this system is, that the disposition and manners of a young English lady of sixteen or seventeen are distinguished by qualities of susceptibility and frankness which belong properly to the fairest and best part of the female character; which shed around it a touching interest, and present it in an attitude of natural grace, unknown to those who have only an opportunity of regarding woman where she cannot be said to have any existence for society at all until she is let out upon it matured and dextrous, fully trained to act with expertness and brilliancy her prescribed *roll* in the arranged drama of public manners. But that which is most beautiful soonest receives deterioration: at all events it is very evident, that the young English female, thus unsuspecting and unprepared, accustomed to take safely a part in general society, and even to consider herself qualified to give it a value and interest by her attractions, is by no means adapted for promiscuous exposure in a land where her sex is regarded as placed before marriage under strict corporal *surveillance*. Every state of society has its own proper protections, conformable to its nature, and intended to counteract the evils to which it is most exposed. The seclusion of girls has been adopted in France as a necessary precaution, in consequence of the footing on which women are placed. Is it prudent in us, who have a just repugnance to such a defence, to hazard without it the dangers against which it is provided? Frank by habit, eager in the curiosity excited by new scenes, the young persons whom we send from us to finish their attainments at a period when the disposition is in

a state to receive its deepest impressions, are exposed to the promiscuous, and often the ill-selected, company of foreigners, who, unaccustomed to see unmarried females trusted freely to the public meetings of society, are apt to misconstrue and abuse that unsuspecting confidence which they do not understand. On the other hand, the freedom of French mixed conversation, which at first places the young strangers in a very painful situation, of necessity finishes by becoming familiar: and is there not danger that they may be ultimately so far influenced by the examples and representations around them, as to see in this freedom, not an insult to their sex, but a proof that it is placed in France on a footing of more honourable equality with men than in England?

These remarks on the nature and tendency of the recent, and still continued influx of our people into France, have no immediate reference to the character of the French nation; but their relation to ourselves will account for the anxiety we feel that our countrymen and countrywomen should not be deceived as to the real nature of the condition of a country with whom they are rushing into such close communications. Of the danger from this intercourse to our religious habits, we have forborne to say any thing; the subject has been frequently adverted to by us in former numbers; and it is almost too obvious to need, and too painful to bear repetition: besides which, we were anxious on this occasion, to put before our readers the real case of our own country, as it stands affected by its intercourse with France, in respect to those political and social arrangements and rules, of which all persons of common reflection and mere worldly policy must admit the expedience.

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INDEX

TO THE

ELEVENTH VOLUME OF THE BRITISH REVIEW.

- ADAMS** (Rob.), Narrative of his Shipwreck and Slavery in Africa, 416, 440.
- Africa**, Discoveries in, 417—remarks on the maps of, 418—the Niger and its course, 422—Kong mountains, 424—lakes of Wangara, 425, 427—journey from Tombuctoo to Wassanah, 429—country of Congo, 432—Romish convents in, 433, 436—proper mode of civilizing, 436—new nation on the northern border of the desert, 442—embassy to the Ashantees, 443—human sacrifices, 444—Dahomans, 445—southern part of, 447—difficulties in the way of missions there, 480, 480, 494—helps to the study of its languages, 481, 482.
- America** (North), state of religion in, 33—progress of democracy in, 317—Lord Selkirk's remarks on its legislatures, 320—Englishmen charged with illiberality toward, 381—consequence of the want of a dominant religion, 397—different governments previous to the revolution, 398—progress of the revolution in, 409.
- Animal food**, argument for the use of, 386.
- Antinomianism** considered, 351.
- Archimedes**, his planetarium, 182—his arenavius, 182—his mode of measuring the apparent diameter of the sun, 183—property on which logarithms were founded known to him, 184.
- Argyle** (Marq. of), iniquitous proceedings toward him, 255—remarks on his character, 274.
- Arminianism**, 338.
- Ashantees**, account of the, 443.
- Asia Minor**, supposed too narrow by the ancients, and by D'Anville, 133.
- Astronomy**, ancient, history of, 173—different writers of the history of, 174—what may be called the science of, 176—state of, previous to the Alexandrian school, 177—system of
- Pythagoras**, 178—school of Alexandria, 181—first catalogue of the stars attempted by Hipparchus, 185—orbit and satellites of Uranus known to the Japanese, 240.
- Aurora borealis**, theory of, 414.
- Bacon**, his remarks on custom and innovation, 285.
- Bailly**, his History of Astronomy, 174.
- Ballot**, necessary to secure freedom of election, 319.
- Baptism**, its effects considered, 342, 347, 349.
- Batavian society** of arts and sciences, 63 note.
- Bede**, his merits as a man of science, 187—the first who began to translate the Bible into English, 187.
- Benson** (Rev. C.), his Sermons preached before the University of Cambridge, 333, 342, 347.
- Bentham** (Jeremy), his Plan of Parliamentary Reform, 285, 315.
- Beppo**, a Venetian Story, 327—ascribed to Lord Byron, 329.
- Biddulph** (Rev. T.) Strictures on his Letter to the Rev. F. Elwin, 451.
- Biography**, advantages of, over history, 38.
- Boa constrictor**, account of one brought from Borneo, 170.
- Board of trade**, 506.
- Bowdler** (J. jun.), Select Pieces in Verse and Prose, 87—account of him, 88.
- Boyd**, massacre of the crew of the, 358.
- Buonaparte**, interview with him, 172.
- Burney** (Miss), remarks on, 45.
- Byron** (Lord), burlesque imitation of, 328.
- Calvinism**, 338.
- Cambridge**, Sermons preached before the University of, 333—on the style of preaching there, 335.
- Cannibals** in New Zealand, 356.
- Chalmers** (Dr. T.) Funeral Sermon of the

- Princess Charlotte, 1, 20—strictures on his style, 21.
- Charles I.* his error, 299.
- Charles II.* his improper conduct toward the Scotch, 254—his bad faith, 258.
- Charlotte* (Princess), Cypress Wreath for her Tomb, by J. Gwilliam and others, with a Biographical Memoir by J. Coote—Biographical Memoir of her public and private Life—Funeral Sermon in the Tron Church, Glasgow, by T. Chalmers, D.D.—a Poem on her Death, by the Rev. R. Kennedy, 1—practical reflections on her death, 2— anecdotes related of her, with strictures, 5, 7—her own feelings consulted, 7, 8—her character, 9—her death a great moral loss, 10—a political loss, 16—farther anecdotes of her, 18, 20—improper conduct at some churches on her funeral, 27.
- China*, Journal of the Proceedings of the late Embassy to, 140—motive of the embassy, *ibid.*—state of the trade to, 141—ground of quarrel on the part of the Chinese, 142—objects of the embassy, 143—persons composing it, 144—arrival at China, 146—ceremony of the *Mo-tou*, *ibid.*—refusal of compliance with it defended, 148, 169—reception of the Dutch embassy, 149—haughty conduct of the imperial commissioners and their deputies, 152—journey to Pekin, 157—the ambassador sent back, 159—the emperor's presents, 160—imperial edict, *ibid.*—return to Canton, 161—population, 163—character of the Chinese, *ibid.*—a Chinese army going to the aid of the Nepalese against the British, 164—behaviour to the ships at Canton, 167—spirited passage up the river, 168—dismissal of the ambassador, 169.
- Christian Institutions*, establishment of, 495, 498.
- Christianity*, its doctrines of primary importance, 334—effects of baptism, 343, 347—faith and repentance not the meritorious conditions of salvation, 344—true faith, *ibid.*—nominal and real distinguished, 345—justification by faith, 347, 351—confined views of, injurious, 352, 353—its introduction into uncivilized countries, 436, 467.
- Church missionary controversy*, 450—points in dispute, 456—propriety and duty of promoting missions, 465—objections to the church missionary society, 472—these answered, *ibid.*—
- origin and proceedings of the society, 479.
- Church of England*, its importance to the state, 24—in danger from within, not from without, 334, 477—its negligence with respect to propagating Christianity, 468.
- of Scotland, history of, from the restoration, 251.
- Syrian, in India, 485.
- Churches*, want of, apparent at the funeral of the Princess Charlotte, 27, 28.
- Clarendon* (Lord), a religious persecutor, 258.
- Classical learning*, advantages of, 394.
- Cleomedes*, first supposed the moon to be the cause of the tides, 187.
- Clergy*, should not hold lay-offices, 35.
- Condorcet*, remarks on his eulogy of Franklin, 407.
- Congo*, country of, 431—people, 432—superstitions, 434—religion, 436.
- river, see *Zaire*.
- Controversy*, see *Religion*.
- Coote* (J.), Biographical Memoir of the Princess Charlotte, 1, 5.
- Cosmopolitan liberality*, how far objectionable, 330.
- Costard*, his History of Astronomy, 174.
- Creed* proposed by Franklin, 404.
- Croaker*, anecdote of one, 392.
- Cumberland* (Rich.), remarks on, 45.
- Custom*, Bacon's remarks on, 285.
- Cyrus*, Illustrations of his Expedition, 120—his track, 122.
- Dahomy*, negroes of, 446.
- D'Anville* detected in numerous errors by Rennel, 120.
- D'Arbley*, see *Burney*.
- Decay*, moral and political, internal most dangerous, 334.
- Dedications*, 507.
- Deism* not a useful doctrine, 386.
- Delambre's History of Ancient Astronomy*, 173.
- Democracy* originating from the English constitution, 317.
- Dryden*, his writings against the Dutch, 64 note.
- Dutch*, their oriental policy, 63—their first visit to India, 65—have adopted the British improvements in Java, 77—their former system there, 80—their intercourse with Japan, 226, 227.
- Edgeworth* (Maria), her Harrington and Ormond, 37—sources of her superiority, 51, 53, 54—her defects, 56, 57, 58—remarks on Harrington, 59—on Ormond, 60.

- Education*, regular, advantageous, 382.
- Edward I.* importance of his law respecting the sale of estates, 296.
- Egypt*, Narrative of a Journey in, 417, 448.
- Electors*, ballot essential to freedom of, 319.
- Electricity*, conductors for, not impious, 413.
- Ellis (Henry)*, his Journal of the Proceedings of the late Embassy to China, 140—his description of Rio Janeiro, 144.
- England*, commune concilium during the heptarchy, 288—one king deposed and another elected, 288—the nation disfranchised by Henry VI., 289—what degree of influence the people anciently enjoyed in the state, 290—the statute of Henry tended to increase their influence, 291—enjoyed a legal and limited government in ancient times, 293—results of the Norman Conquest, *ibid.*—no substantial representative legislation previous to Henry III., 294—the House of Commons of little weight before the succession of the Tudor family, *ibid.*—origin and progress of the parliament, 296—representation of towns and boroughs, 297—our liberties commenced with Edward I., 298—foundation of the right of impeachment, 299—growth of influence, 300—its importance, 303.—See Great Britain.
- Eratosthenes*, error of, 133—his astronomy, 181.
- Euclid*, his astronomy, 180—Japanese mode of demonstrating his 47th prop., 240.
- Euxine*, carried by the ancients too far to the East, 133.
- Faith*, true, 344—justification by, 347, 351.
- Federal system*, 294.
- Fielding*, remarks on, 41.
- Fox (Charles James)*, fate of him and his party, 15.
- France*, the spirit of the court of Louis XIV. depicted in romances, 39—view of the revolution in, 324—state of morals in, 512—state of criminal jurisprudence, 523—dangers to the English in frequenting, 539.
- Franklin (Dr.)*, Memoirs of his Life and Writings, written by himself to a late Period, and continued to his Death by his Grandson, William Temple Franklin—his private correspondence, on miscellaneous, literary, and political Subjects, published from the Originals, by the same, 381—how far his life a model to be imitated, 382—why these works were not published earlier, *ibid.*—the British ministry falsely charged with having purchased them, 383—outline of his life, *ibid.*—his Memoirs a parallel to Rousseau's Confessions, 390—his dissertation on liberty and necessity, pleasure and pain, 391—his argument to prove that all things are not preordained, *ibid.*—Poor Richard's Almanac, 394—celebration of his funeral, 401—his character in a religious view, *ibid.*—creed proposed by him, 404—proposes public prayers to God for his assistance in forming a constitution for America, 406—his character as a statesman, 408—as a man of science, 413—and as a private man, 414.
- French*, too modest in their opinion of themselves, 512.
- Fuad's*, Trial for the Assassination of, 512—account of the murder, 525.
- Garratt (Wm. Albin)*, his Letter to the Rev. W. B. Whitehead, 450.
- Geminus* first taught that the moon derived her light from the sun, 186.
- Geography* of Herodotus, 120—of Xenophon, 122—latitudes and longitudes introduced by Hipparchus, 185—of Ptolemy, 190.
- Germans*, their conduct of affairs, according to Tacitus, 289—their distribution of land according to Cæsar, *ibid.*
- Gibraltar*, Straits of, 95.
- Godwin (Wm.)* Mandeville, a tale, 108—his Caleb Williams, 108—other novels, 109—his defects, 110, 119.
- Golownin (Capt.)*, Narrative of his Captivity in Japan, 225—occasion of his seizure, 228.
- Great Britain*, dangers threatening it, 13—the king the chief source of its safety, *ibid.*—its only available defence, 24—history of the representation of, 292—merits of the Revolution, 302—influence of the crown, 300—popular influence, 305—advantages of its present government, 307—nationality, a virtue in, 330. See also *England* and *Scotland*.
- Gwilliam (J.)*, Cypress Wreath for the Princess Charlotte, 1.
- Happiness* not to be estimated by outward appearances, 102.

- Harrington and Ormond*, Tales, 37.
Henry (VI.), his limitation of the right of suffrage, 289, 291.
Hipparchus, his knowledge of astronomy, 185—the father of scientific geography, *ibid.*—first attempted a catalogue of the stars, *ibid.*
History, narratives of contemporaries of great importance to, 249.
Hone (W.) remarks on his trial, 12, 26.
Impeachment, foundation of the right of, 299.
India, ancient Christian churches there, 485—Scripture readers there proposed, 487—account of a convert from Mohammedanism, 492—missions to, 492, 493.
Industry, advantage of, 393.
Innovation, Bacon's remarks on, 285.
Japan, Narrative of Capt. Golownin's Captivity in, and Capt. Rikord's Voyages to, 225—old accounts of, 226—their treatment of foreigners different at different periods, *ibid.*—cause of this, 227—Japanese shipwrecked on the Aleutian Islands, 229—these sent home, 230—another Russian voyage to, *ibid.*—outrages committed by the Russians, 231—some of the Kurile islands dependant on, visited by the Russians, *ibid.*—abject state in which the Kurilese are kept, 232—conduct toward the Russians, 233—seize a party of them, 235—conduct toward their prisoners, 236—their kindheartedness, 236, 237—attempts to acquire knowledge from the Russians, 239—their mathematical knowledge, 240—their trifling and minute inquiries, 240, 246—insanity of one of the Russian officers, 241—the Russians attempt to escape, 242—they are set at liberty, 243—letter of congratulation to them, *ibid.*—character of the Japanese, 244—their aversion to Christians, *ibid.*—apparent comfortableness of their condition, 245—strange medical maxim, 246—the poorest people read and write, *ibid.*—fondness for reading, *ibid.*—despotism of the government, 248.
Java, history of, 61—its population, 63—the Taprobane of the ancients, 66—accurate survey of, 67—not so unhealthy as supposed, 69—improvement of the condition of slaves there, 71—soil and productions, 74—vil-lages, 75—British improvements sanctioned by the Dutch, 77—character of the natives, 78—religion, 79—former Dutch government, 80—policy of restoring it to the Dutch, 81—insurrections there, 84.
Joliba, see *Niger*.
Jouy (M.), his *Essays on the Manners and Usages of France*, 512.
Junius sinking into oblivion, 14.
Kennedy (Rev. R.), poem on the death of the Princess Charlotte, 1, 35.
Kirkton (James), his *Secret and True History of the Church of Scotland*, 249—account of him, 251.
Kunaschier, an island distinct from Yes-so, 233.
Kurile islands, expedition of the Russians to survey, 231—abject state in which the people are kept by the Japanese, 232.
Laing (), remarks on his *History of Scotland*, 268.
Lakes that have no outlet are salt, 428.
Languages, on the study of, 394.
Lauderdale (Earl of), his proceedings in Scotland, 261—his moderation, 264 becomes more violent, 265.
Law, on education for the profession of, 89—instance of one impossible to obey, 261.
Lectakoo, in South Africa, 447.
Legh (Thomas), his journey in Egypt, 417, 448.
Lewchow (Great), kindness of the people of, 165.
Lewis's Monk, 40.
Leyden (Dr. John) his *Account of Discoveries and Travels in Africa*, 417.
Logarithms, property, on which they were founded, known to Archimedes, 184.
Lohms (De) deduces our constitution from the Norman conquest, 293.
Loyalty, 21, 23.
M'Leod (John), his *Narrative of a Voyage in H. M. S. Alceste to the Yellow Sea*, 140, 165.
Mandeville, a Tale of the Seventeenth Century in England, 108.
Manson (Madame), *Memoirs of*, 512, 537—account of her conduct, 526, 536.
Medicine, strange maxim of the Japanese, 246.
Metaphysics, advantages of the study of, 99.
Middleton (Earl of), his conduct in Scotland, 255.
Missionary settlement at New Zealand, 360, 363—hints to missionaries, 370,

- 371—propriety and duty of promoting Christian missions, 465—mission to the South Sea islands improperly conducted, 467—missionary institution at Berlin, 482—character of a true missionary, 485—openings for missions in the East, 488—Danish at Tranquebar, 492—promising appearances, 497.
- Molucca* islands, terrible eruption of a volcano there, 68.
- Montfort* (Simon de), father of the representative system, 317.
- Montucla*, his History of Astronomy, 174.
- Moon*, true source of her light first taught by Geminus, 186—conjectured to be the cause of the tides by Cleomedes, 187.
- Murray* (Hugh), his account of discoveries and travels in Africa, 417, 423.
- Murray* (Sir Rob.), his conduct in Scotland, 264.
- National Society*, its good effects, 31.
- Nationality* a virtue, 330, 381.
- Nations* differ characteristically, 515.
- Nicholas* (John Liddiard), his Voyage to New Zealand, 353.
- Niger*, its course, 417, 422—probably the same with the Zaire, 422.
- Novel-writing*, 38, 110, 113.
- Nubia*, colossal statues in, 449.
- Oldfield* (T. H. B.), his Representative History of Great Britain and Ireland, from the earliest Period, 285—further extracts from his work, 323.
- Opinion*, public, state of, in this country, 2.
- Original sin*, doctrine of, 339.
- Otaheite*, a native of, settled in New Zealand, 372—progress of Christianity there, 467.
- Parliament*, its origin and progress, 296—representation of towns and boroughs, 297—foundation of the right of impeachment, 299—growth of influence, 300—importance of this, 303—what representation really is, 309—universal suffrage considered, 310—mixture of three powers in, 315—ballot essential to freedom of election, 319—remarks on the representation of America, 320—mischiefs of annual elections, 321—trienial, *ibid.*—septennial, 322—annual, *ibid.*
- Parliamentary Reform*, Plan of, 285, 310, 315—numerous degrees of, 318.
- Pascal*, his notion of restlessness, 105 note.
- Patents* defended, 395.
- Peddie* (Major), his African expedition, 419.
- People*, how far of influence in the state in ancient times, 290—their gradual acquisition of power, 295—their influence opposed to that of the crown, 305—the source of power, 307.
- Phasis* of Xenophon, the Araxes, 130.
- Philadelphia*, foundation of the university of, 397.
- Physcus* of Xenophon, the Odoine, 128.
- Pitt* (Wm.), remark on his character, 325.
- Planetarium* invented by Archimedes, 182.
- Planets*, five known to Eratosthenes, 177.
- Poetry*, present style of, 503.
- Portuguese*, their first intercourse with Japan, 227—why expelled, *ibid.*
- Prayer*, general prevalence of, 391.
- Procradation*, universal, argument against, 391.
- Presbyterians*, English, more true to the King, than trusted by him, 274—misrepresentations of them, 275.
- Princes*, lesson to, 4—necessity of good conduct in, 10.
- Prospectus* and Specimen of an intended National Work, 500.
- Pryme* (George), his Reply to Archdeacon Thomas, 451.
- Ptolemy*, his merits, 189—his geography, 190.
- Pythagoras*, his astronomical system, 178.
- Quakers*, anecdote of one, 396—salvo for allowing the purchase of gunpowder, 397.
- Quizzing*, remarks on, 527.
- Radcliffe* (Mrs.), her romances, 48.
- Raffles* (Sir Thomas Stamford), his History of Java, 61.
- Ralph* (James), anecdote of, 390.
- Reform*, Bacon's sentiments on, 285—liable to be brought into unmerited disgrace by zealots for, 286—what demanded by the times, 327.
- Reichard*, his geography of Africa, 423.
- Religion* does not tend to melancholy, 102—why sometimes accompanied by it, 103—different religious charac-

- ters, 104, 105, 106—its doctrines of importance, 334—controversy to a certain point not to be avoided, *ibid.*—but the pulpit an improper place for it, 335—though sometimes necessary there, 337—axiom on controverted points, 338—consequence of the want of a dominant one, 397—essentials of, according to Franklin, 404.
- Religious establishments necessary*, 33.
- Renel* (James), Illustrations of the Expedition of Cyrus, 120—his Geographical System of Herodotus, *ibid.* corrections of, 128, 130, 131, 134, 136—his account of the change the Greeks made in their order of march, 137.
- Reviewing*, present course of, 501.
- Richardson*, strictures on, 40.
- Rikord* (Capt.), Account of his Voyages to Japan, 225, 242.
- Riley* (James), Loss of the American Brig Commerce on the Coast of Africa, 416, 429.
- Rivers*, their velocity depends greatly on their mass, 424.
- Rob Roy*, 192.
- Romances*, ancient, faithful pictures of manners, 38—French, 39.
- Russell* (James), his Account of the Murder of Archbishop Sharp, 249.
- Russians* attempt an intercourse with Japan, 229—a second attempt, 230—their outrageous conduct, 231—proceed to survey the southern Kurile islands, *ibid.*—their intercourse with the Japanese, 232—a party made prisoners, 235—attempt to escape, 242—their inclination to enlarge the sphere of their power, 247.
- Sacrifices*, human, in Africa, 444.
- Savages* not easily reconciled to civilized life, 371, 372.
- Saxe-Cobourg* (Prince Leopold of), his character, 10.
- Scotland*, history of the church from the Restoration, 251—its state at that time, 252—parishes and church government, 253—joy there at the Restoration, 254—improper conduct of Charles II. toward, *ibid.*—trial of Argyle, 255—act of fines, 257—protesters and revolutioners, 258—attempt to establish episcopacy, 259—ejection of the ministers, 260—annoyance of the episcopalians, 260—rise of field conventicles, 261—oppression by the soldiery, 262—court of High Commission, *ibid.*—skirmish of Pentland hills, 263—Mitigation of the persecution, 264, 265—its fluctuating state, 265—remarks on Laing's History, 268—Murder of Abp. Sharp, 271—conduct of the Stuarts toward, 276—See *Great Britain*.
- Scott* (Walter), his *Rob Roy*, 192.
- Scripture*, its authenticity attacked on grounds not allowed to have any weight against profane history, 140—its doctrines not to be followed out too far, 338—important Ethiopic manuscript, 496.
- Self-education* not a model for exclusive imitation, 382.
- Selkirk* (Lord), his remarks on the representation of America, 320.
- Sharp* (Abp.), murder of, 271.
- Sharpe* (Charles Kirkpatrick), his History of the Church of Scotland, by Kirkton, and Murder of Abp. Sharp, by Russell, edited from their MSS. 249—strictures on his work, 273.
- Sharpe* (Rev. Wm.), his Sermons preached before the University of Cambridge, 333—their subjects, 337.
- Simeon* (Rev. C.), his Sermon preached before the University of Cambridge, 333, 344, 350.
- Sin* considered, 340.
- Slaves*, British laws respecting, in Java, 71—atrocious dealings in, 72—still collected for sale in Africa, 419, 437, 497.
- Small* (Dr. Robert), his work on the history of astronomy, 174.
- Smith* (Adam), his erroneous maxim respecting religion, 32.
- Smollett*, remarks on, 41.
- Societies*, new, always exposed to opposition and neglect, 477.
- Society*, Church Missionary, its origin and progress, 479—objections made to it, 479—these answered, *ibid.*—its present state, 497.
- Society* for promoting Christian Knowledge, 474.
- Society* for propagating the Gospel in foreign Parts, 472.
- Sponser*, character of his stanza, 328.
- Stael* (Mad. de), her remarks on ridicule as the auxiliary of vice, 329, 330.
- Stars*, first catalogue of, attempted by Hipparchus, 185.
- States*, Bacon's remarks on trying experiments in, 285.
- Stuarts*, their conduct to the Scotch, 254, 267, 276.

Style, affectations reprobated, 110—
Franklin's method of improving, 396.
Subscriptions, Franklin's plan of solicit-
ing, 408.

Taprobane, not Ceylon, but Java, 66.
Taurus (Mount), ridges parallel to, 124
—passes of, 124, 125.

Theory, its legitimate connexion with
experiments, 174.

Thomas (Rev. Josiah), his Address to
the Meeting at Bath, and Protest, 450
—answers to and defences of, 450, 451
—his Protest versified, 453.

Thule, the same with Shetland, 191.

Tides first supposed by Cleomedes to
be caused by the moon, 187.

Tombuctoo, account of the city of, 440.

Tuckey (Capt. J. K.), his Expedition to
explore the River Zaire, 416, 418.

Vincent (Dr.), his geography of Xeno-
phon compared with Rennel's, 127.

Volcano, tremendous eruption of one in
the East Indies, 68.

Voltaire, remarks on his *Candide*, 329
—character of, 521.

Voyages and travels, remarks on narra-
tives of, 354—mischiefs of imprudence
in those who visit uncivilized islands,
355.

War, alteration in the conduct of, 500.

Wassanah, city of, in Africa, 430.

Weidler, his history of astronomy, 174.

Whittlecraft (W. and R.), Prospectus
and Specimen of an intended National
Work, 500.

Whitehead (Rev. W. Baily), his Letter
to the Rev. D. Wilson, 450—Letter to
him, 450.

Whitfield, anecdotes of, 395, 396.

Wilson (Dan.), his Defence of the Church

Missionary Society, 430—Replies to
him, 450, 470.

Wiskart, his work an historical re-
manence, 275.

Wittenagemote, 289, 291.

Words, confusion of ideas from differ-
ent uses of, 239.

Xenophon, illustrations of his account
of the expedition of Cyrus, and the
retreat of the Greeks, 120—his Ana-
basis the most authentic profane his-
tory we have, 139.

Yellow Sea, voyage to the, 165.

Zaire (River) Narrative of an Expedi-
tion to explore, 416, 418—the river
described, 420.

Zealand (New), Voyage to, 353—a ma-
gistrate appointed there, 355—mis-
sionary colony there, 356, 363, 499—
motive of the cannibalism of the na-
tives, 356—revenge their ruling prin-
ciple, 357—massacre of the crew of
the *Boyd*, 358—this revenged on an
innocent tribe, 360—three of the
chiefs described, 360, 361—insidious
attempt of a European to set the
New Zealanders against the mission-
aries, 362—description of the natives,
364—different classes of the people,
365—the women treated like slaves,
366—sacrifice themselves at the fu-
neral of their husbands, *ibid.*—their
character, 367—produce of the
islands, 370—schools there, 371—
Otaheitean settled there, 372—build-
ing for the missionaries, 373—history
of Duaterra, a chief, 374—first making
of bread there, 377.

END OF VOLUME XI.

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